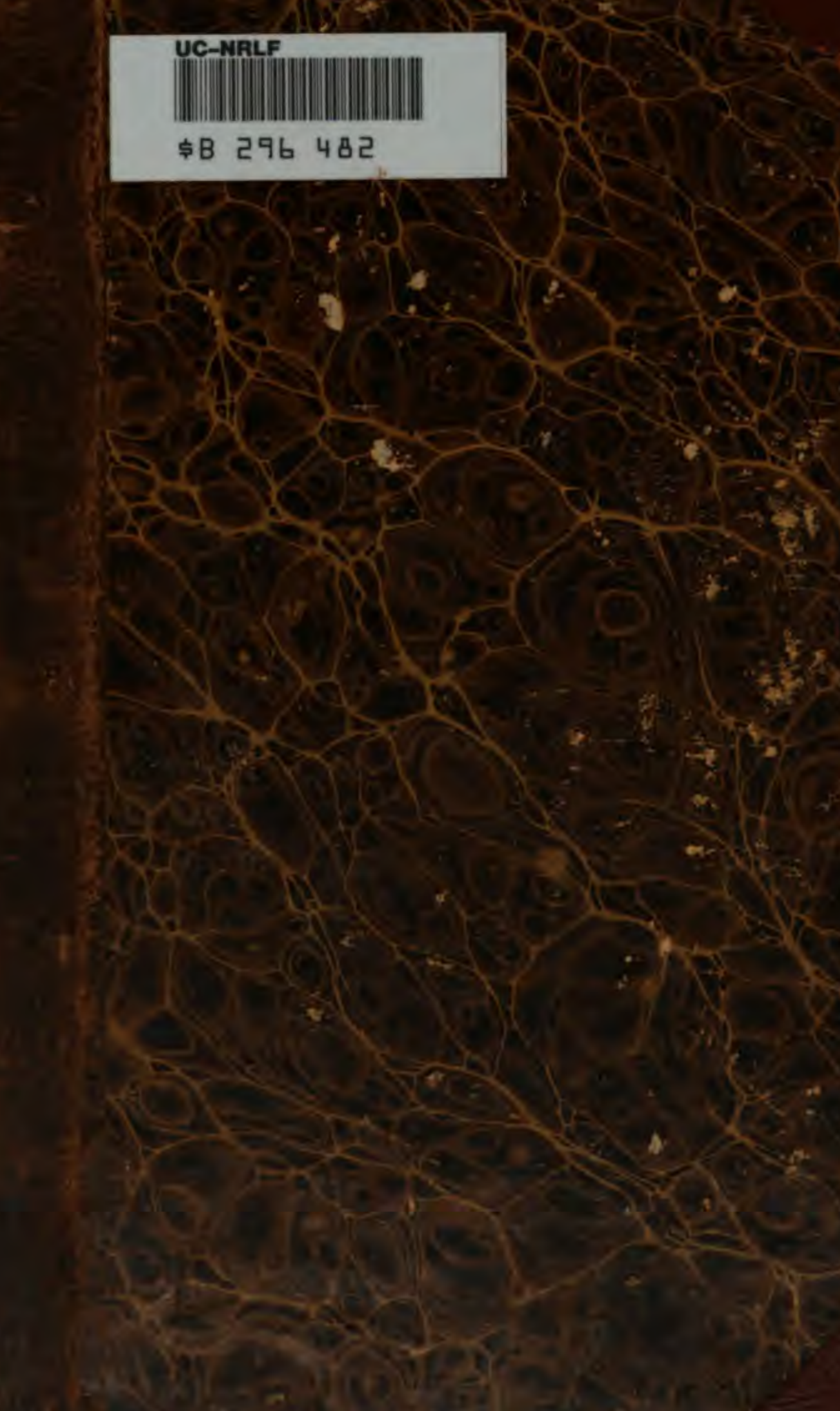
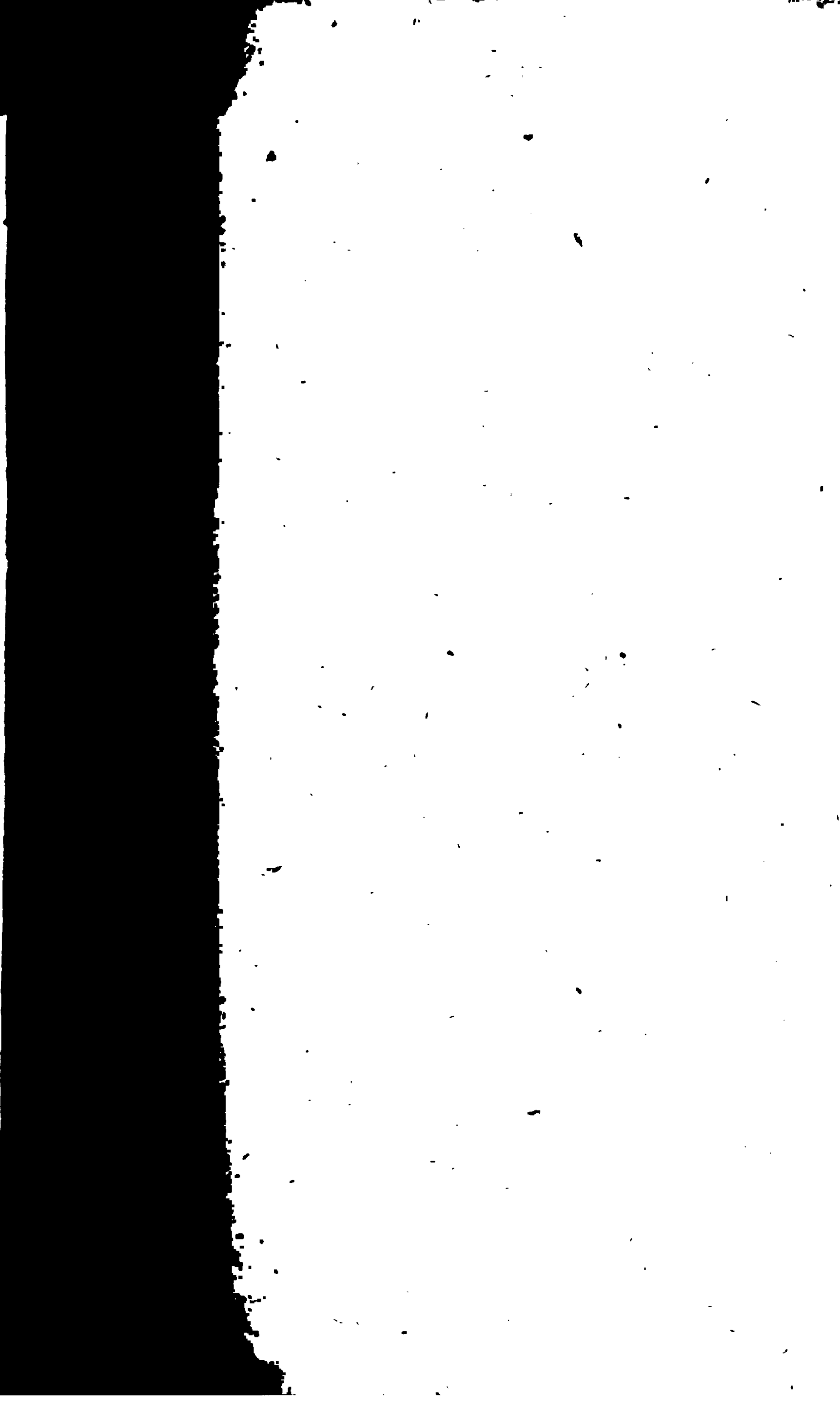
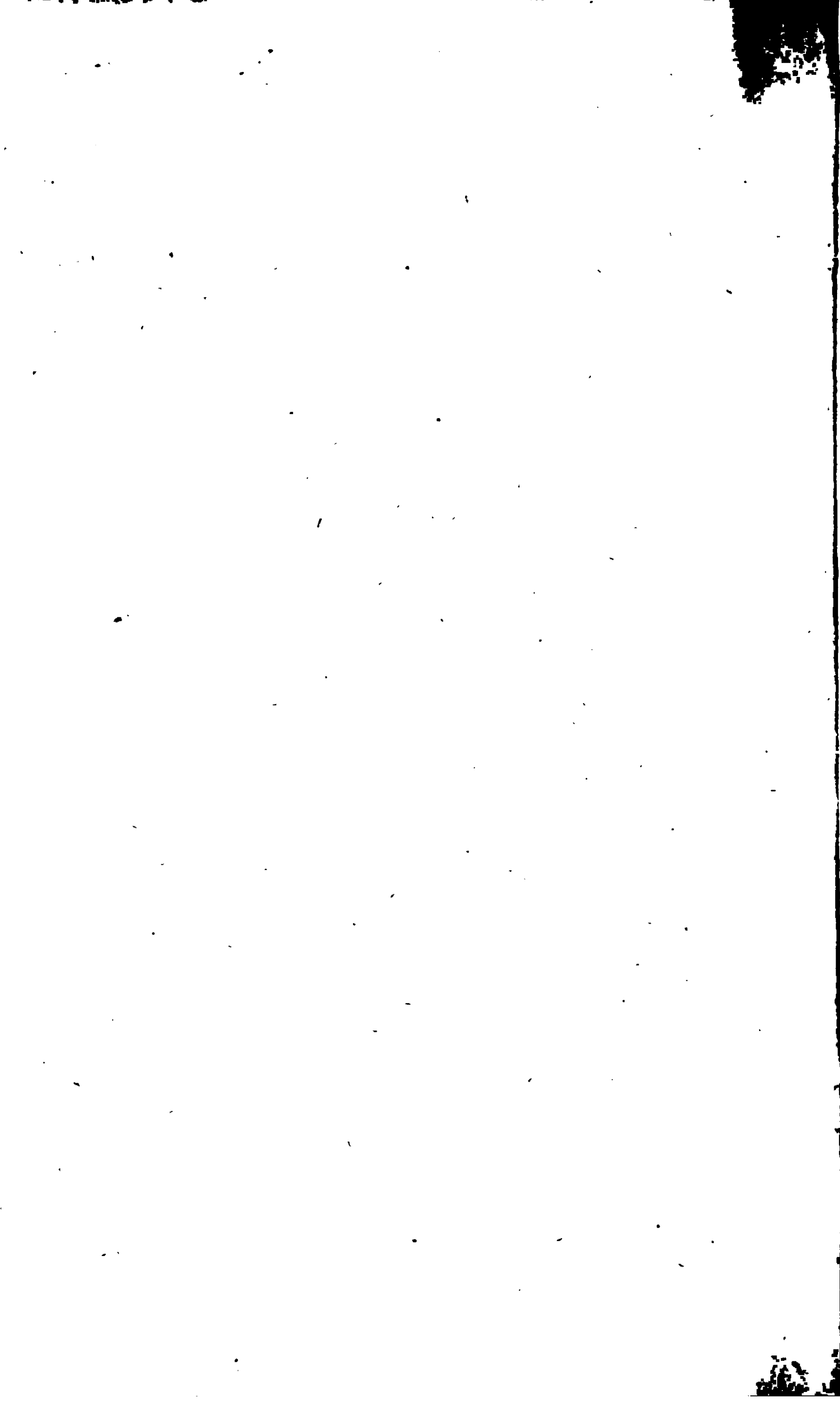

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HANDBUCH
DER
ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE UND LITERATUR,

oder

Auswahl interessanter, chronologisch geordneter Stücke aus den klassischen Englischen Prosaisten u. Dichtern Nebst Nachrichten von den Verfassern und ihren Werken.

von H. Nolte und L. Ideler.

Franz sculpsit

Ex ungue leonem.



Poetischer Theil.

Dritte Auflage.

Berlin,
bey C. G. Nauck. 1811.



Inhalt

des Handbuchs der Englischen Sprache.

Zweiter Theil.

*) I. *deutet auf die Seitenzahl in der ersten Auflage*, II. *bezeichnet die zweite und* III. *die dritte Ausgabe.*

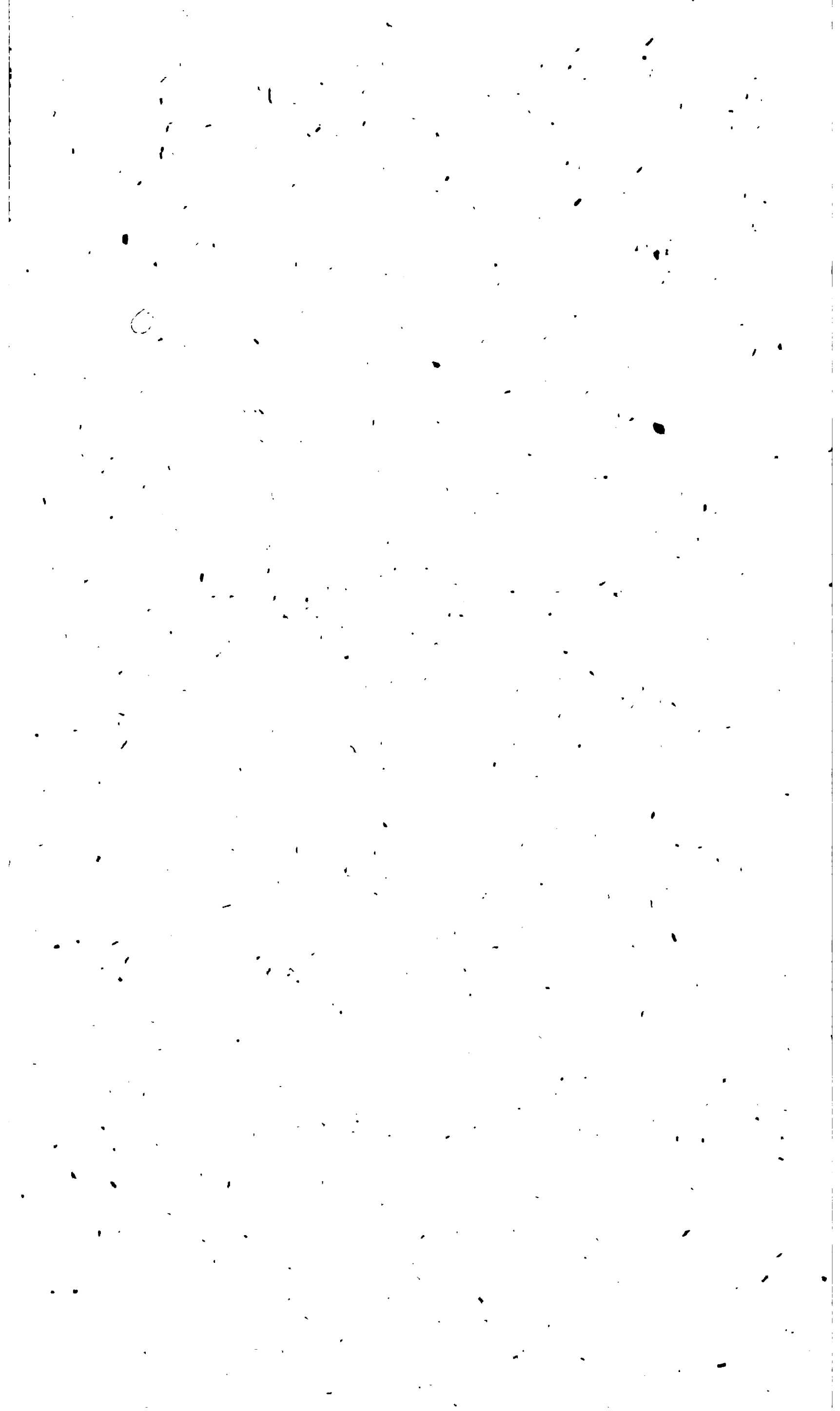
HANDBUCH

DER

ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE.

POETISCHER THEIL.

DRITTE AUFLAGE.



CHAUCER.

Old Chaucer like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades
Darkness again the age invades.

Denham.

Geoffery Chaucer wurde im Jahre 1328 zu London, einer schon damals ansehnlichen und ziemlich reichen Stadt, geboren, und zu Cambridge und Oxford erzogen. Hierauf studierte er die Rechte, und wurde Mitglied des Juristenkollegiums in Middle-Temple zu London. Nachdem er die Niederlande und Frankreich besucht hatte, begab er sich an den Hof Edward's III, erwarb sich die Gnade des Königs in einem hohen Grade, wurde von demselben öfters in auswärtigen Angelegenheiten gebraucht, und durch Ertheilung der Würde eines Kämmerers und Königl. Schildträgers, und am Ende durch die einträgliche Stelle eines Kontrolleurs der Woll-Accise belohnt. Chaucer hatte sich im Jahre 1360 mit einer Hofdame der Herzogin von Lancaster verheirathet, und war in die Dienste des Herzogs gegangen. Dadurch hatte er sein Glück sehr befördert. Nach dem im Jahre 1377 erfolgten Tode Edward's III wurde der Herzog Vormund des minderjährigen Enkels desselben, Richard II, und dies schien anfänglich für unsern Dichter ein glücklicher Umstand zu seyn; der Herzog zerfiel indessen bald mit dem jungen Könige, und Chaucer's schöne Hoffnungen wurden nicht nur vereitelt, sondern er sah sich auch wegen seiner Anhänglichkeit an den Herzog verfolgt. Da

*überdies seine Vermögensumstände in grofse Unordnung gerathen waren, so entfernte er sich vom Hofe, begab sich nach London, wurde hier aber in Verhaft genommen, und nicht eher frei gelassen, bis er das Geständnifs dessen abgelegt hatte, was ihm von der Gegenparthei des Königs bekannt war. Nun begab er sich nach seinem kleinen Landsitze bei Woodstock, und blieb hier bis in sein 65stes Jahr. Um diese Zeit heirathete der Herzog von Lancaster die Schwester von Chaucer's Frau, und durch die Fürsprache desselben erhielt unser Dichter ein neues Jahrgehalt. Der Herzog starb bald hierauf, und Chaucer begab sich nun nach Dunnington-Castle, lebte hier in philosophischer Zurückgezogenheit noch zwei Jahre, und starb 1400. Er wurde in der Westminsterabtei *) beigesetzt, wo ihm auch im 16ten Jahrhundert ein Denkmal errichtet worden ist. — Mit G. Chaucer geht, selbst nach dem Urtheil des strengen Johnson, die Morgenröthe der Englischen Poesie auf, oder es beginnt vielmehr mit ihm die Nationalliteratur in England; nur erschien dieser Mann gleichsam noch ein Jahrhundert zu früh; denn er blieb ohne bedeutende Nachfolger **), weil seine Nation noch nicht den rechten Weg zur Bildung betreten hatte. Chaucer erwarb sich zuförderst um die Sprache seines Volks ein grofses Verdienst. Diese war bis auf ihn eine unförmliche Mischung aus dem Sächsischen, Normännischen und Französischen, dabei rauh und überhaupt wenig bearbeitet gewesen. Er, ein durch Reisen gebildeter Mann, der seinen Geschmack durch das Studium der Werke Italiens geläutert, und jenen innern Sinn für Rythmus und Wohllaut bekommen hatte, der seinen Vorgängern fehlte, gab seiner Muttersprache nicht nur Wohllaut und Gewandtheit, sondern bereicherte dieselbe auch mit vielen neuen Wörtern, da der Vorrath, welchen er vorfand, für den gröfsern Ideenumfang eines so gebildeten Weltmannes zu eng war. Zwar macht man es ihm zum Vorwurf, dafs er mit zu vollen Händen in*

**) Sein Denkmal ist das älteste von denen, die im nordöstlichen Winkel der Westminster-Abtey stehen, und dieser Theil der ehrwürdigen Kathedrale heifst von ihm der Poeten-Winkel. (S. Englische Miscellen Theil 8, St. 3, S. 172.)*

***) Dahin gehören unter andern: John Gower aus Sittenham in Yorkshire, geb. um 1323, gest. 1402; John aus Lydgate in Suffolkshire, gest. 1440.*

den Französischen Sprachschatz gegriffen, und überhaupt durch ausländische Wörter und Redensarten seine Sprache verunstaltet habe; allein, auch zugegeben, dafs unter seinen Landsleuten nicht bereits eine Menge Französischer Wörter im Umlauf gewesen wäre, wie erwiesen werden kann, so würde man doch nicht mit Recht einem Schriftsteller über solche Eingriffe in fremdes Eigenthum Vorwürfe machen können. Mufste nicht Cicero, *als er die philosophischen Disziplinen unter seinen Landsleuten zuerst bearbeitete, zu einem ähnlichen Mittel seine Zuflucht nehmen? — Nächstdem gebührt unserm Dichter die Ehre den Ideenkreis seiner Landsleute, so wie schon an und für sich durch jene Sprachbereicherung, so auch dadurch erweitert zu haben, dafs durch seine bald allgemein gelesenen und bewunderten Werke manche Wahrheit in Umlauf kam.* Chaucer *war ein auch in religiösen Sachen aufgeklärter Mann, und bekannte sich zu* Wiklef's *freiern Religionsmaximen. Dies leuchtet auch aus vielen Stellen seiner Werke hervor, wo er über die Ungeschicklichkeit und Faulheit der Mönche spottet. Andere Stellen beweisen, dafs er auch mit den Schriften des Alterthums nicht unbekannt war. Man trifft in verschiedenen seiner Werke Nachahmungen derselben, und anderer neuern Werke des Auslandes an; allein er war deshalb nichts weniger als blofser Nachahmer; denn theils sind unter seinen Werken noch viele, von denen ihm auch der Preis der Erfindung gebührt, theils ist ihm, selbst wenn er nachahmt, noch so viel Originelles eigen, dafs man den Mann von Kopf nicht verkennen kann; ja es ist nicht zu leugnen, dafs manches nachgebildete Stück unter seinen Händen vielfach gewonnen hat. — Was seine Werke betrifft, so gebührt unter denselben 1) den* Canterbury-Tales *ein vorzüglicher, wo nicht der erste Rang. Sie bestehen aus einer Reihe Erzählungen, mit welchen sich eine Gesellschaft nach Canterbury pilgernder Personen, die sich in einem Gasthofe in Southwark kennen gelernt haben, unter Weges unterhält; eine Idee, die unstreitig aus dem* Decamerone *des* Boccaccio *entlehnt ist. Was die Erzählungen selbst betrifft, so sind sie von sehr verschiedenem Gehalt; den Vorzug verdienen unstreitig* The Knight's Tale *aus der* Teseide *des* Boccaccio *gezogen, und* the Squirr's-Tale. *Das hier mitgetheilte Stück* The Doctours Tale *ist zwar in Ansehung des dichterischen Gehalts eines der unbedeutendsten, allein es ist deshalb hier ge-*

wählt worden, theils weil der Raum die Aufnahme einer längern Erzählung nicht erlaubte, theils auch weil sich bei einem bekannten Stoffe von Seiten der Sprache weniger Schwierigkeiten darbieten, welchen letztern überdies durch die hinzugefügten Erläuterungen, bis auf einige wenige Ausdrücke, hoffentlich abgeholfen seyn wird. Überdies findet man an der Spitze jeder Erzählung einen Prolog, in welchem sich der Dichter meistentheils bald als einen feinen Satyriker, bald als einen treffenden Sittenmaler, überall als einen genauen Kenner des menschlichen Herzens zeigt. Auch diese Zierde entbehrt das hier aufgenommene Stück. Übrigens verdient noch bemerkt zu werden, dafs die Canterbury Tales *ein gewissermafsen unvollendetes Werk sind, da der Dichter anfänglich den Plan hatte, jeden Pilger, bei der Rückkehr von Canterbury, gleichfalls ein Mährchen erzählen zu lassen. — Zu den übrigen bedeutenden Werken Chaucer's gehören* 2) the Romaunt of the Rose, *eine Nachbildung des von Wilhelm von Lorris am Ende des 13ten Jahrhunderts angefangenen, und von Jean de Meun im Anfang des 14ten beendigten* Roman de la Rose. 3) Troilus and Creseide, *ein erzählendes Gedicht in 5 Gesängen.* 4) The House of Fame, *ein Gedicht, welches nachmals von Pope in dem* Temple of Fame *nachgeahmt worden ist. Sonst enthalten seine Werke noch verschiedene andere gröfsere und kleinere Gedichte. Auch von seinen prosaischen Werken haben sich einige erhalten, als:* a Translation of Boethius (de Consolatione); a Treatise on the Astrolabe; the Testament of Love. *Eine vorzügliche Ausgabe seiner poetischen Werke ist diejenige, welche einen Theil der von Bell (unter dem Titel:* the Poets of Great-Britain complete from Chaucer to Churchill) *veranstalteten Dichtersammlung macht, und folgenden Titel führt:* the poetical Works of Geoff. Chaucer in fourteen Volumes; the miscellaneous Pieces from Urry's edition 1721, the Canterbury-Tales from Tyrwhitt's edition 1775, *Edinburgh* 1782. *Der 14te Theil enthält ein Glossarium, und dieses ist es, aus welchem wir die hier mitgetheilten Erläuterungen geschöpft haben. Aufserdem findet man sämmtliche Werke unsers Dichters im ersten Theile von Anderson's Ausgabe der Englischen Dichter, nebst einem Glossario* *). *Von den*

*) *Der Titel dieser Sammlung ist:* The Works of the British poets with prefaces biographical and critical by Robert An-

Canterbury-Tales *hat der berühmte Englische Kritiker* Tyrwhitt *eine vortreffliche Ausgabe, mit einem Versuch über* Chaucer's *Sprache und Versifikation und einer besondern Einleitung zu diesen Erzählungen, besorgt, London* 1775 — 1779 5 *Vol.* 8., *so wie man von dem vorhin angeführten* John Urry *eine* 1721 *zu London in Fol. erschienene Ausgabe der sämmtlichen Werke unter dem Titel:* the Works of Jeffrey Chaucer *besitzt. — Diejenigen, welche sich näher mit diesem Vater der Englischen Dichtkunst bekannt machen wollen, werden in dem ersten Stücke des zweiten Bandes der Nachträge zu Sulzer's allgemeiner Theorie der schönen Künste (auch unter dem Titel: Charaktere der vornehmsten Dichter aller Nationen* etc.) *einen schätzbaren Aufsatz über* Chaucer *finden. Vor allen aber verdient folgendes Werk Aufmerksamkeit:* Life of Geoffrey Chaucer, the early English Poet: including Memoirs of his near friend and kinsman, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster: with sketches of the manners, opinions, arts and literature of England in the fourteenth century, by William Godwin, in two Volumes, 4. *London, Phillips* 1803. *Man findet eine Anzeige und Würdigung dieser vortrefflichen Schrift in den Englischen Miszellen,* 13*ter Band,* 3*tes Stück, S.* 152. *Eine ausführliche Biographie unsers Dichters befindet sich auch bei den vorhin angeführten Bellschen und Andersonschen Ausgaben, und in* Cibber's Lives of the English Poets, Vol. I. *S.* 1.

The Doctoures Prologue.

Ye, let that passen, quod [1]) our Hoste, as now.
Sire Doctour of Physike [2]), I prey you,
Tell us a Tale of som honest matere [3]).

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derson, M. D. *London* 1795, *in* 13, *im grössten Oktav und gespaltenen Columnen gedruckten Bänden. Sie kostet* 8 *Pfund, übertrifft an Vollständigkeit alle vorhergehenden Sammlungen und umfasst in allem* 114 *Dichter, wovon* 49 *in der Johnsonschen Sammlung noch nicht befindlich sind. Dazu kommen im* 13*ten Bande die vorzüglichsten Übersetzer der alten Klassiker, deren Übersetzungen man allgemein Originalität zugesteht. Die den einzelnen Dichtern vorangeschickten Biographien sind von* Anderson *selbst bearbeitet.*

[1]) quod *said.* [2]) physike *medicine.* [3]) matere *matter.*

It shal [4]) be don [5]), if that ye wol [6]) it here [7]),
Said this Doctour, and his Tale began anon.
Now, good men, quod he, herkeneth [8]) everich on [9]).

* * *

THE DOCTOURES TALE.

Ther was, as telleth Titus Livius,
A knight that cleped [10]) was Virginius,
Fulfilled of honour and worthinesse,
And strong of frendes, and of gret richesse [11]).
This knight a doughter hadde by his wif;
No children had he mo [12]) in all his lif.
Faire was this maid in excellent beautee
Aboven every wight [13]) that man may see,
For Nature hath with soveraine [14]) diligence
Y-formed [15]) hire [16]) in so gret excellence
As though she wolde sayn, Lo, I Nature
Thus can I forme and peint a creature,
Whan that me list [17]): who can me contrefete [18])?
Pigmalion? not though he ay [19]) forge and bete [20]),
Or grave, or peinte; for I dare wel sain
Apelles, Xeuxis, shulden [21]) werche [22]) in vain
Other [23]) to grave, or peinte, or forge, or bete,
If they presumed me to contrefete:
For he that is the former principal
Hath maked [24]) me his vicaire general
To forme and peinten erthly creatures
Right as me list; and eche [25]) thing in my cure [26]) is
Under the mone [27]) that may wane [28]) and waxe;

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[4]) shal *shall*. [5]) don *done*. [6]) wol, *v. auxil. Sax. to will.* [7]) here *v. Sax. to hear.* [8]) herken *to hearken.* [9]) everich on *every one.* [10]) clepe *v: Sax. to call.* [11]) richesse *riches.* [12]) mo *more.* [13]) wight *a person male or female.* [14]) soveraine *excellent in a high degree.* [15]) Y-formed *for formed*, y-blessed, *blessed.* [16]) hire, *her.* [17]) list, liste, luste, *please.* [18]) contrefete *to counterfeit, to imitate.* [19]) ay *ever.* [20]) bete *to beat.* [21]) shulden *should.* [22]) werche, werke *to work.* [23]) other *either.* [24]) maked *made.* [25]) eche *every one.* [26]) cure *care.* [27]) mone *moon.* [28]) wane *to decrease.*

And for my werk right [29]) nothing wol [30]) I axe [31]):
My lord and I ben [32]) ful of an accord;
I made hire to the worship of my lord,
So do I all min other creatures,
What colour that they han [33]) or what figures.
Thus semeth me that Nature wolde say.
This maid of age twelf yere was and tway [34])
In which that Nature hadde swiche [35]) delit [36]);
For right as she can peint a lily whit
And red a rose, right with swiche peinture
She peinted hath this noble creature
Er [37]) she was borne upon hire limmes [38]) free,
Wheras by right swiche colours shulden be;
And Phebus died [39]) hath hire tresses grete
Like to the stremes [40]) of his burned [41]) hete.
And if that excellent were hire beautee,
A thousand fold more vertuous was she.
In hire [42]) ne [*]) lacked no condition
That is to preise [43]), as by discretion.
As wel in gost as body chast was she,
For which she floured in virginitee
With all humilitee and abstinence,
With all attemperance and patience
With mesure [44]) eke of bering [45]) and array.
Discrete she was in answering alway,
Though she were wise as Pallas, dare I sain,
Hire faconnde [46]) eke ful womanly and plain:
No contrefeted termes hadde she
To semen wise, but after hire degree [47]),
She spake, and all hire wordes more and lesse
Souning [48]) in vertue and in gentilesse.
Shamefast [49]) she was in [50]) maidens shamefastnesse,

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[29]) right, *adv. exactly, truly, rightly etc. it is frequently joined to adjectives, to augment their force.* [30]) wol *to will.* [31]) axe *ask.* [32]) ben *are.* [33]) han *have.* [34]) tway *two.* [35]) swiche *such.* [36]) delit *delight.* [37]) er *ere.* [38]) limmes *limbs.* [39]) die *to tinge.* [40]) stremes *the rays of the sun.* [41]) burned *burnished.* [42]) hire *her.* [*]) ne *not.* [43]) to preise *to praise, to value.* [44]) mesure *moderation.* [45]) bering *behaviour.* [46]) faconnde *eloquence.* [47]) degree *rank in life.* [48]) soune *to sound.* [49]) shamefast *modest.* [50]) in *with.*

Constant in herte, and ever in besinesse
To drive hire out of idel slogardie [51]).
Bacchus had of hire mouth right no maistrie [52]),
For wine and youthe don Venus encrese,
As men in fire wol casten oile and grese [53]).
And of hire owen vertue unconstreined
She hath hireself ful often sike [54]) yfeined,
For that she wolde fleen [55]) the compagnie
Wher likely was to treten [56]) of folie,
As is at festes, at revels [57]), and at dances,
That ben occasions of daliances [58]).
Swiche thinges maken children for [59]) to be
To sone [60]) ripe and bold, as men may see,
Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore [61]);
For al to sone may she lernen lore [62])
Of boldnesse whan she woxen [63]) is a wif.
And ye maistresses [64]), in your olde lif,
That lordes doughters han in governance,
Ne taketh of my wordes displesance [65]):
Thinketh that ye ben set in governinges
Of lordes doughters only for two thinges,
Other [66]) for ye han kept your honestee,
Or elles [67]) for ye han fallen in freeltee [68]),
And known wel ynough the olde dance [69]),
And han forsaken fully swiche meschance
For evermo; therefore for Christes sake
To teche hem [70]) vertue loke that ye ne slake [71]).
A theef of venison, that hath forlaft [72])
His likerousnesse [73]) and all his olde craft,
Can kepe [74]) a forest best of any man:

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[51]) slogardie *sloth.* [52]) maistrie *power, superiority.* [53]) grese *grease.* [54]) sike *sick.* [55]) fleen *to flee.* [56]) trete *to treat, to discourse.* [57]) revel *sport, festivity; entertainment properly during the night.* [58]) daliance, *an interchange of caresses, acts of fondness.* [59]) for, *pro Lat., pour Fr.; it is frequently prefixed to verbs in the infinitive mode in the French manner.* [60]) to sone *too soon.* [61]) yore *of a long time.* [62]) lore *knowledge, doctrine.* [63]) woxen *grown.* [64]) maistresse *mistress, governess.* [65]) displesance *displeasure.* [66]) other *either.* [67]) elles *else.* [68]) freeltee *frailty.* [69]) *The French have the same phrase:* elle sait assez de la vieille danse. [70]) hem *them.* [71]) slake *to fail.* [72]) forlaft *left off entirely.* [73]) likerous *gluttonous.* [74]) kepe *to take care.*

Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol ye can.
Loke wel that ye unto no vice assent,
Lest ye be damned for your wikke [75]) entent [76]),
For who so doth a traytour is certain:
And taketh kepe [77]) of that I shal you sain;
Of alle treson soveraine pestilence
Is whan a wight [78]) betrayeth innocence.
Ye fathers, and ye mothers eke also,
Though ye han children, be it on or mo,
Your is the charge of all hir [79]) surveance [80])
While that they ben under your governance:
Beth [81]) ware that by ensample of your living,
Or by your negligence in chastising,
That they ne perish, for I dare wel saye
If that they don ye shul it dere [82]) abeye [83]).
Under a shepherd soft and negligent
The wolf hath many a shepe and lamb to-rent [84]).
Sufficieth this ensample now as here,
For I mote [85]) turne agen to my matere.
This maid, of which I tell my tale expresse,
She kept [86]) hireself, hire neded [87]) no maistresse,
For in hire living maidens mighten rede [88]),
As in a book, every good word and dede
That longeth [89]) to a maiden vertuous:
She was so prudent and so bounteous,
For which the fame out sprong on every side
Both of hire beautee and hire bountee wide,
That thurgh [90]) the lond [91]) they preised hire ech one [92])
That loved vertue, sauf [93]) Envie alone,
That sory is of other mannes wele [94])
And glad is of his sorwe [95]) and his unhele [96]).
The Doctour maketh this descriptioun.
This maiden on a day went in the toun

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[75]) wikke *wikked.* [76]) entent *intention.* [77]) kepe *care, attention.* [78]) wight, *a person male or female.* [79]) hir *their.* [80]) surveance *superintendance.* [81]) beth *be ye.* [82]) dere *dear.* [83]) abeye *to suffer for.* [84]) to-rent *rent in pieces.* [85]) mote *must.* [86]) kepe *to take care.* [87]) nede *is generally used as an impersonal.* [88]) rede *to read.* [89]) long *to belong.* [90]) thurgh *through.* [91]) lond *land.* [92]) ech one *every one.* [93]) sauf *safe:* [94]) wele *prosperity.* [95]) sorwe *sorrow.* [96]) unhele *misfortune.*

Toward a temple, with hire mother dere [97]),
As is of yonge maidens the manere [98]).
Now was ther than a justice in that toun
That governour was of that regioun;
And so befell this juge his eyen cast
Upon this maid, avising [99]) here ful fast
As she came forth by ther [100]) this juge stood:
Anon his herte changed and his mood,
So was he caught with beautee of this maid,
And to himself ful privelý he said,
This maiden shal be min for [101]) any man.
Anon the fend [102]) into his herte ran,
And taught him sodenly [103]) that he by sleight [104])
This maiden to his purpos winnen [105]) might;
For certes by no force ne by no mede [106]).
Him thought he was not able for to spede [107]);
For she was strong of frendes, and eke she
Confermed was in swiche soveraine bountee,
That wel he wist [108]) he might hire never winne
As for to make hire with hire body sinne:
For which with gret deliberatioun
He sent after a cherl [109]) was in the toun,
The which he knew for sotil [110]) and for bold.
This juge unto this cherl his tale hath told
In secree wise, and made him to ensure [111])
He shulde tell it to ne creature,
And if he did he shulde lese [112]) his hede.
And whan assented was this cursed rede [113])
Glad was the juge, and maked him gret chere [114]),
And yaf [115]) him yeftes [116]) precious and dere.
Whan shapen [117]) was all hir conspiracie
Fro point to point, how that his lecherie

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[97]) dere *dear.* [98]) manere *behaviour.* [99]) avise *to observe.* [100]) ther *there, in that place, is frequently used in the sense of* where. [101]) for *sometimes signifies: against.* [102]) fend *an enemy, the devil.* [103]) soden *sudden.* [104]) sleight *contrivance.* [105]) winnen *to gain.* [106]) mede *reward.* [107]) to spede *to dispatch.* [108]) wist *knew.* [109]) cherl *a man of mean birth and condition.* [110]) sotil *artfully.* [111]) ensure *to assure.* [112]) lese *to lose.* [113]) rede *advice, counsel.* [114]) chere *good cheer, entertainment.* [115]) yaf *gave.* [116]) yefte *a gift.* [117]) shape *to form.*

Parformed shulde be ful sotilly,
As ye shul here it after openly,
Home goth this cherl, that highte [118]) Claudius;
This false juge, that highte Appius,
(So was his name, for it is no fable,
But knowen for an historial [119]) thing notable;
The sentence [120]) of it soth [121]) is out of doute)
This false juge goth now fast aboute
To hasten his delit all that he may.
And so befell, sone after on a day,
This false juge, as telleth us the storie,
As he was wont, sat in his consistorie [122]),
And yaf his domes [123]) upon sundry [124]) cas,
This false cherl came forth a ful gret pas,
And saide: Lord, if that it be your will,
As [125]) doth me right upon this pitous [126]) bill,
In which I plaine [127]) upon Virginius;
And if that he wol sayn it is not thus
I wol it preve [128]), and finden good witnesse
That soth [129]) is that my bille wol expresse.
   The juge answerd: Of this in his absence
I may not yeve diffinitif sentence.
Let don him call, and I wol gladly here:
Thou shalt have right and no wrong as now here:
   Virginius came to wete [130]) the juges will,
And right anon was red this cursed bill;
The sentence of it was as ye shul here.
   To you my Lord Sire Appius so dere
Sheweth your poure [131]) servant Claudius
How that a knight called Virginius
Agein the lawe, agein all equitee,
Holdeth, expresse agein the will of me,
My servant which that is my thral [132]) by right,
Which from min hous was stolen on a night

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[118]) highte, *unstreitig unser: heissen.* [119]) historial *historical.* [120]) sentence *sense, meaning.* [121]) soth *certain.* [122]) consistorie *court of justice.* [123]) dome *judgment, opinion.* [124]) sundry *several.* [125]) as *also.* [126]) pitous *exciting compassion.* [127]) plaine *to complain.* [128]) preve *to demonstrate by trial.* [129]) soth *true, certain.* [130]) wete *to know.* [131]) poure *poor.* [132]) thral *slave.*

While that she was ful yong; I wol it preve
By witnesse, Lord, so that it you not greve [133]):
She n'is [134]) his doughter nought, what so he say;
Wherefore to you, my Lord the juge, I pray;
Yelde [135]) me my thral, if that it be your will.
Lo, this was all the sentence [136]) of his bill.

Virginius gan [137]) upon the cherl behold;
But hastily er he his tale told,
And wold han preved it as shuld a knight,
And eke by witnessing of many a wight
That all was false that said his adversary,
This cursed juge wolde nothing tary [138]),
Ne here a word more of Virginius,
But yave his jugement, and saide thus:

I deme [139]) anon this cherl his servant have;
Thou shalt no lenger in thin hous hire save;
Go bring hire forth, and put hire in our ward:
The cherl shal have his thral; thus I award.

And whan this worthy knight Virginius,
Thurgh [140]) sentence of this justice Appius,
Muste by force his dere doughter yeven
Unto the juge, in lecherie to liven,
He goth him home, and set him in his hall,
And let anon his dere doughter call;
And with a face ded as ashen [141]) cold
Upon hire humble face he gan behold,
With fadres pitee stiking [142]) thurgh his herte,
Al wold he from his purpos not converte.

Doughter, quod he, Virginia by thy name,
Ther ben [143]) two waies, other deth or shame,
That thou must suffre, alas that I was bore!
For never thou deservedest wherfore
To dien with a swerd or with a knif.
O dere doughter, ender [144]) of my lif!
Which I have fostred [145]) up with swiche plesance

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[133]) to greve *to hurt, to grieve.* [134]) n'is *is not.* [135]) Yelde *to yield, to give.* [136]) sentence *sense, meaning.* [137]) gan *began.* [138]) tary *vermuthlich für tarry, to wait for.* [139]) deme *to judge.* [140]) thurgh *through.* [141]) ashen *ashes.* [142]) stike *to stick, pierce.* [143]) ben *are.* [144]) ender, *vielleicht: die du endigst.* [145]) fostred *nourished.*

That thou were never out of my remembrance;
O doughter! which that [146]) art my laste wo [147])
And in my lif my laste joye also;
O gemme of chastitee! in patience
Take thou thy deth, for this is my sentence;
For love and not for hate thou must be ded;
My pitous hond [148]) must smiten of thin hed.
Alas that ever Appius thee say! [149])
Thus hath he falsely juged thee to-day.
And told hire all the cas, as ye before
Han herd; it nedeth [150]) not to tell it more.
O mercy, dere father! quod this maid.
And with that word she both hire armes laid
About his necke, as she was wont to do,
(The teres brast [151]) out of hire eyen two)
And said: O goode father! shal I die?
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedie?
No certes, dere doughter min! quod he.
Than yeve me leiser [152]); father min, quod she,
My deth for to complaine a litel space;
For parde [153]) Jepte [154]) yave his doughter grace
For to complaine or [155]) he hire slow [156]) alas.
And God it wot nothing was hire trespas,
But for she ran hire father first to see,
To welcome him with gret solempnitee.
And with that word she fell aswoune [157]) anon,
And after, whan hire swouning was agon [158]),
She riseth up, and to hire father said;
Blessed be God that I shal die a maid!
Yeve me my deth or that I have a shame:
Doth [159]) with your child your wille a Goddes name.
And with that word she praied him ful oft
That with his swerd he wolde smite hire soft;

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[146]) which that *instead of* which *only.* [147]) wo *sorrow.* [148]) hond *hand.* [149]) say *saw.* [150]) nedeth not *is not necessary.* [151]) brast *to break, broke.* [152]) leiser *leisure.* [153]) parde *pardieux, a common french oath, which most of the personages in Chaucer express very frequently in English with as little ceremony as the Greeks used their νη Δια, and with as little meaning too.* [154]) Jepte *Jephta, s. Buch der Richter, Kap.* 11. *v.* 50. *u. ff.* [155]) or *ere, before.* [156]) slow *slew.* [157]) aswoune *in a swoon.* [158]) agon *gone, past.* [159]) doth *do ye.*

And with that word aswoune again she fell.
Hire father, with ful sorweful [160]) herte and will,
Hire hed of smote, and by the top it hent [161]), —
And to the juge he gan it to present,
As he sat yet in dome in consistorie.
And whan the juge it saw, as saith the storie,
He bad to take him and anhang [162]) him fast:
But right anon a thousand peple in thrast [163])
To save the knight for routh [164]) and for pitee,
For knowen was the false iniquitee.
The peple anon had suspect in this thing,
By maner of the cherles chalenging,
That it was by the assent of Appius;
They wiston [165]) wel that he was lecherous:
For which unto this Appius they gon,
And caste him in a prison right anon,
Whereas he slow [166]) himself; and Claudius,
That servant was unto this Appius,
Was demed for to hange upon a tree,
But that Virginius of his pitee
So prayed for him that he was exiled,
And elles [167]) certes had he ben begiled [168]):
The remenant [169]) were anhanged, more and lesse,
That were consentant [170]) of this cursednesse.
Here men may see how sin hath his merite:
Beth [171]) ware, for no man wot whom God wol smite
In no degree, ne in which maner wise
The worme of conscience may agrise [172])
Of wicked lif, though it so privee be
That no man wote therof sauf [173]) God and he;
For be he lewed [174]) man or elles lered [175])
He n'ot [176]) how sone that he shal been afered [177]):
Therefore I rede [178]) you this conseil take
Forsaketh sinne or sinne you forsake.

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[160]) sorwe *sorrow*. [161]) hente *to take hold of, to catch*. [162]) anhang *to hang up*. [163]) thrast *of* threste, *to thrust*. [164]) routh *compassion*. [165]) wis *to know*. [166]) slow *slew*. [167]) elles *else*. [168]) begiled *beguiled*. [169]) remenant *remaining part*. [170]) consentant *consenting*. [171]) beth *be ye*. [172]) agrise *to make to shudder*. [173]) sauf *safe*. [174]) lewed *ignorant*. [175]) lered, *part. to learn*. [176]) n'ot *ne wot, know not*. [177]) afered *afraid*. [178]) rede *to advise*.

SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser wurde (nach der gewöhnlichen, aber gewifs ganz unrichtigen Angabe) im Jahre 1510 zu London geboren. Er studierte im Pembroke-College zu Cambridge, und begab sich darauf, weil er sich in seiner Hoffnung, an diesem Orte eine Collegiatenstelle zu erhalten, getäuscht sah, auf das Gut eines seiner Freunde in Yorkshire. Hier war es vermuthlich, wo er das Frauenzimmer kennen lernte, dessen er so oft in seinem Schäfer-Kalender (Shepherd's Calendar) unter dem Namen Rosalinde erwähnt. Das angeführte Werk besteht aus 12 Eklogen, und ist dem Sir Philip Sidney, dem Mäzen seiner Zeit, zugeschrieben. Diesen vortrefflichen Mann hatte Spenser schon früher, und der gewöhnlichen Erzählung nach, auf eine Art kennen gelernt, welche für den jungen Dichter sehr ehrenvoll war. Dieser nämlich überreichte dem Sir Philip Sidney einige Proben vom 9ten Gesang der Fairy Queen, die er eben damals zu schreiben anfing. Sidney erstaunte über die Schönheit des Gedichts, vorzüglich über die Beschreibung der Verzweiflung. Als er einige Strophen gelesen hatte, befahl er seinem Haushofmeister, dem Überbringer des Gedichts 50 l. auszuzahlen. Nachdem er hierauf etwas weiter gelesen hatte, befahl er die Summe zu verdoppeln. Als der Haushofmeister einigen Anstand nahm, die Befehle seines Herrn zu vollziehen, erhöhte Sidney das Geschenk auf 200 l. und hiefs denselben diese Summe sogleich auszahlen, damit er nicht in Versuchung geriethe, sein Vermögen wegzugeben. Von der Zeit an stand unser Spenser mit Sir Sidney in genauer Verbindung, wurde durch ihn bei Hofe empfohlen, und, jedoch eine Zeitlang ohne Gehalt, zu einem der Hofdichter der Königin Elisabeth ernannt. Vielleicht hätte er bei Hofe mehr Glück gemacht, wenn nicht der Lord-Schatzmeister Burleigh sein Feind gewesen, sein Gönner dagegen so oft durch Geschäfte vom Hofe entfernt worden wäre. 1579 wurde Spenser von dem Grafen von Leicester in auswärtigen Geschäften versandt; man weifs indessen nicht, von welcher Art dieselben gewesen sind. Hierauf erhielt er die Stelle eines Sekretärs bei dem zum Deputirten von Irland ernannten Lord Grey von Walton. Dafs der Dichter

die zu diesem Posten erforderliche Geschicklichkeit besessen habe, beweiset seine Abhandlung über den Staat von Irland, A view of the State of Ireland, *in welcher viele gute Bemerkungen vorkommen. Spenser befand sich itzt in einer ziemlich guten Lage, da die Königin Elisabeth ihn mit dreitausend Morgen Landes in der Grafschaft Cork beschenkt hatte. Er hielt sich damals gewöhnlich zu Kilkolman auf, am Flusse Mulla, dessen er oft in seinen Gedichten erwähnt, und der durch seinen Garten floſs. Um diese Zeit ungefähr stand er auch mit dem berühmten Sir Walter Raleigh in genauer Verbindung, und durch diesen Mann kam er mit dem Hofe in noch nähere Verhältnisse. Unter so günstigen Umständen vollendete er sein groſses Gedicht* the Fairy Queen, *welches er zu verschiedenen Zeiten angefangen und fortgesetzt, und wovon er 1590 nur die drei ersten Bücher herausgegeben hatte. In der folgenden Ausgabe fügte er noch drei Bücher hinzu; die sechs letzten aber gingen, bis auf zwei Gesänge, die den Titel* Cantos of Mutability *führen, durch die Nachlässigkeit seines Bedienten verloren, den er vorausgeschickt hatte, als er sein Gut eiligst zu verlassen sich genöthigt sah. Der Grund zu dieser Flucht war die im Jahre 1592 ausgebrochene Rebellion, welche von den Spaniern unterstützt wurde. Die Spanier plünderten sein Haus, steckten es in Brand; ein Kind von ihm und viele seiner Freunde büſsten das Leben ein, und er selbst muſste eilig mit seiner Gattin die Flucht ergreifen. Er kam zwar glücklich in England an, allein er fand hier seinen groſsen Gönner Sidney nicht mehr am Leben. Von den übrigen Lebensjahren unsers Dichters sind wenige zuverlässige Nachrichten vorhanden. Wahrscheinlich durchlebte er den Rest seiner Tage in Mangel und Kummer. Er starb zu London im Jahre 1596 (nach andern 1598) und wurde seinem Verlangen gemäſs in der Westminster-Abtei neben Chaucer beigesetzt. Der Graf Essex lieſs ihm auf eigene Kosten ein Denkmal errichten. — Spenser ist gleichfalls einer der Väter der Englischen Poesie, und ihm gebührt der nächste Rang nach Chaucer; auch er hat sich um die Sprache seines Volks groſse Verdienste erworben. Seine beiden Hauptwerke sind 1)* the Shepherd's Calendar, *der Schäferkalender, ein Werk, das aus zwölf, nach den Monaten des Jahres benannten, Idyllen besteht, und zu dessen Entstehung die unerwiederte Liebe des Dichters, der darin unter*

dem Namen **Colin** *auftritt, zu seiner* **Rosalinde** *Veranlassung gab. So wenig sich* **Spenser** *darin dem wahren Ideal der Idylle nähert, so rauh auch noch seine Sprache ist, so fehlt es diesem ältesten Englischen Werke seiner Art doch nicht an mannichfaltigen Schönheiten, und deshalb und wegen seines Alters ist es* **Spenser's** *Landsleuten noch immer werth.* 2) The Fairy Queen, *ist eigentlich eine romantische Epopöe, in 6 Büchern; davon jedes wieder aus 12 Gesängen, jeder Gesang aus mehr als 600 Versen besteht. „Insofern, sagt* **Blankenburg** *in den* **Zusätzen zu Sulzer's Theorie der schönen Künste,** *Theil II. S. 555, die Begebenheiten romantisch und das Gedicht in Octaven abgefaſst ist, kann man sagen, daſs es mit dem* **Roland** *des* **Ariosto** *Ähnlichkeit hat; auch kann* **Ariosto** *im Ganzen sein Muster gewesen seyn; aber der Plan selbst hat viel mehr — obgleich keine zweckmäſsige — Ordnung und Verbindung; alle Theile stehen in einer Art regelmäſsiger Beziehung zu einander. An einem zwölftägigen Feste, welches die Feyen-Königin giebt, werden ihr an jedem Tage zwölf verschiedene Klagen vorgebracht, und um diesen abzuhelfen, schickt sie zwölf Ritter aus, deren jeder das Muster irgend einer besondern Tugend, als der Heiligkeit, Müſsigkeit, Gerechtigkeit, Keuschheit u. s. w. ist, und dessen Thaten immer ein besonderes Buch füllen. Aber der Hauptheld ist Prinz* **Arthur,** *der, als ein Bild der vollkommensten Tugend, des* **Edelmuths** (Magnificence), *jedem dieser zwölf Ritter beisteht, um zum Besitz der Prinzessin* **Gloriana,** *des wahren Ruhms, zu gelangen. Es ist also absichtlich allegorisch, und dadurch verliert es einen groſsen Theil seines Reizes. Auch der darin herrschende Ton ist von dem Tone des* **Ariosto** *ganz verschieden. Jener ist beinahe immer feierlich, dieser fast immer scherzend;* **Ariosto** *mischt so genannte niedrige Auftritte ein,* **Spenser** *nie. Lebhafte Imagination zeigt er übrigens in der Ausführung allenthalben; aber sein Plan für ein Gedicht scheint mir schlechter, als gar kein Plan zu seyn; die durch die Ausführung geweckte Imagination wird durch jene Symmetrie, wird durch die vorsetzliche Allegorie, immer aufgehalten, immer beschränkt." — Die hier aufgenommene Stelle ist aus den* Cantos of Mutability *entlehnt, und unserm Bedünken nach eine der glücklichsten in der* Fairy Queen. *Wir brauchen zum Verständniſse derselben nur zu bemerken, daſs in dem*

6ten Gesange des 7ten Buchs Göttin Mutability, nach Spenser's Dichtung von den Titanen abstammend, (daher die Benennung Titaness), *auf die Oberherrschaft der Welt aus dem Grunde Anspruch macht, weil Alles unter ihrem Einflusse stehe. Es wird ein Tag zur Untersuchung der Gerechtsame ihrer Ansprüche anberaumt, und die Natur soll den Ausspruch thun. Der Ort der Versammlung ist Arlo-Hill, ein Berg in Ireland. Die moralische Tendenz dieser Erzählung wird der Leser übrigens leicht auffinden. — Eine Hauptausgabe von Spenser's Werken ist folgende:* The Works of Mr. Edmund Spenser, in six Volumes, with a glossary explaining the old and obscure words, published by Mr. Hughes. *London* 1715. 8. *Der erste Band enthält:* Life of Edmund Spenser; remarks on the Fairy Queen; Fairy Queen Book I. Cant. 12; *der zweite:* Book II. Cant. 12; Book III. Cant. 12; *der dritte:* Book IV. Cant. 12; Book V. Cant. 12; *der vierte:* Book VI. Cant. 12; Book VII. Cant. 7. The Shepherd's Calendar containing twelve aeglogues proportionable to the twelve months, *und kleinere Gedichte; der fünfte und sechste liefert gleichfalls verschiedene kleinere Gedichte, und eine lateinische Übersetzung des* Shepherd's Calendar, *unter dem Titel:* Aeglogae duodecim, anglice olim scriptae ab Edmundo Spensero, nunc autem eleganti latino Carmine donatae a Theodoro Bathurst. *In der Andersonschen Sammlung nehmen Spenser's Werke den grössten Theil des zweiten Bandes ein. Ein vorzügliches Hülfsmittel zum Studio der* Fairy Queen *sind:* Th. Warton's Observations on the Fairy Queen of Spenser. *London* 1762. 2 *Vol.* 8. — *Das Leben unsers Dichters findet man auch in* Cibber's Lives etc., *desgleichen in der Olla Podrida von* 1787, *zweites Stück, von Schmid, und vor dem zweiten Theile der Andersonschen Ausgabe der Englischen Dichter.*

MUTABILITY [1].

III.

Now at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods assembled all on Arlo-Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,

[1]) Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book VII. Canto 7.

As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Only th'infernal Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'nance ill,
As for th'unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

IV.

And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion do retaine,
According to their sundry [2]) kinds of features;
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe;
So full they filled every hill and plaine:
And had not Nature's sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by hir busy paine,
And raunged [3]) far abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

V.

Then forth issu'd (great Goddesse) great dame Nature,
With goodly [4]) port and gracious majesty;
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Than any of the gods or powers on high:
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry [5]):
For, with a veil that wimpled [6]) every where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote [7]) to none appeare.

VI.

That some do say was so by skill devised [8]),
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortal eyes that should be sore agriz'd [9]):
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight [10]) could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beams of splendor threw,
That it the sun a thousand times did pass,
Ne [11]) could be seen, but like an image in a glass.

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[2]) sundry, *several.* [3]) to raunge, *to range.* [4]) goodly, *beautiful, graceful.* [5]) descry, *to give notice of any thing.* [6]) wimpled, *folded over like a veil.* [7]) mote, *might.* [8]) devize, *contrive.* [9]) to agrize, *to astonish, to give abhorrence.* [10]) wight, *person, creature.* [11]) ne, *nor.*

VII.

That well may seemen true: for well I weene [12]),
That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene [13]),
That my frail wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor find like stuffe to that;
As those three sacred saints, though else most wise,
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd saw [14]); his garments so did daze their eyes.

VIII.

In a fayre plain upon an equall hill,
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as craftsmen [15]) by their idle skill
Are went for princes states to fashion:
But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitful bosom made to growe
Most dainty trees; that, shooting up anon,
Did seem to bow their blooming heads full lowe,
For homage unto her, and like a throne to shew. —

X.

And all the Earth far underneath her feete
Was dight [16]) with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Ten thousand more, of sundry scent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the nymphs, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd than any tapestry,
That princes bowres [17]) adorne with painted imagery. —

XII.

Was never so great joyance [18]) since the day,
That all the Gods whilom [19]) assembled were
On Haemus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemn bridale cheare

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[12]) ween, *to be of opinion.* [13]) sheene, *bright, shining.* [14]) *Anspielung auf die Stelle im Evangelisten Matthäus XVII. 1 — 9.* [15]) craftsman, *an artificer.* [16]) dight, *to dress, to adorn.* [17]) bowre, *often used for an inner chamber or private apartment.* [18]) joyance, *diversion.* [19]) whilom, *formerly, once.*

'Twixt Peleeus, and dame Thetis pointed there;
Where Phœbus self, that God of poets hight [20]),
They say did sing the spousal hymne full cleere,
That all the Gods were ravish'd with delight
Of his celestial song, and musick's wondrous might.

XIII.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld [21]),
Still moving, yet unmoved from her sted,
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld,
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came Dame Mutability;
And being low before her presence feld,
With meek obaysance and humility,
Thus 'gan her plaintiff plea with words to amplifie:

XIV.

To thee, O greatest Goddesse! onely great,
An humble suppliant loe [22]), I lowely fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
Who right to all dost deal indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious [23]) injury,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
Oppressing them with pow'r unequally,
Sith [24]) of them all thou art the equal mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother.

XV.

To thee, therefore, of this same Jove I 'plaine [25]),
And of his fellow-gods that faine to be,
That chalenge to themselves the whole worlds raign;
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven itselfe by heritage in fee;
For heaven and earth I both alike do deem,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more than men thou dost esteeme:
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.

XVI.

Then weigh, O sovereign Goddess, by what right
These Gods do claim the world's whole sovereignty;

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[20]) hight, *is nam'd, call'd.* [21]) eld, *old age.* [22]) loe, *lo, see.* [23]) tortious, *full of wrong.* [24]) sith, *since that.* [25]) plaine, *to complain.*

And that is only due unto thy might,
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the Gods owne principality,
Which Jove usurps unjustly, that to be
My heritage, Jove's selfe cannot deny,
From my great grandsire Titan, unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent, as is well known to thee.

XVII.

Yet maugre [26]) Jove, and all his Gods beside,
I do possess the world's most regiment;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every part's inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appear incontinent [27]).
And first the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutability not thrall [28]);
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eke [29]) in general.

XVIII.

For all that from her springs, and is ybredde [30]),
However fayre it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soon decay; and, being dead,
To turn again unto their earthly slime:
Yet out of their decay and mortal crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize;
And of their winter spring another prime,
Unlike in form, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turn they still about, and change in restless wise.

XIX.

As for her tenants, that is, men and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred die,
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts [31]):
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.
Ne do their bodies only flit [32]) and fly;
But eke their minds (which they immortal call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

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[26]) maugre. *(French: malgré) in spite of.* [27]) incontinent, *instantly.* [28]) thrall, *one who is in the power of an other.* [29]) eke, *also.* [30]) ybredde. *The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable.* [31]) beheast, *command.* [32]) flit, *to fluctuate, to be in motion.*

XX.

Ne is the water in more constant case;
Whether those same on high, or these belowe:
For th' ocean moveth still, from place to place;
And every river still doth ebb and flowe:
Ne any lake, that seems most still and slow,
Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse hold,
When any wind doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also toss'd and roll'd;
Now like great hills, and straight like sluices, them unfold.

XXI.

So likewise are all watry living wights
Still toss'd and turned with continual change,
Never, abyding in their stedfast plights [33].
The fish, still floting, do at random range,
And never rest; but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streams them carry:
Ne have the watry fowls a certain grange [34),
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting [35]) still do fly, and still their places vary.

XXII.

Next is the ayre: which who feels not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still? and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,
In state of life? O weake life! that does lean
On thing so tickle [36]) as th' unsteady ayre;
Which every hour is chang'd, and alter'd cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII.

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce:
Now boyling hot, straight friesing deadly cold:
Now fair sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce;
Straight bitter storms and baleful [37]) countenaunce,

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33) plights, *circumstances, condition.* 34) grange *hier wohl nur so viel als abode, eigentlich bedeutet es: granary, farm.* 35) to flit, *siehe* 32). 36) tickle, *unstable.* 37) baleful, *sorrowful, unfortunate.*

That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rain, hail, and snow do pay them sad penaunce [38]),
And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

XXIV.

Last is the fire: which though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet every day
We see his parts, so soon as they do sever,
To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his own consuming prey.
Ne any living creatures doth he breed:
But all, that are of others bred, doth slay;
And, with their death, his cruel live doth feed;
Nought leaving, but their barren ashes, without seed.

XXV.

Thus all these four (the which the ground-work bee
Of all the world, and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of change we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)
Into themselves, and lose their native mights;
The fire to aire, and th' aire to water sheere [39]),
And water into earth; yet water fights
With fire, and air with earth approaching near:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appear.

XXVI.

So in them all reigns Mutability;
However these, that gods themselves do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and sovereignty:
As Vesta, of the fire ethereall;
Vulcan of this, with us so usuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of seas; and Nymphs, of rivers all.
For all those rivers to me subject are:
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

XXVII.

Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe [40]), O Goddesse! to thy presence call
The rest which do the world in being hold;

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[38]) penaunce *für penance, wie daunce für dance.* [39]) sheere, *pure.* [40]) vouchsafe, *to grant.*

As Times and Seasons of the year that fall:
Of all the which, demand in generall,
Or judge thyselfe, by verdict [41]) of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all.
Nature did yield thereto; and by and by
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

XXVIII.

So forth issu'd the Seasons of the year;
First, lusty Spring, all dight [42]) in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new bloosmes [43]) did beare
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung, to call forth paramours [44]):
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures) [45])
A guilt engraven morion [46]) he did weare,
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

XXIX.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock colour'd greene,
That was unlyned [47]) all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene [48])
He wore, from which as he had chauffed [49]) been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest greene
Had hunted late the libbard [50]) or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore.

XXX.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits, that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore:
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reap the ripen'd fruits, the which the earth had yold [51]).

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41) verdict, *decision.* 42) dight, *adorn'd.* 43) bloosm, *blossom.* 44) paramour, *lover.* 45) stour, *attack, fit.* 46) morion, *(Fr.) headpiece, helmet.* 47) unlyned, *not lined.* 48) well beseen, *bearing a good aspect.* 49) chauffed, *Fr. échauffé.* 50) libbard, *leopard.* 51) yold, *yielded.*

XXXI.

Lastly, came Winter, cloathed all in frise [52]),
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill,
As from a limbeck [53]) did adown distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still:
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld [54]). —

XLIV.

And after these, there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace,
Th' one on a palfrey [55]) blacke, the other white;
But Night had cover'd her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight [56]),
And sleepe and darknesse round about did trace:
But Day did beare, upon his scepter's hight,
The goodly sun, encompast all with beames bright.

XLV.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove,
And timeley Night, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewe'd [57]),
That might forslack [58]) the charge to them fore-shewd
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issu'd)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and griesly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought [59]) to see, but like a shade to ween,

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[52]) frize, *a warm kind of woollen cloathing.* [53]) limbeck, *alembick.* [54]) to weld, *to move, to govern. Der Beschränktheit des Raums wegen müssen wir die Beschreibung der zwölf Monathe (St. XXXI – XLIII.) auslassen.* [55]) palfrey, *a horse.* [56]) pight, *pitched, fixt, placed.* [57]) eschew, *avoid.* [58]) forslack, *delay.* [59]) ought, *owned.*

Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen.
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
Such as they feign Dan [60] Cupid to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowers, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus gan [61] the Titanesse:
Lo! mighty Mother, now be judge and say,
Whether in all thy creatures more or less
Change doth not raign and bear the greatest sway;
For, who sees not, that Time on all doth pray?
But times do change and move continually;
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Jove: Right true it is, that these
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all desseize
Of being: but, who is it (to me tell)
That Time himself doth move and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell,
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So then we Gods do rule, and in them also thee.

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability: The things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and sway'd,
Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
And say they by your secret power are made:
But what we see not, who shall us persuade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and order'd by your aid;
Yet what if I can prove, that even ye
Yourselves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto me [62].

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[60]) dan, *an old title, signifying master, like the Spanish Don.* [61]) gan, *began.* [62]) *In den drei folgenden Stanzen zeigt Göttin Mutability nun, daſs die Gestirne Jupiter, Saturn, Diana (der Mond) gleichfalls der Veränderung unterworfen sind, und fährt dann St. LIII. also fort:*

LIII.

— Then let me ask you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? some say in Crete by name,
Others in Thebes, and others other-where;
But wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were,
And born here in this world, ne other can appear.

LIV.

Then are ye mortal borne, and thrall to me,
Unless the kingdom of the sky ye make
Immortall, and unchangeable to be;
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
That ye here work, doth many changes take,
And your own natures change: for, each of you
That vertue have, or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By other's opposition or obliquid view.

LV.

Besides, the sundry motions of your spheres,
So sundry waies and fashions as clerks faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer years;
What is the same but alteration plain?
Only the starry skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the starres and signes therein still move,
And even itself is mov'd, as wizards faine.
But all that moveth, doth mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

LVI.

Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things tost and turned by transverse:
What then should lett [63]), but I aloft should rear
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear?
Now judge then (O thou greatest goddesse trew!)
According as thysolfe dost see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

---

[63]) lett, *to hinder.*

LVII.

So having ended, silence long ensu'd,
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixt, the ground still view'd.
Mean while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the sovereign place.
At length, she looking up with chearful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches few.

LIIX.

I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things stedfastness do hate
And changed be: yet being rightly weigh'd,
They are not changed from their first estate,
But by their change their being doe dilate;
And turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign;
But they reign over Change, and doe their states maintain.

LIX.

Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed be,
And from thenceforth, none no more change shall see,
So was the Titaness put downe and whist [64]),
And Jove confirm'd in his imperial see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Nature's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist [65]).

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[64]) whist, *silent, still.* [65]) wist, *thought, knew.*

SHAKSPEARE.

Nature her pencil to his hands commits
And then in all her forms to this great master sits.

* * *

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each scene of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain!

Johnson.

William Shakspeare *) *wurde den 23sten April 1564 zu Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire geboren. Sein Vater John Shakspeare war zwar ein wohlhabender Wollhändler, konnte indessen, da er zehn Kinder hatte, nicht viel an die Erziehung seines ältesten Sohnes William wenden. Nur eine kurze Zeit lieſs er ihn die Freischule des Orts besuchen, wo derselbe sich einige Kenntnisse in der Lateinischen Sprache erwarb; er muſste ihn indessen, da er seiner Hülfe bei seinen häuslichen Geschäften brauchte, bald wieder von hier wegnehmen, und so den Lauf seiner Studien unterbrechen. William scheint sich nun einige Zeit mit dem Gewerbe seines Vaters beschäftigt zu haben. Er verheirathete sich darauf sehr früh, etwa zwischen dem 18ten und 19ten Jahre seines Lebens, (denn seine älteste Tochter Susanne wurde bereits 1583 geboren) mit einem nicht unbegüterten Frauenzimmer, Namens Hathaway. Nachdem er einige Jahre in dieser Verbindung gelebt hatte, nöthigte ihn eine jugendliche Vergehung, seinen Wohnort zu verlassen. Er war nämlich in die Gesellschaft einiger liederlichen jungen Leute gerathen, und diese hatten ihn verleitet, an ihren Wilddiebereien Antheil zu nehmen. Der Eigenthümer des Parks, ein gewisser Thomas Lucy von Charlecot bei Stratford, den sie bestohlen hatten, verfolgte unsern Shakspeare*

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*) *So wird der Name jetzt gewöhnlich geschrieben; nach Malone soll sich der Dichter Shakspere geschrieben haben, auch soll so der Name in den Kirchenbüchern zu Stratford stehn.*

gerichtlich, und dieser, um sich zu rächen, machte eine Ballade auf ihn, wahrscheinlich der erste poetische Versuch, welcher aus der Feder dieses nachmals so berühmten Dichters floss. Die Bitterkeit, welche in derselben herrschte, brachte den Eigenthümer noch mehr auf, und Shakspeare muſste nach London fliehen *). Um diese Zeit soll er zuerst mit einer Schauspielergesellschaft in Verbindung getreten seyn. Er spielte anfänglich nur gemeine Rollen, wuſste sich indessen bald durch seinen treffenden Witz und seine natürliche Anlage zur Bühne, wenn auch nicht als vorzüglichen Schauspieler, doch als vortrefflichen Schauspieldichter auszuzeichnen. Es ist nicht ausgemacht, welches dramatische Werk er zuerst geschrieben hat, auch läſst sich das Datum seiner übrigen Stücke nicht ganz genau angeben; wir werden aber weiterhin ein chronologisches Verzeichniſs derselben mittheilen, welches der Wahrheit ziemlich nahe zu kommen scheint. Unterdessen nahm der Ruhm des Dichters ungemein zu, und man bewunderte sein groſses dramatisches Genie; auſserdem erwarb er sich durch seine angenehmen Sitten und andere gesellige Tugenden die Liebe aller, die ihn näher kannten. Königin Elisabeth beehrte verschiedene seiner Stücke mit ihrer Gegenwart, und hat ihm auch ohne Zweifel Beweise ihrer Gnade gegeben. Vorzüglich gefiel ihr der Charakter des Falstaff in den beiden Theilen von Heinrich dem Vierten so sehr, daſs sie ihm befahl, denselben noch in einem andern Stücke, und zwar verliebt, darzustellen; und dies war, wie man sagt, die Veranlassung zu dem Stück the Merry Wives of Windsor. — Auſser der Gnade der Königin,

*) In London, erzählt Anderson, erwarb sich Shakspeare zuerst seinen Unterhalt dadurch, daſs er die Pferde derjenigen hielt, welche nach dem Schauspiele ritten — denn Miethskutschen waren damals noch nicht üblich. Shakspeare wuſste sich dieses Geschäfts mit vieler Geschicklichkeit zu entledigen, so daſs er bald mehr zu thun bekam, als er selbst bestreiten konnte, daher er sich andere Knaben hielt, welche unter ihm dienten, und die, so lange die Gewohnheit nach dem Schauspiele zu reiten fortdauerte, den Namen Shakspeare's boys führten. Hierauf sollen einige Schauspieler, welche zufällig mit ihm sprachen, so von seinen sinnreichen Antworten eingenommen worden seyn, daſs sie ihn in Dienst nahmen und ihm anfänglich das Geschäft eines call-boy oder prompter's attendant übertrugen, dessen Geschäft darin bestand, die Schauspieler zu erinnern, wenn sie auf die Bühne treten sollten.

besafs unser Dichter auch noch die Achtung mehrerer Vornehmen, als die des liebenswürdigen Grafen von Southampton, *der ihm einmal ein, für die damaligen Zeiten sehr ansehnliches, Geschenk von* 1000 l. *machte. Ihm widmete* Shakspeare *auch sein Gedicht* Venus and Adonis, *und* the Rape of Lucrece. *Was seine Verbindungen mit Privatleuten betrifft, so verdient hier die mit* Ben Jonson *(geb.* 1574, *gest.* 1637 *zu London) bemerklich gemacht zu werden. Dieser dramatische Schriftsteller hatte der Gesellschaft, zu welcher* Shakspeare *gehörte, ein Stück übergeben; man hatte ihm indessen dasselbe, nach oberflächlicher Ansicht, als unbrauchbar zurückgegeben. Glücklicher Weise sah es* Shakspeare; *einige gute Stellen desselben reizten seine Neugier, er las es ganz durch, und empfahl darauf den Dichter dem Publikum. Von der Zeit an waren beide Männer Freunde. Wann* Shakspeare *die Bühne verliefs, ist unbekannt. Man findet noch seinen Namen unter den Schauspielern, welche* 1603 Ben Jonson's Sejanus *aufführten; vielleicht, wie man aus einigen Umständen schliessen kann, hatte er* 1610 *das Theater noch nicht verlassen.* Shakspeare *hatte das Glück gehabt, während seines geschäftigen Lebens ein ansehnliches Vermögen zu sammeln; dies wandte er nun seinen Wünschen gemäfs an, und brachte die letzten Jahre seines Lebens in Ruhe und Einsamkeit im Umgange mit seinen Freunden zu. Einige Jahre vor seinem Tode hielt er sich an seinem Geburtsort Stratford auf, und hier starb er* 1616 *an seinem Geburtstage, dem* 23*sten April,* 52 *Jahr alt. Sein Leichnam wurde in der grofsen Kirche zu Stratford beigesetzt. Man errichtete ihm ein Denkmal, und setzte auf seinen Grabstein folgende Worte:*

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst he be, that moves my bones.

Erst späterhin, nämlich im Jahre 1741, *wurde ihm ein Monument in der Westminster-Abtei errichtet. Er hinterliefs zwei Töchter; sein Sohn war bereits* 1596 *gestorben. — Dies sind die Hauptumstände aus dem Leben eines Dichters, den England erzeugt zu haben stolz seyn darf, und der ohne Bedenken den alten Griechischen Dramatikern an die Seite gesetzt werden kann. — Die Werke, durch die er eine solche Bewunderung während seines Lebens sich erwarb, und gewifs*

bis in die spätesten Zeiten noch erwerben wird, sind (zufolge des Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays of Shakspeare were written, [first published 1778]) *in chronologischer Ordnung folgende:* 1) the First Part of King Henry VI. 1589; 2) Second Part of King Henry VI. 1591; 3) Third Part of King Henry VI. 1591; 4) A Midsummer Night's Dream 1592; 5) Comedy of Errors, 1593; 6) Taming of the Shrew, 1594; 7) Love's Labour's Lost, 1594; 8) Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1595; 9) Romeo and Juliet, 1595; 10) Hamlet, 1596; 11) King John, 1596; 12) King Richard II. 1597; 13) King Richard III. 1597; 14) First Part of King Henry IV. 1597; 15) Second Part of King Henry IV. 1598; 16) The Merchant of Venice, 1598; 17) All's Well that ends well, 1598; 18) King Henry V. 1599; 19) Much ado about nothing, 1600; 20) As you like it, 1600; 21) Merry Wives of Windsor, 1601; 22) King Henry VIII. 1601; 23) Troilus and Cressida, 1602; 24) Measure for Measure, 1603; 25) The Winter's Tale 1604; 26) King Lear, 1605; 27) Cymbeline, 1605; 28) Macbeth, 1606; 29) Julius Cæsar, 1607; 30) Antony and Cleopatra, 1608; 31) Timon of Athens, 1609; 32) Coriolanus, 1610; 33) Othello, 1611; 34) The Tempest, 1612; 35) Twelfth Night, 1614. *Von diesen sind nach Herrn Eschenburg's Klassifikation Nro.* 9, 10, 11, 23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 32 *und* 33 *Trauerspiele; Nro.* 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 34 *und* 35 *Lustspiele; so wie* 1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 14, 15, 18 *und* 22 *historische Schauspiele. Des* Timon of Athens *erwähnt der genannte Kunstrichter nicht; es ist eine Tragödie. Ob übrigens Shakspeare Verfasser der Trauerspiele* Titus Andronicus, Pericles, Locrine, Sir John Oldcastle, the Life and Death of Lord Cromwell, *und* a Yorkshire Tragedy *sey, ist noch zweifelhaft. Die diesen Umrissen gesetzten Schranken erlauben uns nicht, weitläufig über die Verdienste Shakspeare's, als dramatischen Schriftstellers, zu reden. Jeder, dem es darum zu thun ist, mit dem Geiste dieses grossen Dichters näher bekannt zu werden, wird in dem vortrefflichen Werke: Über William Shakspeare von Eschenburg, Zürich 1787. 8. vollkommene Befriedigung über diesen Gegenstand finden. Hier begnügen wir uns, theils die im ersten Theile dieses Handbuchs S.* 343. *abgedruckte Abhandlung Johnson's unsern Lesern ins Gedächtniss zu rufen, theils das treffende Urtheil eines der ersten Englischen Kunstrichter, Hugh Blair's, über Shakspeare als tragi-*

schen und komischen Schauspieldichter, mitzutheilen. The first object, *(sagt er in den* Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-Letters, Lecture XLVI.) which presents itself to us on the English Theatre, is the great Shakspeare. Great he may be justly called, as the extent and force of his natural genius, both for Comedy and Tragedy is altogether unrivalled *). But at the same time, it is genius shooting wild; deficient in just taste and altogether unassisted by knowledge or art. Long has he been idolised by the British nation; much has been said, and much has been written concerning him; criticism has been drawn to the very dregs, in commentaries upon his words and witticisms; and yet it remains, to this day, in doubt, whether his beauties or his faults, be greatest. Admirable scenes and passages, without number there are in his plays; passages beyond what are to be found in any other dramatic writer; but there is hardly any one of his plays which can be called altogether a good one, or which can be read with uninterrupted pleasure from beginning to end. Besides extreme irregularities in conduct, and grotesque mixtures of serious and comic in one piece, we are every now and then interrupted by unnatural thoughts, harsh expressions, a certain obscure bombast, and a play upon words which he is fond of pursuing: and these interruptions to our pleasure too frequently occur, on occasions, when we would least wish to meet with them. All those faults, however, Shakspeare redeems, by two of the greatest excellencies which any tragic poet can possess; his lively and diversified paintings of character; his strong and natural expressions of passion. These are his two chief

*) The Character which Dryden has drawn of Shakspeare is not only just, but uncommonly elegant and happy: „He was the man, who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily. When he describes any thing, you more than see it; you feel it too. They who accuse him of wanting learning, give him the greatest commendation. He was naturally learned. He needed not the spectacles of books to read nature. He looked inward, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike. Were he so, I should do him injury, to compare him to the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him." Dryden's Essay of dramatic poetry.

virtues; on these his merit rests. Notwithstanding his many absurdities, all the while we are reading his plays, we find ourselves in the midst of our fellows; we meet with men, vulgar perhaps in their manners, coarse or harsh in their sentiments, but still they are men; they speak with human voices, and are actuated by human passions; we are interested in what they say or do, because we feel that they are of the same nature with ourselves. It is therefore no matter of wonder, that from the more polished and regular, but more cold and artificial performances of other poets, the public should return with pleasure to such warm and genuine representations of human nature. Shakspeare possesses likewise the merit of having created, for himself, a sort of world of preternatural beings. His witches, ghosts, fairies and spirits of all kinds, are described with such circumstances of awful and mysterious solemnity, and speak a language so peculiar to themselves, as strongly to affect the imagination. His two master-pieces, and in which in my opinion, the strength of his genius chiefly appears, are Othello and Macbeth. With regard to his historical plays, they are properly speaking neither tragedies nor comedies; but a peculiar species of dramatic entertainment, calculated to describe the manners of the times of which he treats, to exhibit the principal characters, and to fix our imagination on the most interesting events and revolutions of our own country. — *Und von ihm als Komiker heiſst es in dem angeführten Werke, in der 47sten Vorlesung:* Shakspeare's general character which I gave in the last lecture, appears with as great advantage in his comedies, as in his tragedies; a strong, fertile and creative genius, irregular in conduct; employed too often in amusing the mob, but singularly rich and happy in the description of characters and manners: Jonson is more regular in the conduct of his pieces, but stiff and pedantic; though not destitute of dramatic genius. In the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher *), much fancy and invention appear, and several beautiful passages may be found. But, in general, they abound with romantic and improbable incidents, with overcharged and unnatural characters, and with coarse

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*) *Zwei Englische Schauspieldichter, welche ihre Schauspiele gemeinschaftlich verfertigten.* **Francis Beaumont** *wurde 1585 geboren, und starb bereits 1615;* **John Fletcher** *lebte von 1576 bis 1625.*

and gross allusions. Those comedies of the last age, by the change of public manners, and of the turn of conversation, since their time, are now become too obsolete to be very agreeable. For we must observe, that comedy depending much on the prevailing modes of external behaviour, becomes sooner antiquated than any other species of writing; and when antiquated, it seems harsh to us, and loses its power of pleasing. This is especially the case with respect to the Comedies of our own country, where the change of manners is more sensible and striking, than in any foreign production. In our own country the present mode of behaviour is always the standard of politeness; and whatever departs from it appears uncouth; whereas in the writings of foreigners, we are less acquainted with any standard of this kind, and of course, are less hurt by the want of it. Plautus appeared more antiquated to the Romans, in the age of Augustus, than he does now to us. It is a high proof of Shakspeare's uncommon genius, that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, his character of Falstaff is to this day admired, and his merry Wives of Windsor, read with pleasure. — *Man hat auch noch* 154 *Sonnette von* S h a k s p e a r e, *die aber von keiner Bedeutung sind, und mehrere kleinere Gedichte. Sie stehen sämmtlich im 2ten Bande der* A n d e r s o n *schen Sammlung der Englischen Dichter.* — S h a k s p e a r e ' s *Werke sind sehr oft herausgegeben worden, als (auſser der ersten Sammlung, besorgt von* H e m i n g e *und* C o n d e l l *unter dem Titel:* Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, published according to the true original copies, *London* 1623 *fol., und auſser den Folioausgaben von* 1632, 1664, 1685.) *von* N i c. R o w e, 1709, 7 *Vol.* 8.; *von* P o p e, 1723, 6 *Vol.* 4; *von* T h. H a n m e r, *Oxford* 1744, 6 *Vol.* 4; *von* W a r b u r t o n, 1747, 8 *Vol.* 8; *von* J o h n s o n, 1765, 8 *Vol.* 8; *(s. den ersten Theil dieses Handbuchs S.* 335.) *von* S t e e v e n s, 1765, 2 *Bände*, 4; 1766, 4 *Vol.* 8. *(nur* 20 *Stücke); von* C a p e l l, 1778, 10 *Vol.* 8; *von* J o h n s o n *und* S t e e v e n s, 1774 *und* 1778, 10 *Vol.* 8; *Supplemente dazu* 1780, 2 *Vol.* 8; *von* I s a a c R e e d *(gestorben* 1807), 1785, 21 *Vol.* 8; *von* B e l l, 1785 - 88, 20 *Vol.* 12. *mit Kupfern; von* E d m. M a l o n e, 1786, 7 *Vol.* 12; 1790, 11 *Vol.* 8; 1791, 7 *Vol.* 12; 1792, 15 *Vol.* 4; *von* S a m u e l A y s c o u g h, 1784, 1790, 8; *von* H a r d i n g *nach* S t e e v e n s, 17[illegible]. 15 *Vol.* 8. The Plays of Shakspeare as they are now performed 1774, 8 *Vol.* 8; *eine*

Letztere wohlfeile Ausgabe führt den Titel: the dramatic Works of Shakspeare, with notes by J. Rann, *London, Rivington,* 1796. 6 *Vol.* 8. (2 l. 2 sh.). *Die vollständigste unter allen ist folgende:* the Plays of William Shakspeare, with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators, viz Rowe, Pope, Theobold, Warburton, Mason, Warton, West etc. etc. to which are added notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens *), the fourth edition, with a glossarial index, *London* 1793, *in* 15 *Vol.* 8. (6 l. 15 sh.); *die drei vorhergehenden Ausgaben von Steevens und Johnson liegen dabei zum Grunde, und darauf bezieht es sich, wenn es auf dem Titel heifst:* the fourth edition. *Der Herausgeber ist Isaac Reed, von dem auch selbst verschiedene Noten herrühren (s. A. L. Z. von* 1802 *Nro.* 65.). The fifth edition, revised and augmented by Isaac Reed, with a glossarial index, *ist* 1807 *oder* 1808 *herausgekommen. Davon ist die im Jahre* 1800 *in Basel herausgekommene, und mit Kupfern von Bärenstecher, Beck, dem jüngern von Mecheln u. a. m. gezierte, Ausgabe ein Abdruck. Eine kleine, äufserst wohlfeile Ausgabe ist folgende:* Shakspeare's Works, complete, a neat common edition for the pocket, in 9 Vols. price only 10 sh. 6 d. in boards. *Eine gute in Deutschland erschienene Ausgabe der Shakspearschen Werke führt den Titel:* the dramatic Works of Shakspeare, in eight volumes; the last containing select explanatory notes; published by C. Wagner *(Prof. am Carolino zu Braunschweig), Braunschweig* 1797. (7 *Rthl.*); *sie empfiehlt sich durch Korrektheit und Zweckmäfsigkeit. Eine Prachtausgabe veranstalteten Boydell und Nicoll; die* 18*te oder letzte Nummer dieser* great national edition of Shakspeare *erschien im Junius* 1803; *die erste vor etwa* 16 *Jahren. Die grofsen Kupfer sind nachher in zwei Bände vertheilt, mit Haupttiteln:* A Collection of Prints from pictures painted for the purpose of illustrating the dramatic Works of Shakspeare, by the Artists of Great-Britain. Vol. I. 1803; Vol. II. 1805.

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*) *George Steevens, unstreitig der gelehrteste Kommentator Shakspeare's, starb zu London den zweten Januar* 1800 *im* 63*sten Jahre seines Alters. Er war ein Mann von vorzüglichen Talenten, die indessen durch einen boshaften Witz verdunkelt wurden. Eine Nachricht von ihm findet man im* 99*sten Stück des Intelligenzblattes der Allgemeinen Literatur-Zeitung von* 1801.

London published by John and Josiah Boydell. *Der erste Unternehmer des Werks war der nun verstorbene Aldermann John Boydell; sein Neffe Josiah setzte es fort. Die Subskription ward* 1789 *eröffnet. Beide Bände liefern* 100 *grosse Kupferblätter. Der Text ist in* 9 *Bände in* 4. *vertheilt und erschien zu London in den Jahren von* 1787 - 1803. — *Eine andere Prachtausgabe erscheint (nach den Englischen Miszellen* 6r *Band, 3tes Stück, S.* 226.) *seit dem Anfang des Jahres* 1802. *Die Herausgeber derselben sind der Buchhändler Robinson und der Historienkupferstecher des Königs, Heath. Das Werk wird aus* 36 *Nummern bestehen, deren jede ein Schauspiel nebst zwei Kupfern in sich fasst; die Nummer, deren alle zwei Monate eine erscheint, kostet Eine Guinee. Dem Schlusse wird eine Biographie Shakepeare's und sein Bildniss beigefügt werden. Übrigens ist der Text, den man befolgt, der von Johnson und Steevens. Der Druck, den Thomas Bensley besorgt, ist Imperial-Quarto. Die Gemälde rühren von West, Copley, Füssli, Hamilton, Opie u. a. m. her. Am 1sten Januar und 1sten März* 1802 *sind die ersten* 2 *Hefte erschienen (s. Hamb. Zeit. v.* 1802. *Nro.* 64.). *Noch eine andere Ausgabe besorgt Alexander Chalmers, der zu dem verbesserten Text von Steevens eine Auswahl der Noten der besten Commentatoren liefern wird. Das Werk soll aus* 38-40 *Nummern bestehen und* 8 *Bände ausmachen. Die erste Nummer erschien den 1sten Januar* 1803. *Der Preis jeder Nummer ist* 2 *Shill.; die Zeichnungen zu den Kupfern besorgt Füssli. Der Titel desselben ist:* Shakspeare's plays, printed from the text of the corrected Edition left by the late M. Steevens; with a series of engravings from original designs by Fusli; and a Selection of notes from the most eminent commentators; a history of the stage, a life of Shakspeare etc. by Alexander Chalmers, No. I. (to be continued every fortnight, and completed in 40 numbers) 2 sh. London 1803. — *Der Erläuterungsschriften über Shakspeare giebt es ausserordentlich viele; einige der vornehmsten sind folgende:* an Essay on the genius and writings of Shakspeare, by Mr. Dennis, London 1712, 8; an Enquiry into the Learning of Shakspeare, by P. Whalley, London 1748, 8; Shakspeare illustrated or the Novels and Histories on which the plays of Shakspeare are founded, London 1753-55, 2 Vol. 12, *von* Mr. Lenox; Observations and Conjectures upon some passages of Shakspeare by Th. Tyr-

whitt, Oxf. 1766, 8; an Essay on the writings and genius of Shakspeare, by Mrs. Montagu, London 1770. 8, 1784. 8., *Deutsch von J. J. Eschenburg, Leipz.* 1771, 8; Notes upon some of the obscure passages in Shakspeare's plays, with remarks upon the explanations and amendments of the Commentators in the editions of 1785, 1790, 1793, by the late right Hon. John Chedworth; *und viele andere. — Die wichtigsten Deutschen Übersetzungen sind von Wieland, Zürich 1762 bis 1766, 8 Bände, 8, neu herausgegeben von Eschenburg, nebst den von Wieland übergangenen, und Auszügen aus den dem Shakspeare gewöhnlich zugeschriebenen Stücken, so wie Anmerkungen und Erläuterungen, Zürich 1775-1782, 13 Bände 8; eine neue verbesserte Ausgabe derselben erschien Zürich 1798-18..; ferner von A. W. Schlegel, unter dem Titel: Shakspeare's dramatische Werke, Berlin 1797, bisher 8 Bände. In Schlegels Übersetzung, die wahrlich der Deutschen Literatur hierin nichts mehr zu wünschen übrig läßt, sind die prosaischen Stellen Shakspeare's in Prosa, die versificirten in gereimten Versen wieder gegeben worden. (Man vergleiche die Beurtheilung dieser Übersetzung in der Allgem. Lit. Zeit. von 1797, Nro. 347.) Von den Übersetzungen und Ausgaben einzelner Stücke Shakspeare's können wir, der Beschränktheit des Raums wegen, keine Notizen anführen. Weitläufigere Nachrichten von dem Leben Shakspeare's enthält der* Account of the life of William Shakspeare written by Rowe, *welcher, so wie die Biographie des Dichters von Anderson*[*]*), hier vorzüglich benutzt worden ist; auch findet man sein Leben vor den meisten Ausgaben seiner Werke.*

Was das hier aufgenommene Trauerspiel Macbeth *betrifft, so gebührt demselben unter Shakspeare's Werken dieser Art ein bedeutender Rang, vielleicht der Vorzug vor allen übrigen. Den Stoff zu demselben entlehnte der Dichter aus* Holingshed's (and Will. Harrison's) Chronicles of Great-Britain, Scotland and Ireland, London 1577, 3 Vol. Fol. *Herr Hofrath Eschenburg theilt die Erzählung dieser Begebenheit auch in der neuen Ausgabe seiner Übersetzung (Theil V. S. 497.) nach diesem Geschichtschreiber mit, und wir glauben derselben gleichfalls hier eine Stelle einräumen zu müssen.*

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*) *S.* the Works of the Poets of Great-Britain. Vol. II.

„Unter der Regierung Duncan's, Königs von Schottland, der, wie die Geschichtschreiber melden, ein gelinder, ruhiger, und kleinmüthiger Fürst war, entstand ein Aufruhr unter dem Volke von Lochaber, und ein gewisser Macdowald, ein Mann, der in diesem Lande wegen seines herzhaften Muthes in großer Achtung war, machte mit vielen seiner Verwandten und Freunde eine Verschwörung, und wurde der Anführer der Empörer. Die großen Versprechungen, die er allen denen that, die sich mit ihm vereinigen würden, lockten täglich eine große Menge aus den westlichen Inseln zu seiner Partei; auch die Kernen und Galloglassen kamen freiwillig aus Irland, unter ihm zu dienen, und so sah er sich in kurzer Zeit an der Spitze eines furchtbaren Heers, mit welchem er eine Mannschaft des Königs, die wider ihn ausgeschickt war, völlig zu Boden schlug, und ihren Heerführer Malcolm gefangen nahm, den er nach der Schlacht enthauptete. Als der König diese Niederlage erfuhr, versammelte er einen Rath, um zu überlegen, was für Mittel man anwenden sollte, die Empörung zu dämpfen. Macbeth, ein Vetter des Königs, und eben so stolz, grausam und rachgierig, als Duncan sanft und friedfertig war, gab der Trägheit und Weichlichkeit des Königs die Schuld aller Unruhen, und erklärte, wenn Banquo und er an die Spitze einer Kriegsmacht gestellt, und gegen die Rebellen ausgeschickt würden, so mache er sich anheischig, sie völlig zu überwältigen, und sie dergestalt aus dem Lande zu vertilgen, daß man ihrer keinen einzigen mehr finden sollte. Dies Versprechen erfüllte er ganz genau. Denn die Anführer wurden durch seine Annäherung erschreckt, und viele von ihnen stahlen sich heimlich von ihrem Heerführer hinweg, der mit den noch übrigen zur Schlacht genöthigt, und von Macbeth gänzlich ausgerottet wurde. Macdowald, voll Verzweiflung über den Verlust dieser letzten Schlacht, und von allen seinen Anhängern völlig verlassen, floh auf sein Schloß, in welchem seine Frau und Kinder eingeschlossen waren; und da er wol sah, daß er dasselbe nicht lange gegen seine Feinde werde vertheidigen können, und daß er, wenn er sich ergebe, nicht mit dem Leben davon kommen werde, so tödtete er, in einem Anfall von Verzweiflung, zuerst seine Frau und Kinder, und hernach sich selbst. Macbeth kam in das Schloß, und fand in einem von den Zimmern den todten Leichnam des Macdowald auf der Erde liegen, mit

seinem ermordeten Weibe und seinen Kindern neben ihm; indess zeigte er auch bei diesem schrecklichen Anblick seine ihm angeborne Grausamkeit, hieb Macdowald's Kopf ab, schickte ihn dem Könige, der sich damals zu Bertha aufhielt, und liess den Körper an einen hohen Galgen aufhenken. Die Bewohner der westlichen Inseln, die Macdowald beigestanden hatten, hielten um Begnadigung an; er legte ihnen ansehnliche Geldstrafen auf, und liess alle die ums Leben bringen, die er in Lochaber fand, und die dahin gekommen waren, um gegen den König zu fechten. Kaum waren diese Unruhen gestillt, als man Nachricht erhielt, dass Sueno, der König von Norwegen, zu Fife gelandet sey, um mit einem starken Kriegsheer ganz Schottland anzugreifen. Diese Nachricht riss den König aus der Unempfindlichkeit und Unthätigkeit, worin er begraben war; er brachte in möglichster Eil ein Heer zusammen, und theilte das Kommando über dasselbe mit Banquo und Macbeth. Die Schlacht, die bald hernach erfolgte, fiel für die Schottländer unglücklich aus. Die Norweger siegten, und Duncan floh nach Bertha. Hier brachte er einige Zeit mit Unterhandlungen mit seinen Feinden zu, und sandte unterdess Befehle an Macbeth, der immer noch einen Theil des zusammengebrachten Heers bei sich hatte, die Norweger zu überfallen, von denen er wusste, dass sie von Müssiggang und Schwelgerei ganz entkräftet waren. Macbeth ging eiligst auf den Ort zu, wo die Norweger ihr Lager hatten, tödtete die Wachen und richtete ein gewaltiges Blutbad unter den armen Norwegern an, die er nach einem berauschenden Gastmahl in voller Sicherheit und in tiefem Schlaf fand. Sueno, nur von zehn Leuten begleitet, entkam und floh nach Norwegen. Mitten in der Freude der Schotten über diesen Sieg wurden sie von der Nachricht gestört, dass eine neue Flotte der Dänen zu Kinghorne angekommen sey, die Kanut König von Dännemark dahin geschickt hätte, um die Niederlage seines Bruders zu rächen. Um diesen Feinden Widerstand zu thun, die schon gelandet und mit der Plünderung beschäftigt waren, wurden Macbeth und Banquo mit einer hinlänglichen Armee abgeschickt. Sie griffen die Dänen an, tödteten sie zum Theil, und trieben die übrigen auf ihre Schiffe zurück. Diejenigen, die entkamen und sicher an Bord ihrer Schiffe gelangt waren, erhielten mit grossen Geldsummen von Macbeth die Erlaubniss, dass diejenigen von ihren Freunden, die in dem

letzten Gefechte getödtet waren, zu St. Colmes Inch möchten begraben werden. Kurz hernach, als Macbeth *und* Banquo *nach Fife zu ritten, wo sich der König damals aufhielt, und ohne weitere Gesellschaft über ein Feld kamen, begegneten ihnen plötzlich drei Weiber in seltsamer Tracht, die wie Geschöpfe einer andern Welt aussahen; und indem sie dieselben aufmerksam betrachteten, und sich über ihre ungewöhnliche Erscheinung sehr verwunderten, näherten sie sich* Macbeth, *und die erste sagte: „Heil Dir,* Macbeth, *Thane von Glammis!" die zweite: „Heil Dir,* Macbeth, *Thane von Cawdor!" und die dritte: „Heil Dir,* Macbeth, *der künftig König von Schottland seyn wird!" — Was für eine Art von Weibern seyd ihr, sagte* Banquo *äusserst bestürzt, die ihr mir so wenig günstig scheint? Meinem Gefährten hier verheisst ihr nicht nur hohe Ehrenstellen, sondern auch das Königreich; mir hingegen verheisst ihr gar nichts. Ja, sagte die, welche zuerst geredet hatte, wir verheissen dir noch grössere Vortheile, als ihm. Er wird freilich in eigner Person regieren; aber sein Ende wird unglücklich seyn; auch wird er keine Nachkommen hinterlassen, die von ihm die Krone erben werden. Du aber wirst zwar selbst nicht König seyn; aber deine Nachkommen werden lange Jahre nach einander das Königreich Schottland regieren. Kaum waren diese Worte geredet, so verschwanden sie alle auf einmal. Dieser Vorfall wurde anfänglich von* Macbeth *und* Banquo *für einen Betrug der Einbildung gehalten, so dass* Banquo *zuweilen im Scherz den* Macbeth *König von Schottland, und dieser jenen einen Vater von vielen Königen nannte. In der Folge aber war es die gemeine Meinung, dass jene Weiber entweder die Zauberschwestern, das heisst, die Göttinnen des Schicksals, oder sonst Nymphen oder Feen gewesen wären, die durch Schwarzkünstelei eine Kenntniss künftiger Dinge erhalten hätten, weil alles eintraf, was sie vorher sagten. Der* Thane *von* Cawdor *wurde kurz nachher zu Forts Hochverraths wegen verurtheilt; und der König gab seine Ehrenstellen, seine Güter und Bedienungen an* Macbeth. *Da folglich der erste Theil der Weissagung auf diese Art erfüllt war, so überlegte* Macbeth *auch das übrige hin und her, und fing an, auf Mittel zu denken, wodurch er das Königreich erhalten könnte. Da er aber sein erstes Glück unerwartet und ungesucht erhalten hatte, so nahm er sich vor, so lange zu warten, bis die Vorsehung sich ins*

Mittel schlagen und ihn zu der Würde erheben würde, die er sehnlich wünschte. Duncan hatte zwei Söhne von seiner Gemahlin, die eine Tochter Seward's, Grafen von Northumberland, war, und erklärte Malcolm, den ältesten, zum Prinzen von Cumberland, und eben dadurch sogleich nach seinem Tode zum Nachfolger in der Regierung. In den alten Reichsgesetzen war eine Verordnung, daſs in dem Fall, wenn der zum Nachfolger bestimmte Prinz bei seines Vorgängers Tode noch nicht alt genug wäre, die Regierung zu übernehmen, sein nächster Vetter zum Throne gelangen sollte. Macbeth sah also seine Hoffnungen durch diese Verfügung des Königs vereitelt, und fing an, Entwürfe zu machen, wie er das Reich mit Gewalt an sich ziehen wollte, indem er sich von Duncan ungemein beleidigt glaubte, der durch diese Erhebung seines noch minderjährigen Sohnes zum Throne, ihm alle seine künftigen Ansprüche auf denselben raubte. Die Worte der Zauberschwestern trugen auch das ihrige bei, ihn in seinen Absichten auf die Krone zu bestärken; und seine Gemahlin, eine stolze, ehrsüchtige Frau, voll brennender Begierde, Königin zu werden, hörte nicht eher auf, ihn zu plagen, bis sie ihn dazu völlig entschlossen gemacht hatte. Er vertraute also sein Vorhaben den genausten seiner Freunde, worunter Banquo der vornehmste war, weil er sich auf ihre versprochene Hülfe verlieſs, und ermordete den König zu Inverneſs, im sechsten Jahre seiner Regierung. Macbeth, der lauter Leute, die ihm ergeben waren, um sich hatte, lieſs sich zum König ausrufen, und ging nach Scone, wo er mit einmüthigem Beifall auf die gewöhnliche Art gekrönt und zum Könige geweiht wurde. Malcolm Canmore und Donald Bane, die beiden Söhne des Königs Duncan, fürchteten sich, daſs Macbeth, um sich des Thrones desto mehr zu versichern, ihnen das Leben nehmen würde, und begaben sich insgeheim aus Schottland hinweg. Malcolm floh nach Cumberland, wo er so lange blieb, bis St. Edward, Sohn des Königs Etheldred, die Krone von England aus den Händen der Dänen wieder erhielt, der ihn in seinen Schutz nahm, und ihm auf die anständigste Art begegnen lieſs. Donald Bane, sein Bruder, nahm seine Zuflucht nach Irland, und wurde daselbst von dem Könige dieses Landes sehr gütig aufgenommen. Nach der Abreise dieser beiden Prinzen bemühte sich Macbeth, durch groſse Geschenke die Zuneigung des Schottischen Adels zu gewinnen; und als er sich

nun im ruhigen Besitze des Königreichs saß, verbesserte er die Gesetze, und rottete alle die Grausamkeiten und Missbräuche aus, welche sich durch die schwache und nachlässige Regierung Duncan's *eingeschlichen hatten. Er selbst machte verschiedene gute Gesetze, und regierte zehn Jahre hindurch das Reich mit der größten Klugheit und Gerechtigkeit. Allein dieser Anschein von Billigkeit und Eifer für das allgemeine Beste war lauter Verstellung, die nichts weiter zur Absicht hatte, als die Gunst des Volks zu gewinnen. Tyrannen sind allezeit misstrauisch, sind in beständiger Furcht, dass irgend ein anderer ihnen ihre Gewalt durch eben die ungerechten Mittel wieder entreissen werde, wodurch sie dieselbe erhielten.* Macbeth, *durch einige Versuche wider ihn gereizt, verbarg seine Neigungen nicht länger, sondern verübte und erlaubte alle Arten von Grausamkeiten; die Reden der drei Zauberschwestern lagen ihm noch immer in Gedanken. Sie verhiessen ihm das Königreich, und er war Besitzer desselben; aber sie verhiessen es auch den Nachkommen* Banquo's; *und diese Weissagung konnte gleichfalls in Erfüllung gehen. Um dies also zu verhindern, beschloss er,* Banquo *und seinen Sohn zu ermorden, und bat sie in dieser Absicht zu sich zum Gastmahl. Als sie zurück nach Hause kehrten, fielen einige Mörder, denen er befohlen hatte, sich auf die Heerstrasse hinzustellen, den* Banquo *an und tödteten ihn; allein* Fleance, *von der Dunkelheit der Nacht begünstigt, entkam und floh nach Wallis. Nach der Ermordung des* Banquo *schien das Glück von* Macbeth *gewichen zu seyn; keine von seinen Unternehmungen gelang; ein jeder fing an, für sein Leben zu zittern, und wagte es nicht sich vor ihm sehen zu lassen; alle Leute fürchteten sich vor ihm, und er fürchtete sich vor allen Leuten; so, dass er beständig Gelegenheit suchte, diejenigen um's Leben zu bringen, gegen die er den geringsten Argwohn hegte. Sein Misstrauen und seine Grausamkeiten nahmen täglich zu; sein Blutdurst wurde nie gestillt; die verfallnen Güter des Adels, den er auf diese Art niedermetzelte, bereicherten seinen Schatz, und setzten ihn in den Stand, eine Macht zu unterhalten, wodurch er sich gegen die Unternehmungen seiner Feinde schützen konnte. Um auch, bei seiner grossen Grausamkeit gegen seine Unterthanen, für seine Person desto sicherer zu seyn, baute er ein festes Schloss auf die Spitze eines hohen Berges, welcher Dunsinane hiess, und in Gowry,*

zehn Meilen von Perth, lag. Dieser Berg war so erstaunlich hoch, daſs man auf dem Gipfel desselben fast alle die Gegenden von Angus, Fife, Stermond und Tweedale übersehen konnte, die dicht unter demselben zu liegen schienen. Da nun das Schloſs auf der Spitze dieses Hügels gegründet wurde, so wurde das Königreich dadurch in groſse Kosten gesetzt, weil das Baugeräthe sich nicht ohne viele Zeit und Arbeit hinauf bringen lieſs. Da indeſs Macbeth *diesen Bau bald vollendet sehen wollte, so befahl er, daſs alle Thanes jeder Grafschaft nach der Reihe einen Antheil an dem Bau übernehmen sollten. Die Reihe kam auch an* Macduffe, *Thane von Fife, seinen Theil zu bauen; er schickte Arbeiter mit allen nöthigen Materialien hin, und befahl ihnen, ihre Geschäfte mit der gröſsten Treue und Sorgfalt zu verrichten, damit der König nicht Gelegenheit hätte, unzufrieden darüber zu seyn, daſs er nicht so, wie die übrigen Thanes, in eigner Person kam; denn er wuſste wohl, daſs* Macbeth *zugleich Furcht und Argwohn gegen ihn hegte, und hielt es daher für rathsamer, ihm nicht unter die Augen zu kommen.* Macbeth *kam bald nachher hin, um zu sehen wie der Bau von Statten ging, und wurde sehr aufgebracht, daſs er* Macduffe *nicht da fand. Von dieser Zeit an faſste er gegen ihn einen unbezwinglichen Haſs. Die Zauberinnen, auf die er wegen Erfüllung der beiden ersten Weissagungen ein groſses Vertrauen setzte, hatten ihn gewarnt, sich vor* Macduffe *zu hüten, der, wie sie ihm sagten, nur auf eine Gelegenheit wartete, ihn zu Grunde zu richten. Diese Weissagung würde ihn bewogen haben,* Macduffe *sogleich um's Leben zu bringen, wenn nicht eine Zauberin, deren Weissagungen bei ihm gleichfalls ein groſses Gewicht hatten, ihm versichert hätte, er werde nie von einem getödtet werden, der von einem Weibe geboren wäre, noch überwältigt, bis der Birnamer Wald zu dem Schlosse von Dunsinane käme. Diese tröstenden Verheiſsungen verbannten alle Furcht aus seiner Seele. Er lieſs der natürlichen Grausamkeit seiner Gemüthsart freien Lauf, unterdrückte seine Unterthanen auf die jämmerlichste Weise, und beging alle mögliche Arten von Beleidigungen. Zuletzt entschloſs sich* Macduffe, *aus Besorgniſs für sein Leben, nach England zu fliehen, in der Hoffnung,* Malcolm Canmore *dazu zu bewegen, auf die Krone von Schottland Ansprüche zu machen.* Macbeth, *der in jedes Edelmanns Hause einen Kundschaf-*

ter unter den Bedienten hatte, erfuhr *Macduffe's* Anschlag gar bald; er kam plötzlich mit einem Kriegsheer nach Fife, und belagerte die Burg, wo *Macduffe* wohnte, in der Erwartung, ihn daselbst zu finden. Die Thore wurden von den Bedienten, die keine Gefahr argwöhnten, sogleich geöffnet; aber *Macbeth*, voller Wuth darüber, daſs *Macduffe* ihm entkommen war, gab Befehl, daſs seine Frau und Kinder, und alle, die in der Burg wären, ermordet werden sollten. *Macduffe* war sicher am Englischen Hofe, als er von dieser erstaunlichen Grausamkeit Nachricht erhielt. Sein Wunsch, das bedrückte Schottland zu retten, wurde nun von der Hoffnung seiner eigenen Rache noch mehr belebt: er bat den Prinzen *Malcolm* inständig, sich wieder in den Besitz seiner Rechte zu setzen. Er stellte ihm aufs rührendste den kläglichen Zustand seines Vaterlandes vor, in welchen es durch *Macbeth's* unmenschliche Grausamkeiten gerathen war, und wie das Volk, welches ihn seiner Mordthaten wegen haſste, die er sowohl am Adel als an den Gemeinen verübt hatte, nichts eifriger wünsche, als Gelegenheit, sein Joch abzuschütteln. *Malcolm*, der einiges Mitleid mit dem Unglück seiner Landsleute fühlte, that, während daſs *Macduffe* redete, einen tiefen Seufzer; der letztere bemerkte das, und erneuerte seine dringenden Aufforderungen. *Malcolm* wurde von seinen Reden zwar sehr gerührt; er zweifelte aber doch, ob *Macbeth* ihn nicht vielleicht abgesandt hätte, um ihn zu verrathen, und faſste daher den Vorsatz, seine Redlichkeit vorher auf die Probe zu stellen, ehe er seinen Vorschlag annähme. In dieser Absicht antwortete er ihm auf folgende Art: Das Elend, *Macduffe*, worunter mein unglückliches Vaterland schon so lange geseufzt hat, kränkt mich sehr; wenn aber auch meine Neigung, ihm zu helfen, so stark wäre, wie dein Verlangen, so bin ich doch wegen einiger unheilbaren Laster, die tief in meinem Gemüthe eingewurzelt sind, nicht im Stande, ein so groſses Unternehmen zu wagen. Denn erstlich bin ich in unmäſsige Wollust und Sinnlichkeit, die abscheulichen Quellen aller andern Laster, dergestalt versenkt, daſs dann, wenn ich die königliche Gewalt besäſse, die Ehre keiner einzigen von euern Töchtern und Weibern sicher seyn würde, und solch eine ausschweifende Unmäſsigkeit würde euch noch unerträglicher seyn, als *Macbeth's* blutige Tyrannei. Unmäſsigkeit, versetzte *Macduffe*, ist allerdings ein sehr groſser Fehler. Viele edle

Könige und Fürsten haben ihr Reich und ihr Leben dadurch verloren, daß sie diesem Laster ergeben waren; indeſs sind doch Weiber genug in Schottland, deine Begierden zu befriedigen. Folge daher meinem Rath, und mache dich selbst zum König; ich nehme es über mich, deinen Hang zur Wollust auf eine so geheime Weise zu befriedigen, daſs deine Ehre dadurch nicht leiden soll. Aber, versetzte Malcolm, *ich bin auch der habsüchtigste Mensch von der Welt; und wär' ich König von Schottland, so würd' ich den gröſsten Theil des Adels um's Leben bringen, um mich in den Besitz seiner Güter zu setzen. Dieser Fehler, sagte* Macduffe, *ist weit ärger als jener; denn Geiz, ist die Wurzel alles Übels, ein Laster, um deswillen unsre meisten Könige ermordet worden sind. Indeſs muſs ich dich noch immer bitten, auf die Krone Anspruch zu machen; es sind noch Reichthümer genug in Schottland, deine gierige Habsucht zu befriedigen. Auch bin ich, sprach* Malcolm, *sehr zur Verstellung und jeder Art des Betrugs geneigt, und freue mich über nichts so sehr, als wenn ich diejenigen verrathen kann, die sich irgend auf mich verlassen. Da nun einen Fürsten nichts beliebter macht als Beständigkeit, Gerechtigkeit und Treue, und ich den entgegenstehenden Lastern völlig ergeben bin, so siehst du wol, wie ungeschickt ich zur Regierung bin. Alle meine übrigen Fehler hast du zu mildern gewuſst, versuch' es nun auch, diesen zu entschuldigen. Verstellung, antwortete* Macduffe, *ist freilich der ärgste von allen; ich muſs also von dir ablassen. Und ach! ihr unglücklichen und bejammernswerthen Schotten, setzte er hinzu, die ihr mit so manchen unvermeidlichen Plagen heimgesucht werdet! Der gottlose Wütherich, der jetzt ohne das geringste Recht über euch regiert, unterdrückt euch mit der blutgierigsten Grausamkeit; und dieser hier, der ein gegründetes Recht auf die Krone hat, ist so sehr mit allen den schändlichen Lastern der Engländer behaftet, daſs er sie nicht zu erhalten verdient. Denn nach seinem eigenen Geständnisse ist er nicht nur äuſserst habsüchtig, sondern ganz in unersättliche Wollust versenkt; und dabei ein so falscher Verräther, daſs man ihm kein Wort glauben kann. So fahre denn auf ewig wohl, Schottland! Ich sehe mich jetzt als einen Verbannten an, ohne irgend Trost und Hülfe mehr zu hoffen. — Indem er dies sagte, weinte er bitterlich. Als* Malcolm *sah, daſs er weggehn wollte, faſste er ihn bei der Hand, und sagte: Sey ruhig* Macduffe;

denn ich habe keins von den Lastern an mir, die du bejammerst. Ich habe das alles bloſs zum Scherz gesagt, um deine Redlichkeit auf die Probe zu stellen; denn sehr oft hat Macbeth es versucht, mich auf diese Art in seine Hände zu bringen; aber je abgeneigter ich gethan habe, dein Verlangen zu erfüllen, desto mehr Mühe werde ich mir nun geben, es ins Werk zu richten. Hierauf umarmten sie sich, versprachen einander, zu ihrem Besten äuſserst beförderlich zu seyn; und überlegten nun, auf was für Art sie ihr Verlangen am besten ausführen könnten. Macduffe ging bald hernach an die Gränzen von Schottland, und schickte insgeheim Briefe an die Edeln des Reichs, worin er ihnen meldete, daſs Malcolm plötzlich nach Schottland zu kommen und die Krone zu fordern gedächte, und sie daher bat, weil dieser Prinz der wahre und rechtmäſsige Erbe wäre, ihnen mit aller ihrer Macht beizustehen, um die Krone den Händen des Tyrannen zu entreiſsen. Unterdeſs wuſste Malcolm den König Edward dahin zu bereden, daſs der alte Seyward, Graf von Northumberland, mit zehn tausend Mann bestimmt wurde, mit ihm nach Schottland zu gehen, um ihn in seinen Ansprüchen auf die Krone zu unterstützen. Als die Nachricht von diesem bevorstehenden Einfall sich in Schottland verbreitete, theilte sich der Adel in zwei verschiedene Parteien, wovon die eine es mit Macbeth, die andere mit Malcolm hielt. Zwischen diesen beiden Parteien fielen zum öftern leichte Scharmützel vor; aber die auf Malcolm's Seite wollten sich nicht eher in die Gefahr einer förmlichen Schlacht wagen, bis Malcolm und die Englische Kriegsmacht, die Northumberland anführte, sich mit ihnen vereinigt hatte. Macbeth glaubte sich nicht stark genug, um es mit den Engländern aufzunehmen, zog sich nach Fife zurück, und befestigte ein Lager in der Nähe des Schlosses von Dunsinane, mit dem Vorsatze, keine Schlacht zu wagen, wenn ihn seine Feinde nicht dorthin verfolgten. Indeſs riethen ihm einige von seinen Freunden, entweder einen Vergleich mit Malcolm einzugehen, oder alsobald auf die Inseln zu fliehen, and seine Schätze mit sich zu nehmen, damit er im Stande seyn mögte, einige von den gröſsten Fürsten des Reichs auf seine Seite zu bringen, und Fremde im Sold zu behalten, auf die er sich besser verlassen könnte, als auf seine Unterthanen, die ihn täglich verlieſsen. Er hatte aber ein so festes Vertrauen auf seine Prophezeiungen, daſs er gewiſs glaubte, er werde nicht

eher überwunden werden, bis der Birnamer Wald nach Dunsinane käme, noch durch irgend jemand ermordet werden, der von einem Weibe geboren wäre. Malcolm, der Macbeth eiligst verfolgt hatte, kam den Abend vor der Schlacht an den Birnamer Wald; und als seine Armee dort ein wenig ausgeruht hatte, befahl er, daſs ein jeder einen Ast von einem Baume hauen, und mit demselben in seiner Hand weiter ziehen sollte, damit sie, auf diese Art beschattet, in aller Stille, ohne ihre Anzahl zu verrathen, ihren Feinden unter die Augen kommen mögten. Den folgenden Tag, als Macbeth sie sah, erstaunte er sehr, und, da er sich an die Prophezeiung erinnerte, die ihm lange vorher geschehen war, zweifelte er nicht, daſs sie jetzt erfüllt wäre, indem er den Birnamer Wald nach Dunsinane kommen sah. Dessen ungeachtet stellte er seine Leute in Schlachtordnung, und ermunterte sie, tapfer zu fechten. Kaum aber hatten seine Feinde ihre Zweige weggeworfen, als Macbeth ihre Anzahl gewahr wurde und die Flucht nahm. Macduffe, von Haſs und Rachbegier angespornt, hörte nicht eher auf ihn zu verfolgen, bis er mit ihm zu Lunfannain zusammen kam; und da Macbeth ihn auf seinen Fersen sah, sprang er von seinem Pferde und rief laut: „du Verräther, warum verfolgst du mich so vergebens, da ich von keinem ermordet werden kann, der von einem Weibe geboren ist? Aber komm dann her, und empfange den Lohn, den deine Tollkühnheit verdient." Er versetzte ihm darauf einen Streich mit seinem Schwert, und glaubte, ihn getödtet zu haben; Macduffe aber sprang schnell vom Pferde, wich dem Streich aus, hielt sein entblöſstes Schwert in der Hand, und antwortete ihm: das ist wahr, Macbeth; und nun soll deine unersättliche Grausamkeit ein Ende nehmen; denn ich, ich bin derjenige, von dem die Zauberinnen dir sagten, nicht geboren von meiner Mutter, sondern aus ihrem Leibe geschnitten. Sogleich ging er auf ihn los, tödtete ihn auf der Stelle, hieb ihm den Kopf von den Schultern, steckte ihn auf eine Stange, und brachte ihn dem Malcolm. Dies war das Ende Macbeth's, nachdem er siebzehn Jahr über Schottland regiert hatte. Im Anfange seiner Regierung verrichtete er viele löbliche Thaten, und gab verschiedene sehr nützliche Gesetze; aber in der Folge verdunkelte er, durch Verblendung des Teufels, den Ruhm seiner guten Handlungen durch die abscheulichste Grausamkeit." — Man findet diese Geschichte Macbeth's

auch in ***Buchanan's*** *Schottischer Geschichte* (Geo. Buchanani Opera omnia. *Edinb.* 1715. *Fol. Vol. I. p. III. seq.*), *mit eben den Umständen, nur etwas kürzer erzählt; außer, daß dieser Geschichtschreiber der Erscheinung der Zauberinnen bloß als eines Traumes erwähnt, die Verheißung des Königreichs an* ***Banquo's*** *Nachkommen für ein von bösen Leuten ausgebreitetes Gerücht ausgiebt, den Umstand, daß* ***Malcolm's*** *Soldaten mit Zweigen in der Hand einherzogen, als eine bloße Wirkung ihrer frohen Hoffnung des Sieges anführt, und die bei* ***Macbeth's*** *Tode sonst erzählten Dinge, die Erinnerung an ehemalige Prophezeiungen, und dergleichen, fabelhaft, mehr theatralisch, als historisch nennt. — Über die Maschinen in dieser Tragödie erklärt sich* ***Johnson*** *in seinen* miscellaneous Observations on the tragedy of Macbeth, *London* 1745 *in* 8., *und nachmals auch in der Ausgabe der Werke unsers Dichters also:* In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as trangressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove, that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Supplement to*

the Introduction to Don Quixote), that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised χωρὶς ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν, *to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instance of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. Δεικνύτω δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσης γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported, from the Sarracens in a later age, the wars with the Sarracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elisabeth was the remarkable trial of witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances

concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The King, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practises and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his succession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reasons for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. XII: That „1) if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2) or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3) or take up any dead man, woman or child, out of the grave, — or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4) or shall use, practise or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment; 5) whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in any part of the body; 6) that every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repeated in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only impolite, but criminal to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they

were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. — *Was die Ermordung Macbeth's betrifft, so fällt diese nach Buchanan in das Jahr 1040, nach Hector Boethius 1045; Shakspeare schrieb, wie schon oben erinnert worden ist, seine Tragödie im Jahre 1606. — Übrigens bemerken wir noch, daſs der berühmte Schauspieler Garrick *) sich in der Rolle Macbeth's vorzüglich auszeichnete, und sich allgemeine Bewunderung erwarb. — Wir besitzen diese meisterhafte Tragödie in unserer Deutschen Sprache in verschiedenen Übersetzungen, theils in den vorhin angeführten Verdeutschungen der sämmtlichen Werke Shakspeare's, theils auch einzeln von Bürger (im vierten Theil der Werke desselben), und von Schiller unter dem Titel: Macbeth, ein Trauerspiel zur Vorstellung auf dem Hoftheater zu Weimar eingerichtet. gr. 8. Tübingen 1801. — Das Original, dem wir einen Platz in diesem Buche einräumen zu müssen glaubten, ist nach der korrektesten Ausgabe abgedruckt, und mit einer Auswahl von Bemerkungen der vorzüglichsten Englischen Kommentatoren versehen worden.*

**) Garrick, der unsern unsterblichen Dichter anbetete, veranstaltete zum Andenken desselben 1769 im Sommer ein Fest, welches in einem* Entertainment *bestand, unter dem Titel:* the Jubilee, *und anfangs zu Stratford, nachher auch sehr oft in London gegeben wurde. Herr von Archenholz giebt in seiner Schrift England und Italien Seite 486 ff. eine Beschreibung desselben, die man mit Vergnügen lieset und wieder lieset.*

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, King of Scotland.

Malcolm, } his sons.
Donalbain, }

Macbeth, } Generals of the King's army.
Banquo, }

Macduff, } Noblemen of Scotland.
Lenox,
Rosse,
Menteth,
Angus,
Cathness,

Fleance, Son to Banquo.

Siward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces.

Young Siward, his son.

Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth *).

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

Scene in the end of the fourth act lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter *three Witches.*

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2. *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's [1]) done,
When the battle's lost or won [2]).

3. *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

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*) Her name was Gruach. [1]) hurlyburly *wird in einem alten Englischen Buche durch* uprore, tumultuous stirre *erklärt.* [2]) The battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. Warburton.

1. *Witch.* Where the place?
2. *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1. *Witch.* I come Graymalkin [3])!
All. Paddock [4]) calls: — Anon. —
Fair is foul, and foul is fair [5]):
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King *Duncan*, *Malcolm*, *Donalbain*, *Lenox*, with attendants, meeting a *bleeding soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity. — Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that [6])
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied [7]);

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[3]) *Graymalkin.* From a little black-letter book, entitled: *Beware the cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a cattes body nime times.* Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and an other with the croaking of a toad. Steevens. [4]) *Paddock.* According to some naturalists a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North: in Shakspeare however it certainly means a *toad.* [5]) The meaning is: to us, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul and foul is fair.* Johnson. [6]) — *to that* i. e. in addition to that. The soldier who describes Macdonwald seems to mean, that, in addition to his assumed character of rebel he abounds with the numerous enormities to which man, in his natural state, is liable. Steevens. [7]) *Of* and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. Steevens. — *Kernes waren leicht, und Gallowglasses schwer bewaffnete Fußvölker der alten Bewohner Irlands.*

And Fortune, on his damned quarrel [8]) smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore [9]). But all's to weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewel to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nape to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion [10]),
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort [11]) swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth [12]), I must report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks [13]);
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

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8) *quarrel* was formerly used for *cause.* Johnson. 9) I suppose the meaning is, that Fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare probably alludes to Macdowald's first successful action, elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life. Malone. 10) *As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion.* The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: „As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion." Steevens. 11) *Discomfort* the natural opposite to comfort. 12) *sooth,* truth, reality. 13) That is, with double charges: a metonymy of the effect for the cause. Heath.

Or memorize another Golgatha [14]),
I cannot tell: —
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. — Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter *Rosse.*

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane [15]) of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes? So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange [16]).

Rosse. God save the King!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold [17]).
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof [18]),
Confronted him with self-comparisons [19]),
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us. — —

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norway's King, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

---

[14]) That is, or make another Golgatha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. Heath. [15]) *Thane war ein alter Schottischer Ehrenname, ungefähr so viel als Baron.* [16]) *That seems to speak things strange,* i. e. that seems *about* to speak strange things. Malone. [17]) The meaning seems to be, not that the Norweyan banners proudly insulted the sky; but that the standards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, serving only to cool the conquerors, instead of being proudly displayed by their possessors. Malone. [18]) *lapt in proof,* is, defended by armour of proof. Steevens. [19]) — *with self-comparisons* i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. Warburton.

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch [20]),
Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom-interest. — Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the *three Witches.*

1. *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2. *Witch.* Killing swine.

3. *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1. *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee [21]), witch! the rump-fed ronyon [22]) cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone: master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail [23]),
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

---

[20]) *Colme's inch*, now called Inchcomb, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb. — *Inch* in the Irish and Erse languages signifies an island. Steevens. [21]) *aroint thee, witch!* Aroint, or avaunt, be gone. Pope. [22]) *ronyon*, i. e. scabby, or mangy person. Steevens. — *rump-fed.* The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals etc. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps* etc., which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman, who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. Colepeper. [23]) It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times,) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is that though the hands and feet, by an easy change might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures. Steevens.

2. *Witch*. I'll give thee a wind [24]).

1. *Witch*. Thou art kind.

3. *Witch*. And I another.

1. *Witch*. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow [25]);
All the quarters that they know,
I' the shipman's card [26]).
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid;
He shall live a man forbid [27]);
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle [28]), peak, and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look, what I have.

2. *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1. *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

3. *Witch*. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird [29]) sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

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[24]) This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. Steevens. [25]) In ancient language *to blow* sometimes means to *blow upon*. The *very* ports are the exact ports. *Very* is used here (as in thousand instances which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically. Steevens. [26]) The *card* is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *sea-chart*, so called in our author's age. Steevens. [27]) i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. Theobald. [28]) This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees. Steevens. [29]) *Weird* is used substantively signifying a prophecy by some, and by others, Destinies. Steevens.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores [30])? — What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,
And yet are on't! Live you? or are you aught
That man may question [31])? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. — You should be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; — What are you?

1. *Witch.* All-hail [32]), Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2. *Witch.* All-hail, Macbeth! hail to thee! Thane of Cawdor!

3. *Witch.* All-hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? — I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical [33]), or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having [34]), and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt [35]) withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

---

[30]) The King at this time resided at Fores, a town in Murray, not far from Inverness. Steevens. [31]) *That man may question?* Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to *ask questions?* Johnson. [32]) *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Sax. i. e. *ave, salve.* Malone. [33]) By *fantastical* he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination. The question is: Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? Johnson. [34]) *Having* is estate, possession, fortune. Steevens. [35]) *Rapt* is rapturously affected, *extra se raptus.* Steevens.

3. *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's [36]) death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting? — Speak, I charge you.
[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them. — Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind. — 'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root [37]),
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus.*

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which would be thine, or his [38]). Silenc'd with that [39]),
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,

---

36) *Sinel,* the father of Macbeth. Pope. 37) Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. Steevens. — Holingshed informs us that Duncan sent the Danes wine mingled with berries of a soporific quality, and murdered them. 38) i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for preeminence. Steevens. 39) *Silenc'd with that* i. e. wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth. Malone.

Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post [46]); and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not:
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. — Thanks for your pains. —
Do you not hope, your children shall be kings?
When those, that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home [41]),
Might yet enkindle [42]) you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truth;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. —
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,

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[40]) That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. Johnson. As *thick*, in ancient language signified as *fast*. Steevens. [41]) — *trusted home* i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. Steevens. [42]) *enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek. Warburton.

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen. —
This supernatural soliciting [43])
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. — If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion [44]),
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated [45]) heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man [46]), that function
Is smother'd in surmise [47]); and nothing is,
But what is not [48]).

Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour [49]) runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour [50]): — my dull brain was wrought [51])
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn

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[43]) *soliciting* i. e. incitement. Johnson. [44]) *suggestion* i. e. temptation. Steevens. [45]) *seated* i. e. firmly placed, fixed. Steevens. [46]) *Double* and *single* anciently signified *strong* and *weak*. The single state of Macbeth may therefore signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind. Steevens. [47]) *surmise* is speculation, conjecture concerning the future. Malone. [48]) All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me, but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. [49]) *Time and the hour* is time with his hours. Steevens. [50]) *favour*, indulgence, pardon. Steevens. [51]) i. e. my head was worked, agitated, put into commotion. Johnson.

The leaf to read them [52]. — Let us toward the King; —
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it [53], let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough: come, friends. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter *Duncan*, *Malcolm*, *Donalbain*, *Lenox* and *Attendants*.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he die'd,
As one, that had been studied [54] in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle [55].

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face [56].
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust. — O worthiest cousin!

---

52) He means, that they are enregistered in the table-book of his heart. Malone. 53) *The interim having weigh'd it.* This *intervening portion of time* is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as the *pauser Reason.* Or perhaps we should read: I' th' interim. Steevens. I believe, the interim is used adverbially: you having weighed it *in* the interim. Malone. 54) Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. Johnson. 55) The behaviour of the Thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend. Steevens. 56) The meaning is: We cannot *construe* or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face. Malone.

Enter *Macbeth*, *Banquo*, *Rosse* and *Angus*.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow,
To overtake thee. 'Would thou 'dst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay [57].

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do, but what they should, by doing every thing,
Safe toward your love and honour [58].

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing [59]. —Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. — Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must,
Not unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. — Hence to Inverness [60],
And bind us further to you.

---

[57]) More is due to thee; than, I will not say *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greatest recompence, can pay. Malone. [58]) Read — „*Safe* (i. e. saved) toward *you* love and honour;" and then the sense will be: — „our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state, who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you." Blackstone. [59]) *full of growing*, is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. Malone. [60]) Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the western Isles of*

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland! — That is a stop, [Aside.]
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not night see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant [61]);
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter *Lady Macbeth* reading a letter.

Lady M. — „They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report [62]), they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves — air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives [63]) from the king, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time, with, *Hail, king, that shalt be!* This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Scotland, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth at Inverness are yet standing. Steevens. [61]) i. e. he is to the full as valiant as you have described him. — We must imagine, that while Macbeth was uttering the six preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their subject; and to some encomium supposed to have been bestowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers. Steevens. [62]) By the best intelligence. Johnson [63]) *missives* i. e. messengers. Steevens.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. — Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do [64]),
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round [65]),
Which fate and metaphysical [66]) aid doth seem
Tho have thee crown'd withal [67]). — What is your tidings?

Enter an *Attendant.*

Atten. The king comes here to night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse [68]),

[Exit Attendant.]

---

[64]) *And that which rather thou dost fear to do.* The construction, perhaps, is, thou would'st have that (i. e. the crown) which cries unto thee, *thou must do thus, if thou wouldst have it, and* thou must do *which rather*, etc. Malone. [65]) *the golden round* is the diadem. Johnson. [66]) *Metaphysical* for supernatural. Warburton. [67]) I do not concur with Dr. Warburton, in thinking that Shakspeare meant to say, that fate and metaphysical aid seem to *have* crowned Macbeth. Lady Macbeth means to animate her husband to the attainment of „the golden round", with which fate and supernatural agency seem to intend *to have him crowned,* on a future day. — There is, in my opinion, a material difference between — „To have thee crown'd," and „To have crown'd thee." Malone. [68]) The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath *to make up his message;* to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts [69]), unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse [70]);
That no compunctious visitings of nature,
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace [71]) between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall [72]), you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief [73])! Come, thick night!
And pall thee [74]) in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife [75]) see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold! [76]) — Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter *Macbeth*.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond

---

add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance* of Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness. Johnson. 69) — *mortal thoughts*. This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortal*, but *murderous, deadly*, or *destructive designs*. Johnson. 70) *remorse*, pity. Steevens. 71) *To keep peace between the effect and purpose*, means to delay the execution of her purpose; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some bloody action should be performed, her purpose (i. e. the murder of Duncan) could not be carried into execution. Malone. 72) *Take away my milk* and put *gall* into the place. Johnson. 73) *Nature's mischief*, is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. Johnson. 74) *pall thee* i. e. wrap thyself in a pall. Warburton. 75) The word *knife* was anciently used to express a *sword* or *dagger*. Steevens. 76) On this passage there is a long criticism in the Rambler, number 168. Johnson. — *To cry, hold, hold!* The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon „whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed: and than no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." Tollet.

This ignorant present [77]) and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, — as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters [78]). — To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming,
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We shall speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear:
To alter favour ever is to fear [79]).
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys, Servants of Macbeth attending. Enter *Duncan*, *Malcolm*, *Donalbain*, *Banquo*, *Lenox*, *Macduff*, *Rosse*, *Angus* and *Attendants*.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat [80]); the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle [81]) senses.

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[77]) *Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing;* that is, I feel by anticipation, those future honours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*. Johnson. Some of our modern editors read: „present time"; but the phraseology in the text is frequent in our author, as well as in other ancient writers. Steevens. [78]) That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. Heath. [79]) *favour* is look, countenance. [80]) *seat*, situation. [81]) *gentle*, placid, calm, composed. Johnson.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty [82]), frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage [83]), but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle. Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter *Lady Macbeth.*

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you should bid God yield [84]) us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble [85]).

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house; for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits [86]).

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;

---

[82]) *jutty* or *jetty* is not here an epithet to frieze, but a substantive, signifying that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest. Malone. [83]) *coigne of vantage,* convenient corner. Johnson. [84]) To bid any one *God yeld him,* i. e. God yield him, was the same as God reward him. Warburton. [85]) This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer; „Marks of respect importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer, is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers and thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved." — To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense — to *pray.* Steevens.
[86]) That is, we as *hermits* shall always pray for you. Steevens.

And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt [87]),
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over the stage, a sewer [88]), and divers servants with dishes and service. Then enter *Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination [89])
Could trammel [90]) up the consequence, and catch

---

[87]) *Your servants ever, etc.* The metaphor in this speech is taken from the Steward's compting house or audit-room. *In compt,* means, subject to account. The sense of the whole is: we, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own. Steevens. [88]) The office of a *sewer* was to place the dishes in order at a feast. Steevens. [89]) If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best *to do it quickly;* if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease,* if, being once done *successfully,* without detection, it *could fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition even *here* in *this world,* in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come,* venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which vengeance is inflicted upon us *here.* We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example. Johnson. [90]) A *tram-*

With his surcease [91]), success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time [92]),
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. Even-handed Justice
Commends the ingredients [93]) of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties [94]) so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air [95]),
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind [96]). — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other [97]). — How now! what news?

Enter *Lady Macbeth*.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

---

mel is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught. Steevens. [91]) *surcease*, cessation, stop. Steevens. — *his* is used instead of *its* in many places. Steevens. [92]) By the *shoal of time* our author means the shallow ford of life, between us and the abyss of eternity. Steevens. [93]) *commends*, offers, recommends. Steevens. [94]) *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power etc. Warburton. [95]) *Courier* is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are winds, air in motion. *Sightless* is invisible. Johnson. [96]) Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. Johnson. [97]) The general image, though confusedly expressed, relates to a horse, who overleaping himself, falls, and his rider under him. Steevens.

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire [98]? Wouldst thou have that,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage [99]?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail, —

Lady M. We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking-place [100],

---

[98]) Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, „*I dare not,*" to control your noble ambition, which cries out, „*I would?*" Steevens. [99]) The adage alluded to is: *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet.* Johnson. [100]) The metaphor is taken from the *screwing up*

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince [101]),
That memory, the warder of the brain [102]),
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason [103])
A limbeck only [104]). When in swinish sleep
Their drenched [105]) natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spungy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell [106])?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up [107])
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.]

---

the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place* i. e. in the place from which it is not to move Steevens. [101]) *convince* is to overpower or subdue. Johnson. — *Wassel*, intemperance, riot. Steevens. [102]) *warder* is a guard, a sentinel. Steevens. [103]) *receipt*, receptacle. Malone. [104]) *a limbeck only*, that is, shall be only a vessel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*. Johnson. [105]) *drenched*, saturated with liquor. Steevens. [106]) *Quell* is *murder*. Johnson. [107]) *bend up*, a metaphor from the bow. Steevens.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter *Banquo* and *Fleance*; and a servant, with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. — There's husbandry [108]) in heav'n,
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose [109])! — Give me my sword.

Enter *Macbeth*, and a servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices [110]):
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up [111])
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought [112]).

---

[108]) *husbandry* here means thrift, frugality. Malone. [109]) It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream, to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shock'd at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Steevens. [110]) *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. — Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. Steevens. [111]) To *shut up*, is to conclude. Steevens. [112]) The meaning seems to be: being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent [113]), — when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you.

[Exit Banquo.]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink [114]) is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;

---

only had it in our power to show the king our *willingness* to *serve* him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*. — *Which* refers to *will*. Malone. [113]) *consent* has sometimes the power of the Latin *concentus*. The meaning of Macbeth is then as follows: — *If you shall cleave to my consent* — i. e. if you shall stick, or adhere, to my *party* — when *'tis*, i. e. at the time when such a party is formed, your conduct shall produce honour for you. Steevens. [114]) See note [121]).

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood [115]),
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now [116]) witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost [117]). — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it [118]). — While I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives [119]).

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter *Lady Macbeth.*

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. — Hark! — Peace!

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[115]) *dudgeon* — the haft, the *handle* of a dagger. Steevens. — *gouts*, drops. [116]) The word *now* has been added for the sake of metre. Probably Shakspeare wrote: *The curtain'd sleeper.* Steevens. [117]) *Tarquin* is in this place the general name of a ravisher. Johnson. — Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take large *strides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher or murderer would naturally take such *strides*, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible. Steevens. [118]) Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Steevens. [119]) *gives*, give.

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores [120]). I have drugg'd their possets [121]),
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. (within) Who's there? — what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: — the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. — Hark! — I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. — My husband?

Enter *Macbeth.*

Macb. I have done the deed. — Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! —
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd, *murder!*
They waked each other, and I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and, *Amen!* the other;

---

120) *the surfeited — snores;* i. e. by going to sleep, they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them, that of watching by their king. Malone. 121) — *their possets.* It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatick performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. Steevens.

As they had seen me [122]), with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear [123]), I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave [124]) of care,
The death of each day's life [125]), sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast; —

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. — Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. — Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

---

[122]) *As they had seen me*, i. e. as if. Steevens. [123]) *Listening their fear*, i. e. listening *to* their fear. Steevens. [124]) *Sleave* is properly silk which has not been twisted. Steevens. [125]) *The death of each day's life* means the end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it. Steevens.

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine [126]),
Making the green-one red.

Re-enter *Lady Macbeth.*

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white [127]). [Knock.] I hear a knocking
At the south entry; — retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — [Knocking.] Hark! more knocking!
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. — Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere best not know myself [128]). [Knocking.]
Wake Duncan [129]) with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou couldst! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a *Porter.* Knocking within.

Por. Here's a knocking, indeed! if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old [130]) turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expec-

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[126]) To *incarnadine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. Steevens. [127]) *Man hielt nämlich weifses Blut für ein Zeichen der Zagheit.* [128]) *Not know myself* i. e. while I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof: *be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.* Warburton. [129]) Macbeth is addressing the person who knocks at the outward gate. Malone. [130]) *old* i. e. frequent, more than enough. Steevens.

tation of plenty: come in time; have napkins [131]) enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake [132]), yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose [133]). Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you? — But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon [134]); I pray you remember the porter.

[Opens the gate.]

Enter *Macduffe* and *Lenox.*

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed. That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock [135]): and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to,

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[131]) *napkins* i. e. handkerchiefs. Steevens. [132]) Meaning a Jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and James the first's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation.* Warburton. [133]) The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a tailor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. Warburton. [134]) Anon, *was giebt's? Was? He?* anon, anon *und manchmal* nan *antworten die Landleute und andere niedrige Klassen, wenn sie ein Wort oder eine Frage nicht recht verstehen, wenn sie fragen, wer pocht, oder was man verlangt u. s. w.* (*S. eine Anmerkung zu Hüttner's Erläuterungen der Farze von Townley:* High Life below stairs, *S.* 75.) [135]) cock, cockcrowing. Steevens. It appears from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet,* that Shakspeare means, that they were carousing till *three o' clock.* Malone.

and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in [136]) a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very throat o' me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him [137]).

Macd. Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter *Macbeth.*

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir.

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physicks pain [138]).
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited [139]) service. [Exit Macduffe.]

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?

Macb. He does: — he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd [140]) to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

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136) *in* into. Steevens. 137) *To cast him,* to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast up*. Johnson. 138) *physicks pain* i. e. affords a cordial to it. Steevens. 139) *Limited* for *appointed*. Warburton. 140) *Prophecying* is what is *new-hatch'd*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*. The *events* are the fruit of such hatching. Steevens.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter *Macduff*.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart
Cannot conceive [141], nor name thee!

Macb. *Len.* What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake! awake! —

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.]

Ring the alarum-bell. — Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! — up, up, and see
The great doom's image! — Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.]

Enter *Lady Macbeth*.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak — —

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell — O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter *Banquo*.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where. —

---

141) The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our author. Steevens.

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter *Macbeth* and *Lenox*.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter *Malcolm* and *Donalbain*.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan;
His silver skin laced with his golden blood [142]);
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd [143]) with gore. Who could refrain,

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[142]) It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of antithesis and metaphor. Johnson. [143]) *Unmannerly breech'd with gore etc.* The expression may mean, that the dag-

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho! —

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady:

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure [144], let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice [145].

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

---

gers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches* i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. Steevens. In Shakspeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was usually carried by servants and others, suspended at their backs. Malone. [144] i. e. when we have clothed our halfdrest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air. Steevens. [145] *Pretence* is intention, design. Banquo's meaning is: in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its further designs that have not yet come to light. Steevens.

Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood [146]),
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted [147]); and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter *Rosse* and an *old Man*.

Old. M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old. M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place [148]),
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

---

[146]) Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. Steevens. [147]) The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground. Steevens. [148]) In a place of which she seemed proud; — in an elevated situation. Malone.

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old. M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't [149]. — Here comes the good Macduff:

Enter *Macduff*.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend [150]?

Macd. They were suborn'd;
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! — Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth [151]?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill [152];
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

---

[149]) Most of the prodigies just before mentioned are related by Holingshed, as accompanying King Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh. Steevens. [150]) *pretend*, to intend, to design. Steevens. [151]) Macbeth by his birth stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest the mother of Macbeth. Holingshed. Steevens. [152]) *Colmes-kill*, or *Colm-kill*, is the famous Iona, one of the western isles. Holingshed scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient Kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predecessors in Colme-kill. Steevens. It is now called Icolmkill. *Kill* in the Erse language signifies a burying-place. Malone.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, you may see things well done there; — adieu! —
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Father, farewell.
Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter *Banquo*.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)[153]
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter *Macbeth*, as King; *Lady Macbeth*, as Queen; *Lenox*, *Rosse*, *Lords*, *Ladies* and *Attendants*.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

---

[153]) *Shine* for prosper. Warburton.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow [154]).
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better [155]),
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs [156]).
Farewel. — [Exit Banquo.]
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies etc.]
Sirrah, a word: attend those men our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us — [Exit Attendant.] To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

---

[154]) To *take* is to *use*, to *employ*. To take *time*, is a common phrase. *We'll take to-morrow* i. e. we will make use of to-morrow. Steevens. [155]) i. e. if he does not go well. — Shakspeare often uses the comparative for the positive and superlative. Steevens. [156]) I send or dimiss you to mount them. Steevens.

And to [157]) that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings;
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind:
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance [158])! — who's there?

Re-enter *Attendant*, with *two Murderers*.

Now to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1. *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Mach. Well then, now.
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you

---

[157]) *to* i. e. in addition to. Steevens. [158]) *And champion me to the utterance!* This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi à l'outrance.* A challenge or a combat *à l'outrance, to extremity,* was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to destroy each other,* in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger. Johnson.

So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation [159]) with you,
How you were borne in hand [160]); how cross'd; the instruments,
Who wrought with them: and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd [161]),
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men [162]), my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs [163]), water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file [164])
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature

---

[159]) *pass'd in probation*, is, I believe, only a bulky phrase employed to signify — *proved.* Steevens. [160]) *To bear in hand*, is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance. Malone. [161]) *gospelled*, means no more than kept in obedience to that precept of the gospel, which teaches us „*to pray for those that despitefully use us.*" Steevens. [162]) That is, we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind; and, *as men*, are not without a *manly resentment* for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited. Malone. [163]) *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*, demi-wolves, *lyciscæ;* dogs bred between wolves and dogs. Johnson. [164]) *The valued file*, is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike. File* in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it. — *Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued file of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.* Steevens.

Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune [165]),
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance [166]),
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it: yet I must not
For [167]) certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2. *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

---

[165]) *tugg'd with fortune* may be; tugg'd or worried by fortune. Johnson. [166]) By *bloody distance* is here meant such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense is evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides*. Steevens. [167]) *for* - because of. Steevens.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't [168]); for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace: always thought,
That I require a clearness [169]): and, with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded. — Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter *Lady Macbeth*, and a *Servant*.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, Madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

---

168) *Acquaint you* i. e. in ancient language: „acquaint *yourselves*" with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation. — Macbeth in the intervening time might have learned from some of Banquo's attendants, which way he had ridden out, and therefore could tell the murderers *where* to plant themselves so as to cut him off on his return; but who could ascertain the precise hour of his arrival, except the ruffians who watched for that purpose? Steevens. 169) i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. Steevens.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter *Macbeth.*

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest [170]) fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died,
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy [171]). — Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance still apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence [172]), both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are [173]).

Lady M. You must leave this.

---

170) *sorriest* i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile. Steevens. 171) *ecstasy* i. e. emotions of pain, agony. Steevens. 172) i. e. do him the highest honours. Warburton. 173) *Unsafe the while — what they are.* The sense of this passage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omission) appears to be as follows: — *It is a sure sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation.* Steevens.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady M. But in them, nature's copy's not eterne [174].

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne [175] beetle, with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck [176],
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling [177] night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! — Light thickens [178]; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky [179] wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse [180].
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter *three Murderers.*

1. *Mur.* But who bid thee join with us [181]?

3. *Mur.* Macbeth.

---

[174]) The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. Johnson. *Eterne* for eternal. Steevens. [175]) The beetle hatched in clefts of wood. Warburton. [176]) *chuck*, a term of endearment, probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*. Steevens. [177]) *seeling* i. e. blinding. It is a term of falconry. Warburton. [178]) By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull* or *muddy*. Steevens. [179]) *rooky* may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations*. Steevens. [180]) This appears to be said with reference to these dæmons who were supposed to remain in their several places of confinement all day, but at the close of it were released. Steevens. [181]) The third assassin seems to have been sent to join the others, from Macbeth's superabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears,

2. *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated [182]) traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

Ban. [within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest,
That are within the note of expectation [183]),
Already are i' the court.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about.

3. *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.

Enter *Banquo* and *Fleance;* a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2. *Mur.* A light, a light.

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge. — O slave!

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.]

3. *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way [184])?

3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2. *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.]

---

that some conversation has passed between them before their present entry on the stage. Malone. The third murderer enters only to tell them *where* they should place themselves. Steevens. [182]) *lated* i. e. belated, benighted. Steevens. [183]) *the note of expectation*, i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. Steevens. [184]) i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery. Steevens.

SCENE IV.

A Room of state in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter *Macbeth*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Rosse*, *Lenox*, *Lords* and *Attendants*.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome [185].
Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:
Our hostess keeps her state [186]; but, in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first *Murderer*, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. —
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. — There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within [187].
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats. Yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou did'st it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

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185) I believe the true reading is: *To first and last the hearty welcome.* — All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. Johnson.
186) *keeps her state etc.*, i. e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table. Steevens. 187) *Johnson liest:* than *him within*, *und dann wäre der Sinn: Besser, daſs Banquo's Blut äuſserlich auf deinem Gesicht, als innerlich in seinem Körper ist.*

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched [188]) gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thank's for that. —
There the grown serpent lies; the worm [189]) that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold [190]),
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer! —
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

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188) *trancher*, to cut. Fr. Steevens. 189) *the worm*. This term in our author's time was applied to all of the serpent kind. Malone. 190) The meaning is: that which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for. Johnson.

Lady M. Sir, worthy friend: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought [191])
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion [192]);
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts
(Impostors to true fear), would well become [193])
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why, do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? —
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal [194]);
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

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[191]) *upon a thought,* i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted. Steevens. [192]) *extend his passion* i. e. prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. Johnson. [193]) *O these — become* i. e. these flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well grounded. Warburton. Flaws are sudden gusts. Johnson. Impostors *to* true fear, mean impostors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place. M. Mason. [194]) *The gentle weal,* is the *peaceable community,* the state made quiet and safe by *human statutes.* Johnson.

And there an end; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget: —
Do not muse [195]) at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. — Give me some wine, fill full: —
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

[Ghost rises.]

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst [196]),
And all to all [197]).

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit [198]) thee, protest me,
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[Ghost disappears.]

Unreal mockery [199]); hence! Why, so; — being gone,
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.

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[195]) *To muse*, anciently signified *to wonder, to be in amaze.* Steevens. [196] *We thirst,* I suppose, means we desire to drink. M. Mason. [197]) i. e. all good wishes to all: such as he had named above, *love*, *health* and *joy*. Warburton. [198]) *to inhibit* is to forbid. Steevens. [199]) *Unreal mockery* i. e. unsubstantial pageant. Steevens.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder [200]? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe [201],
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear [202].
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night: —
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all.
[Exeunt Lords and Attendants.]
Macb. It will have blood. They say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak [203];
Augurs, and understood relations [204], have

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200) The meaning *is*: can such wonders as these *pass over* us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us. Johnson. 201) The meaning is: You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours. In other words: You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when your's on the trial is found to exceed it. Steevens. 202) *blanch'd with fear* i. e. turn'd pale. Steevens. 203) Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (see the third book of the Aeneid) revealed the murder of Polydorus. Steevens. 204) By the word *relation* is understood *the connection* of effects with causes; to *understand relations as an augur*, is to know how those things relate to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. Johnson. Perhaps we should read *auguries* i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, (says he) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders. Steevens.

By magot-pies [205]), and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding [206])?

Lady M. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one [207]) of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd [208]).

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep [209]).

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep, my strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear [210]), that wants hard use. —
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter *Hecate* [211]) meeting the *three Witches.*

1. Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,

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[205]) *magot-pie* is the original name of the bird: *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast etc. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot.* Steevens. [206]) The circumstance on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen etc. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. Steevens. [207]) *a one of them* i. e. an individual. Steevens. [208]) *to scan* is to examine nicely. Steevens. [209]) I take the meaning to be: *you want sleep,* which *seasons,* or gives the relish to, *all nature.* Johnson. [210]) *The initiate fear,* is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by frequent repetition of it, or (as the poet says) by *hard use.* Steevens. [211]) Shakspeare

Saucy, and overbold! How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now. Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron [212])
Meet me i' th' morning; thither he
Will come, to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound [213]);
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic slights [214]),

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has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. He has, however, authority for giving a mistress to the witches. Delrio *Disquis. Mag. lib.* 2, *quæst.* 9, quotes a passage of *Apulejus, Lib. de asino aureo: de quadam Caupona*, regina *Sagarum*. And adds further: *ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc titulo honoratas.* Shakspeare is therefore blameable only for calling his presiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. Steevens.
[212]) Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of Acheron on any fountain, lake or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original Acheron was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of Amsanctus in Italy. Steevens. [213]) This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Steevens. [214]) Arts; subtle practices. Johnson.

Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [within.] *Come away, come away* [215]) *etc.*

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.]

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter *Lenox* and another *Lord*.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: — marry, he was dead: —
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot [216]) want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heav'n, he shall not) they should find

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[215]) This entire song I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled: „A Tragi-Coomodie called *the witch;* long since acted etc. Written by Thomas Middleton." Steevens. [216]) The sense requires *can;* yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiæ*. Malone.

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! — for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work), we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours [217]),
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate [218]) the king [219]), that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time,*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd [220])!

Lord. My prayers with him!

[Exeunt.]

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217) *free* may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours without slavery, without dread of a tyrant. Johnson. 218) *exasperate* i. e. exasperated. Steevens. 219) *the king* i. e. Macbeth. Steevens. 220) The construction is: to our country suffering under a hand accursed. Malone.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the *three Witches*.

1. *Witch*. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd [221].
2. *Witch*. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3. *Witch*. Harper [222]) cries. — 'Tis time, 'tis time.
1. *Witch*. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. —
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty one
Swelter'd venom [223]) sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.
2. *Witch*. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting [224]),
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3. *Witch*. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf [225])
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark [226]);
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;

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221) A *cat* from time immemorial has been the agent and favourite of witches. Warburton. 222) *Harper, der Name eines Zaubergeistes; vielleicht, nach Steevens, nur eine fehlerhafte Aussprache für* harpy. 223) *Swelter'd*. This word seems to be employed by Shakspeare to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exsudations. Steevens. 224) The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. Steevens. 225) The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*. Steevens. 226) *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey. Ravin is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence*. Steevens. To *ravin* is to *devour*, to eat *greedily*. I believe the

Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse [227];
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron [228],
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn, and cauldron, bubble.

2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter *Hecate* and the other *three Witches.*

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [Musick.]

Song.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs [229],
Something wicked this way comes: —
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter *Macbeth.*

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me

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author with his usual licence, used *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. Malone. [227]) *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece*, or a *slice*. Steevens. [228]) *Chaudron* i. e. entrails. Steevens. [229]) It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations, which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen Steevens.

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty [230] waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd [231], and trees blown down,
Though castles topple [232] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germins [233] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken: answer me
To what I ask you.

1. *Witch.* Speak.

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll answer.

1. *Witch.* Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1. *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show [234].

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head [235] rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, — —

1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought [236].

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff:
Beware the Thane of Fife. — Dismiss me. — Enough.

[Descends.]

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230) *Foaming* or *frothy waves.* Johnson. 231) Corn prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be *lay'd;* but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning. Ritson. 232) *Topple* is used for *tumble.* Steevens. 233) *Germins* are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. Steevens. 234) *deftly show* i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. Steevens. 235) The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. Steevens. 236) Silence was necessary during all incantations. Steevens.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd [237]) my fear aright. — But one word more.
1. *Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's another
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty [238])?
All. Listen, but speak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.]
Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest [239])? bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head [240]) rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, (if your art

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[237]) *To harp* is to touch a passion, as a harper touches a string. Steevens. [238]) The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. Johnson. [239]) i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impress'd. Johnson [240]) *Head* means host or power. Johnson.

Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know: —
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this [241])?

[Hautboys.]

1. *Witch.* Show! 2. *Witch.* Show! 3. *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight kings appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear [242]) mine eye-balls. — And thy hair [243]),
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first. —
A third is like the former. — Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? — A fourth? — start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom [244])?
Another yet? — A seventh? — I'll see no more. —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres [245]) carry.
Horrible sight! — Ay now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd [246]) Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What, is this so?

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[241]) *Noise* in our ancient poets is often literally synonymous for music. Steevens. [242]) This expression is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Johnson. [243]) *Johnson liest* air; *Steevens giebt der Lesart* hair *den Vorzug; denn, sagt er,* it implies that their *hair* was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness, than the *air* which depends on habit. [244]) *to the crack of doom?* i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense. Steevens. [245]) This was intended as a compliment to king James the first, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. Warburton. [246]) To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub, dirty*, or *begrime*. In the same neighbourhood, when a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is

1. *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. — But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, chear we up his sprights [247]),
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Musick. The Witches dance and vanish.]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar [248])! —
Come in, without there!

Enter *Lenox.*

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! — I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st [249]) my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings [250]) of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

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said to be *boltered.* Such a term is therefore strictly applicable to Banquo, who *had twenty trenched gashes on his head.* Steevens. [247]) *sprights* i. e. spirits. Steevens. [248]) In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. Steevens. [249]) To *anticipate* is here to *prevent,* by taking away the opportunity. Johnson. [250]) *Firstling* in its primitive sense is the first produce or offspring. Here it means the thing first thought or done. Steevens.

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line [251]). No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter *Lady Macduff*, her *Son* and *Rosse*.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors [252]).
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not,
He wants the natural touch [253]): for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself. But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season [254]). I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves [255]); when we hold rumour
From what we fear [256]), yet know not what we fear;

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[251]) *That trace his line* i. e. follow, succeed in it. Steevens. [252]) i. e. our flight is considered as an evidence of our guilt. Steevens. [253]) Natural *sensibility*. He is not touched with natural affection. Johnson. [254]) Perhaps the meaning is, — what is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. Anonymous. [255]) i. e. when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt: when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves*. Malone. [256]) *to hold*

But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move [257]). I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah [258]), your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies!

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

---

means, in this place, to *believe*, as we say, I *hold* such a thing to be true i. e. I take it, I believe it to be so. — The sense of the whole passage will then be: When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears. Steevens. [257]) Perhaps the poet wrote: *And each way move.* If they *floated each way*, it was needless to inform us that they *moved.* The words may have been casually transposed, and erroneously pointed. Steevens. [258]) *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children etc. So before, in this play, Macbeth says to his servant: *Sirrah*, a word with you: attend those men our pleasure? Malone.

L. Macd. Every one, that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a *Messenger*.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect [259].
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty [260],
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm? — What are these faces?

Enter *Murderers*.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

---

259) i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour. Steevens. 260) *To do worse* is, to let her and her children be destroyed without warning. Johnson.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain [261]).
Mur. What, you egg? [stabbing him.]
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [Dies. Exit L. Macduff, crying murder and pursued by the murderers.]

SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter *Malcolm* and *Macduff.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom [262]). Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry: new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour [263]).
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend [264]), I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom [265])

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261) Perhaps we should read *shag-hair'd*, for it is an abusive epithet very often used in our ancient plays etc. Steevens. 262) *Down-fall'n birthdom.* The allusion is to a man whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. Johnson. 263) — *and yell'd out like syllable of dolour.* — This presents a ridiculous image. But what is insinuated under it is noble; that the portents and prodigies, in the skies, of which mention is made before, showed that heaven sympathised with Scotland. Warburton. 264) *to friend* i. e. to befriend. Steevens. 265) *and wisdom*, that is, and *'tis* wisdom. Heath.

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge [266]. But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul [267] would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness [268] left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)
Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. — You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs,
His title is affeer'd [269]! — Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash

---

[266]) *In an imperial charge.* A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a *royal commission*. Johnson. [267]) The meaning perhaps is this: My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy. Johnson. [268]) *Why in that rawness.* Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel. Johnson. [269]) To *affeer* is to assess, or reduce to certainty. Ritson. — Perhaps the meaning is: Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy title to them is now fully established by law. Or perhaps he addresses Malcolm. Continue to endure tamely the wrongs you suffer: thy just title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not spirit to establish itself. Malone.

Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden [270]), malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many,
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

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270) *sudden*, violent, hasty. Johnson.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust [271]); and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons [272]) to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable [273]),
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth [274]).

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

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[271]) *summer-seeding lust.* The allusion is to plants; and the sense is: „Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a more annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." Blackstone. [272]) *Foysons*, means *provisions* in plenty. Steevens. [273]) *Portable* answers exactly to a phrase now in use. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*. Steevens. [274]) I believe, all that Malcolm designs to say is, that, if he had power, he would even annihilate the gentle source or principle of peace: pour the soft milk by which it is nourished, among the flames of hell, which could not fail to dry it up. — Lady Macbeth has already observed that her husband was „too full of the milk of human kindness." Steevens.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. — O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholsome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Ofter upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd [275]. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste [276]: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point [277], was setting forth.

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[275]) *Died every day she lived.* The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: „I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily.*" Malone. [276]) *From over-credulous haste*, from over-hasty credulity. Malone. [277]) *At a point*, may mean all ready at a time; but Shakspeare meant more: he meant both time and place and certainly wrote: *All*

Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel [278])! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a *Doctor*.

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure; their malady convinces [279])
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures [280]);
Hanging a golden stamp [281]) about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction [282]). With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;

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ready at appoint, i. e. at the place appointed, at the rendezvous. Warburton. There is no need of change. Johnson. [278]) *And the chance — quarrel.* That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, *(pro justitia divina)* answerable to the cause. — But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote:

— — and the chance, O goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! — —

If we adopt this reading, the sense will be: And O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause. Johnson. [279]) *convinces* i. e. overpowers, subdues. Steevens. [280]) The Evil *oder* the King's Evil, *ist die eigenthümliche Benennung der Kröpfe, deren Heilung bekanntermaſsen den Königen von England beigelegt wird. Eduard Confessor soll diese Wunderkraft zuerst ausgeübt haben. Eschenburg.* [281]) *A golden stamp.* This was the coin called an *angel.* The value of the coin was ten shillings. Steevens. [282]) Shakspeare has merely transcribed what he found in Holingshed.

And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter *Rosse*.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not [283]).
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy [284]): the dead-man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps:
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their place?
Rosse. No; they were all at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

„He used to helpe those that were vexed with the disease commonlie called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realme." Holingshed. Malone. [283]) Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. Steevens. [284]) *Modern* is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite, common.* Steevens. *Ecstacy* is used by Shakspeare for a temporary alienation of mind. Malone.

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff [285]) their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch [286]) them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief [287]),
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry [288]) of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;

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[285]) *to doff* is to do off, to put off. Steevens. [286]) *To latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*. Steevens. [287]) *A fee-grief*, a peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh Johnson. [288]) *Quarry* is a term used both in hunting and falconry. In both sports it means the game after it is killed. Steevens.

Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children [289]. — All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all? O, hell-kite! — All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop [290]?

Mal. Dispute [291] it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. — Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission [292]; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too [293]!

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[289]) *He has no children.* The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself, or if he had any, a father's feelings for a father would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. Holingshed's Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. Steevens. [290]) *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. Steevens. [291]) *Dispute it like a man* i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man. Steevens. [292]) *Cut short all intermission* i. e. all pause, all intervening time. Steevens. [293]) That is, if he escape

Mal. ...This tune goes manly;
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on [294]) their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a *Doctor* of Physick, and a waiting *Gentlewoman*.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. — In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speeck.

Enter *Lady Macbeth*, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

---

my vengeance, let him escape that of heaven also. M. Mason.

294) *Put on*, i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their instruments against the tyrant. Steevens.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out! damned spot! out, I say! — One; Two [295]). Why, then 'tis time to do't — Hell is murky [296])! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting [297]).

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

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[295]) *One; Two;* Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that Lady Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang the bell; and that two o' clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. Malone. [296]) *Murky* is dark. — Lady Macbeth is acting over in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not even have hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes,) has just said, *Hell is murky* (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice. *Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afear'd?* This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. Steevens. [297]) Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet. Steevens.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well. —

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise. Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale: — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate [298]). Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Exit Lady Macbeth.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician. —
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. — So, good night:
My mind she has mated [299]), and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.]

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[298]) Lady Macbeth in her sleep is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumstance of the knocking at the gate just after it. A. C. [299]) *Astonished*, confounded. Johnson.

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, *Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox* and *Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward [300]), and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man [301]).

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths [302]), that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies;
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there [303])?

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300) Duncan had two sons (says Holingshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland. Steevens. 301) By the *mortified* man is meant a *religious;* one who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic.* Warburton. 302) *unrough youths,* an odd expression. It means smooth-fac'd, unbearded. Steevens. 303) *When all — there?* That is, when

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin 304) of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter *Macbeth*, *Doctor* and *Attendants*.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all 305):
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee. — Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures 306).
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg 307) with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a *Servant*.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon 308)!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch 309)?

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all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. Johnson. 304) *the medecin* i. e. physician. Steevens. 305) Tell me not any more of desertions: — let all my subjects leave me: — I am safe till etc. Johnson. 306) Shakspeare took the thought from Holingshed. The same historian informs us, that in those days the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. Steevens. 307) *To sag*, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. Tollet. 308) *Loon.* At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. Steevens. 309) *Patch.* An appellation of contempt,

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear [310]). What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. — Seyton! — I am sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat [311]) me now.
I have liv'd long enough; my way [312]) of life
Is fall'n into the sear [313]), the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton! —

Enter *Seyton.*

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. —
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr [314]) the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. — Give me mine armour. —
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

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alluding to the *pied, patch'd,* or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. Steevens. [310]) *Are counsellors to fear.* The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice. Warburton. [311]) Thrust me from the seat. Steevens. [312]) As there is no relation between the *way of life,* and *fallen into the sear,* I am inclined to think that the *w* is only an *m* inverted, and that it was originally written; my May of life. I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days: but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness, and support me in this melancholy season. Johnson. [313]) *Sear* is dry. Steevens. [314]) i. e. to scour, to ride hastily. Steevens.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it. —
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff: —
Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the Thanes fly from me: —
Come, Sir, despatch. — If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my land [315], find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? — Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. — —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane. A wood in view.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, *Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff* and his *Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse* and *Soldiers*, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

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[315]) *To cast the water*, was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. Steevens.

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sol. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident [316] tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given [317],
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe [318]:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate:
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate [319]:
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter with drums and colours, *Macbeth*, *Seyton* and *Soldiers*.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:

---

[316]) He was *confident* of success; so *confident* that he would not fly, but endure *their setting down before* his castle. Johnson. [317]) *Advantage* or 'vantage, in the time of Shakspeare, signified opportunity. He shut up himself and his soldiers (says Malcolm) in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him. — More and less *is the same with* greater and less. Johnson. [318]) What we *have*, and what we *owe* i. e. property and allegiance. Warburton. When we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits of their claim i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us. Steevens. [319]) *arbitrate* i. e. determine. Johnson.

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[A cry within, of women.]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair [320]
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word [321]. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time [322];
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow: a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing! — —

Enter a *Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

---

320) — *fell of hair* — my hairy part, my *capillitium. Fell* is skin. Johnson. 321) There would have been a more convenient *time* for such a *word*, for such *intelligence*. We say we send *word* when we give intelligence. Johnson. 322) *Recorded* is probably here used for *recording* or *recordable;* one participle for the other, of which there are many instances both in Shakspeare and other English writers. Steevens. By *recorded* time, Shakspeare means not only the time that *has been*, but also that which *shall* be recorded. M. Mason.

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [Striking him.]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling [323]) thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in [324]) resolution: and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;* — and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. — Arm, arm, and out! —
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. —
Ring the alarum bell. — Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness [325]) on our back. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, *Malcolm*, *old Siward*, *Macduff*, etc. and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. — You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well. —
Do we but find the tyrants power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

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[323]) To *cling* is to dry up. Whalley. [324]) He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before.* Steevens. [325]) *Harness* an old word for *armour.* Henderson.

Macd. Make all your trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII.

The same. Another part of the Plain.

Enter *Macbeth.*

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course [326]). — What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter *young Siward.*

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter *Macduff.*

Macd. That way the noise is. — Tyrant, show thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited [327]). Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

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[326]) *I must fight the course;* a phrase taken from bear-baiting. Steevens. [327]) *bruited* from *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. Steevens.

Enter *Malcolm* and *old Siward*.

Siw. This way, my lord; — the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes,
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarum.]

Re-enter *Macbeth*.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword [328])? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter *Macduff*.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air [329])
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life [330]), which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue, that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

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[328]) Alluding, perhaps, to the suicide of *Cato Uticensis*, which our author must have read of in the old translation of Plutarch. Steevens. [329]) *Intrenchant air*, that is, air which cannot be cut. Johnson. [330]) In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath, that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. Steevens.

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense [331]);
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. — I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show, and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole [332]); and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough [333]).

[Exeunt fighting.]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter with drum and colours, *Malcolm, old Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Angus, Cathness, Menteth* and *Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

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331) *Palter with us in a double sense.* That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. Johnson. 332) That is, on cloth suspended on a pole. Malone. 333 To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding, when one of the combattants cries so. Tollet.

I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter *Macduff*, with Macbeth's head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head; the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl [334]),
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine. —
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time [335]),
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd [336]). What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, —
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life. — This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

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[334]) Thy kingdom's *pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament. Malone. [335]) *To spend an expence*, is a phrase with which no reader will be satisfied. We certainly owe it to the mistake of a transcriber, or the negligence of a printer. Perhaps, *extent* was the poet's word. Steevens. [336]) „Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. — Manie of them that were before thanes, were at this time made *earles*, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Cathness, Rosse and Angus." *Holingshed's History of Scotland*, *p.* 176. Malone.

COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley, 1618 *zu London geboren, fand als Kind so viel Vergnügen an Spenser's* Fairy Queen, *daſs er sich dadurch früh, und, wie er sich ausdruckt, unwiederruflich zum Dichter bestimmen lieſs. Er besuchte die Westminsterschule, und zeichnete sich bald durch Fleiſs, Wiſsbegierde und Talente vor allen seinen Mitschülern aus. Mit gleichem Nutzen studierte er seit* 1636 *zu Cambridge, wo er den gröſsten Theil seines epischen Gedichts* Davideis *geschrieben haben soll. Kaum hatte er im Jahre* 1643 *den Grad eines Magisters der freien Künste angenommen, als er durch Cromwell von Cambridge vertrieben ward. Er nahm nun seine Zuflucht zum St. John's Collegium in Oxford, und machte daselbst seine Satyre* the Puritan and the Papist *bekannt. Sein Eifer für die Sache des unglücklichen Karl's I, seine Kenntnisse und sein Witz, zogen bald die Aufmerksamkeit mehrerer Häupter der royalistischen Partei, besonders des Lord Falkland auf sich, der ihn der Königin als einen zu Geschäften brauchbaren Jüngling so dringend empfahl, daſs sie ihn, als sie sich genöthigt sah, England zu verlassen, mit sich nach Paris nahm, und zu ihrer geheimen Korrespondenz gebrauchte. In dieser ehrenvollen Verbindung blieb er* 12 *Jahre, nach deren Verlauf er nach England zurückgeschickt wurde, um unter dem Schein des Privatlebens Gelegenheit zu finden, sich von dem Zustande seines Vaterlandes zu unterrichten. Sich seiner Treue, geleisteten Dienste und Fähigkeiten bewuſst, machte er sich bei der* Restauration *Hoffnung zu einer ansehnlichen Beförderung, sah sich aber getäuscht, ungeachtet er, um nicht vergessen zu werden, die Ode* upon his Majesty's restoration and return *schrieb. Gekränkt begab er sich nach Chertsey in Surrey, ein Aufenthalt, der ihm wenig Bequemlichkeiten gewährte, bis er durch die Vermittelung des Grafen von Alban und des Herzogs von Buckingham, seiner Gönner, den Niesbrauch einiger Ländereien erhielt. Er genoſs jedoch der Einsamkeit nicht lange; denn er starb bereits* 1667. *In der Westminsterabtei neben Chaucer und Spenser begraben, erhielt er auf seinem Denkmal die ehrenvollen Beinamen* Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus et Maro. — *Seine eben so vortreflichen als zahlrei-*

chen Gedichte nehmen die beiden ersten Bände der Johnsonschen, einen Theil des 5ten Bandes der Andersonschen, und den 36 bis 39sten Band der Bellschen Sammlung ein, und sind ausserdem sehr häufig abgedruckt worden. Eine der vollständigsten Ausgaben erschien zu London 1780. 3 Vol. 8. Unter den ältern verdient besonders die vom Jahre 1707 bemerkt zu werden, weil sie eine vom Dr. Thomas Sprat abgefaſste Biographie unsers Dichters enthält. In dem ersten Bande der lives of the english poets *von Johnson findet sich eine gründliche und strenge Kritik der Cowleyschen Gedichte, woraus der beschränkte Raum nur folgendes auszuzeichnen erlaubt. Die* Miscellanies *enthalten eine Reihe kleiner poetischer Aufsätze, in denen eine groſse Abwechselung des Stils und der Empfindung herrscht, und die sich von tändelnder Leichtigkeit bis zu Schauder erweckender Gröſse erheben. Seine* Ode on wit *hat fast nicht ihres Gleichen. In dem Gedicht auf den Lord Falkland sind einige hervorstechende Gedanken, die aber nicht gut ausgeführt sind. Seine Elegie auf Henry Wotton ist stark und glücklich.* The Chronicle *ist einzig in seiner Art. Solch eine Lebhaftigkeit der Phantasie, solch eine Leichtigkeit im Ausdruck, solch eine mannigfaltige Ähnlichkeit, solch eine Folge von Bildern, solch einen Tanz der Worte, sucht man vergebens, auſser bei Cowley. Johnson nennet dies Gedicht* a composition unrivalled and alone. *Von seinen* pindaric odes, *die lange des höchsten poetischen Rufs genossen haben, und zum Theil noch genieſsen, von der Reihe kleiner Gedichte, die* the Mistress *überschrieben sind, von seinen* Anacreontics or copies of verses translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon *und von seinem Heldengedicht* Davideis, *welches Johnson einen miſslungenen Versuch nennt, erlauben die diesen Nachrichten gesetzten engen Gränzen nicht, etwas Näheres zu sagen.*

1) The Chronicle, a Ballad.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
  Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine:
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptre'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r;
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;

Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy;
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me for such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then an other Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera.*

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Mach'avel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holingshed or Stow *).

*) Holingshed and Stow. *Vermuthlich ist unter dem erstern der Verf. des Werks:* Holingshed's (and Will. Harrison's) Chronicles of Great-Britain, Scotland and Ireland, *London*, 1577, 5 *Vol. Fol., so wie unter dem letztern der berühmte Englische Antiquarius Stow zu verstehen.*

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora! first o' the name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

2) The Epicure.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses smile;
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here.
Let 's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay:
Let 's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

DENHAM.

Sir John Denham *wurde im Jahre* 1615 *zu Dublin geboren. Er erhielt zu London, wohin sein Vater* 1617 *als einer der* Barons of the Exchequer *versetzt worden war, Unterricht in den Anfangsgründen der Wissenschaften, und bezog* 1631 *das Trinity-College zu Oxford. Hier blieb er drei Jahre, wurde* Bachelor of Arts, *und legte sich sodann auf das bürgerliche Recht. Eine unglückliche Neigung zum Spiel brachte ihn in Gefahr, von seinem Vater enterbt zu werden. Er söhnte diesen zwar dadurch aus, daſs er eine Abhandlung über das Spiel* (an Essay upon gaming), *worin er seinen Abscheu gegen dasselbe bezeugte, verfaſste und auch bekannt machte; er blieb indessen seinem Vorsatze nicht getreu, denn er verspielte nach dem im Jahre* 1638 *erfolgten Ableben seines Vaters mehrere tausend Pfund. Im Jahre* 1636 *übersetzte er das 2te Buch der Äneide, eine Arbeit,*

womit er seine dichterische Laufbahn eröffnet haben soll; diesem folgte 1641 the Sophy, *ein Stück, das in einem Privathause aufgeführt wurde, und zuerst die Aufmerksamkeit des Publikums auf ihn gelenkt zu haben scheint. Bald nachher wurde er* High Sheriff *der Grafschaft Surrey und Gouverneur von Farnham Castle; er entsagte indessen bald wieder diesem letztern Amt, und begab sich zu König Karl I nach Oxford, wo er auch* 1643 *sein berühmtestes Gedicht,* Cooper's Hill, *bekannt machte. Er schildert in demselben verschiedene Gegenden und Örter, welche man von diesem Hügel, bis zur Themse und nach London hin, sehen kann. Diesen reichhaltigen Stoff hat unser Dichter, einige lange Digressionen abgerechnet, im Ganzen sehr glücklich bearbeitet; ja viele starke und glückliche Stellen, und mannigfaltige, lebhafte und natürliche Gemälde (wohin unter andern die Schilderung einer Hirschjagd gehört) erheben dasselbe zu einem der vorzüglichsten beschreibenden Gedichte der Englischen Literatur. Es erschien von einem gewissen Pengry in einer Lateinischen Übersetzung *). — Denham wurde hierauf von dem Könige zu verschiedenen Angelegenheiten gebraucht; unter andern begleitete er den Herzog von York (der damals unter der Vormundschaft Algernon's Grafen von Northumberland stand) im Jahre* 1648 *von London nach Frankreich, und übergab ihn der Königin und dem Prinzen von Wales; in eben dem Jahre gab er seine poetische Nachbildung des* Cato Major *heraus. Nun lebte er, als einer der Gesellschafter des verwiesenen Königs, eine Zeitlang in Frankreich, wo er auf Veranlassung seines Herrn öfters Gelegenheitsgedichte verfertigte;* 1652 *kehrte er nach England zurück. Da das Parliament diejenigen Habseligkeiten unsers*

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*) „Cooper's Hill, *sagt Küttner in seinen Beiträgen, ist weder groſs noch hoch; allein in einem ganz ebenen Lande braucht man nur eine kleine Anhöhe, um hundert (Englische) Meilen in die Runde um sich zu sehen. Die Aussicht ist ganz von der milden Art, und füllt die Seele mehr mit ruhiger Freude, Milde und Wohlseyn, als mit jener erhabenen Gröſse, die die Schweizerscenen charakterisirt. Neben und von einem Landsitze, über den ich oft meinen Weg nahm, hat man eine so reizende Aussicht, daſs selbst Denham, wie mich dünkt, ihr nicht genug Gerechtigkeit hat widerfahren lassen.“ — Am Fuſse von* Cooper's Hill *liegt das Städtchen Egham, welches an Runny-Mead stöſst.*

Dichters, welche den bürgerlichen Kriegen und seiner Spielsucht entgangen waren, hatte verkaufen lassen, so mufste er seine Zuflucht zu dem Grafen von Pembroke zu Witton nehmen, der ihn ein Jahr in seinem Hause behielt. Nach der Restauration erhielt er den Lohn für seine treue Anhänglichkeit; er wurde zum Oberaufseher der königlichen Gebäude ernannt, und am Krönungstage Karls II mit dem Bath-Orden beehrt. In diese Zeit fällt die Verfertigung seines Gedichts Prudence and Justice, *und die metrische Übersetzung der Psalmen David's, mit welcher letztern Arbeit er indessen nicht sehr glücklich war. Denham hatte gegen das Ende seines Lebens das Unglück, an einer Zerrüttung des Verstandes, der Folge einer zweiten, nicht glücklichen Heirath, zu leiden; er wurde indessen von diesem Übel bald wieder hergestellt, und schrieb darauf noch sein vortreffliches Gedicht auf Cowley's Tod. Er starb den 19ten März 1668. Seine Werke stehen in der Johnsonschen und Bellschen Sammlung, und nehmen bei Anderson einen Theil des 5ten Bandes ein; sein Leben haben Johnson und Anderson ausführlich erzählt.*

1) On Mr. Abr. Cowley's *) Death.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's, lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:

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*) *S. oben Seite 140.*

But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden Fleece:
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale [as Flaccus *) sings]
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd,
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,

*) His Pindarics.

As all that saw and tasted know:
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear *),
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture so true
A copy pencil never drew,
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear:
Joy and amazement her did strike;
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass:
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And shew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books;
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each draw fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:

*) His last works.

Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

2) Cooper's Hill *).

— My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil:
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

*) *Wegen Beschränktheit des Raums theilen wir hier nur die zweite, aber vorzüglichere Hälfte dieses Gedichts mit.*

My great example; as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars *) and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight:
Though these delights from several causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends, we love),
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood;
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth **) gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

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*) The forest. **) Narcissus.

This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece, to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chace by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound.
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more then all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t'avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,

His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn;
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life,
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for blood!
So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force and wounds returns for wounds.

And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chace,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd *), and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
And ev'n that pow'r that should deny betray.
„Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
„Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure

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*) Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

MILTON.

Three poets, in three ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpast;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Dryden.

John Milton, *Sohn eines Notars, wurde den 9ten Dezember* 1608 *zu London geboren. Nachdem er einige Zeit theils eine Privaterziehung genossen, theils die St. Pauls-Schule besucht hatte, bezog er das Christ-College zu Cambridge* (1624), *wo er die gewöhnlichen Gradus eines* Bachelor (1628) *und* Master of arts (1632) *annahm, und sich durch seine grossen Fortschritte in den Wissenschaften und durch verschiedene poetische Versuche in Lateinischer Sprache vortheilhaft auszeichnete. Er hielt sich hierauf mehrere Jahre bei seinem Vater auf, der jetzt auf seinem Landgute Horton bei Colebrook in Buckinghamshire lebte.* 1634 *schrieb er* the Mask of Comus, *eine Farce, welche die Ehre hatte, von den Kindern des Grafen von Bridgewater, Lord-Präsidenten von Wales, zu Ludlow-Castle in Shropshire aufgeführt zu werden. Sein nächstes Produkt war* Lycidas, *eine Monodie auf den Tod seines Freundes Edward King.* 1638 *erhielt er von seinem Vater Erlaubniss, auf Reisen zu gehen. Er begab sich also, nach einem kurzen Aufenthalt zu Paris, wo er den berühmten Grotius besuchte, nach Italien, einem Lande, dessen Literatur er mit grossem Fleisse studiert hatte, wie verschiedene seiner jugendlichen Gedichte beweisen, die*

in Italiänischer Sprache geschrieben sind. Er wurde überall mit vieler Achtung aufgenommen, und machte mit den gröfsten Männern damaliger Zeit, z. B. mit Galilei, den er im Inquisitionsgefängnisse zu Rom besuchte, Bekanntschaft. Von Neapel wollte er nach Sicilien und Griechenland übersetzen; allein die Nachricht von den in seinem Vaterlande ausgebrochenen Unruhen änderte seinen Entschlufs, und veranlafste ihn, nach einer 15monatlichen Abwesenheit nach England zurückzukehren. Er brachte nun seine übrige Lebenszeit in London zu. Nachdem er sich einige Zeit mit der Erziehung seiner Schwestersöhne beschäftigt hatte, nahm er an den nunmehr ausbrechenden Religionsstreitigkeiten Theil, und gab 1641 fünf Traktate concerning the church government heraus. 1644 schrieb er Areopagitica, a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing. Im folgenden Jahre wurden seine juvenile Poems zu London gedruckt, worin man die um diese Zeit verfertigten unnachahmlich schönen Stücke l'Allegro und il Penseroso findet, in denen er die verschiedenen Gesichtspunkte, aus welchen der Fröhliche und der Schwermüthige die Dinge in der Welt ansehen, meisterhaft angiebt. Sie allein würden nebst den Gedichten Comus und Lycidas hinlänglich gewesen seyn, seinen Namen unsterblich zu machen. Nach der Hinrichtung des Königs erschienen seine Remarks on the articles of peace between Ormond and the Irish rebels, und sein Εικονοκλαστης. Durch diese und mehrere andere in gleichem Geiste geschriebene Werke machte er sich bei den Republikanern so beliebt, dafs er von Cromwell zum Lateinischen Sekretär des Staatsraths ernannt wurde. 1651 schrieb er seine berüchtigte defensio pro populo Anglicano, gegen die 1649 von Saumaise herausgegebene defensio regis gerichtet, wofür er vom Parliament eine Belohnung von 1000 L. erhielt. Durch sein unablässiges Studieren, verbunden mit dem Kopfweh, woran er von Jugend auf gelitten hatte, wurde er um diese Zeit völlig seines Gesichts beraubt. Dadurch liefs er sich indessen weder an der Verwaltung seines Amts, noch an seinen literarischen Beschäftigungen hindern. 1654 gab er seine defensio secunda, und im folgenden Jahre seine defensio pro se heraus. 1659 schrieb er einen Traktat von der bürgerlichen Gewalt in Kirchensachen, und Considerations touching the likeliest means of removing hirelings out of the church. Am Ende des Jahres 1659, da schon Richard Cromwell sein Protektorat niedergelegt hatte,

liess er einen Brief upon the Model of commonwealth, *und wenige Monate vor der Restauration seinen* ready and easy Way to establish a free commonwealth *drucken. Dass er bei Carls II Rückkehr seinen Sekretariatsposten verloren, wird man leicht errathen. Er verbarg sich, bis ihm die* act of oblivion, *in die er wider alles Vermuthen begriffen wurde, ungeachtet seine* defensio pro p. A. *von Henkershand verbrannt worden war, erlaubte, sich wieder öffentlich zu zeigen.* 1665 *vollendete er seine so allgemein gepriesene Epopee* Paradise lost. *In der ersten Ausgabe von* 1667 *(London 4.) erschienen nur* 10, *in der zweiten von* 1674 *(London 8.)* 12 *Bücher. Das Honorar des Verfassers betrug nicht mehr als* 10 l.! *Überhaupt erregte dies Meisterstück der Englischen Poesie bei seiner ersten Erscheinung wenig Aufmerksamkeit; es sey nun, weil der Geschmack des damaligen Publikums nicht der geläutertste war, oder weil man sich noch nicht enthalten konnte, an den Vertheidiger des Königmordes mit Widerwillen zu denken. Erst nachdem Addison die Schönheiten des verlornen Paradieses im* Spectator *zergliedert hatte, fing die Nation an, sich mit diesem Schatze ihrer Literatur näher bekannt zu machen.* 1670 *gab der Dichter eine Geschichte von England heraus, die aber nur bis auf die Normannische Invasion fortgeführt ist.* 1671 *beschenkte er die Welt mit einem zweiten Heldengedicht* Paradise regained, *welches aber dem* Paradise lost *nachsteht, und mit einem im Geschmack der Alten geschriebenen Trauerspiel,* Samson Agonistes. 1672 *liess er eine Logik und* 1673 *seine* Discourses of true religion *drucken, worauf er* 1674 *den* 10*ten November zu London starb. In neuern Zeiten hat man dem Sänger des verlornen Paradieses ein Denkmal in der Westminsterabtei errichtet. — Milton lebte sehr mässig, und hatte einen natürlichen Abscheu gegen starke Getränke. Seine Vergnügungen bestanden grösstentheils in der Unterhaltung mit seinen Freunden und der Beschäftigung mit Musik, worin er es zu einiger Vollkommenheit gebracht hatte. Seine Kenntnisse waren sehr ausgebreitet. Er verstand die Hebräische, Griechische, Lateinische, Französische und Spanische Sprache; von den Dichtern seiner Nation schätzte er am meisten den Spenser, Shakspeare und Cowley. Nachdem er blind geworden war, unterrichtete er seine Töchter in den drei ersten der genannten Sprachen, damit sie ihm bei seinen gelehrten Beschäftigungen hülfreiche Hand leisten mögten.*

übrigens war er ein offener, redlicher Mann, von schneller Fassungskraft und mit einem treffenden Witze und einer gesunden Beurtheilungskraft versehen. Verheirathet hatte er sich dreimal. Seine erste Frau verliefs ihn kurze Zeit nach der Verheirathung unter dem Vorwande, dafs sie eine Royalistin und er ein Republikaner wäre. **Milton** *wollte sich von ihr scheiden lassen, und bewarb sich um ein junges Frauenzimmer, welches viel Geist und Schönheit besafs. Seine Frau erhielt davon Nachricht, ward beunruhigt, begab sich in die Wohnung eines Freundes, wohin der Dichter kommen sollte, und warf sich ihm darauf unvermuthet zu Füfsen.* **Milton** *ward erweicht und verzieh ihr. Man sagt, diese Scene habe einen so tiefen Eindruck auf den Dichter gemacht, dafs sie ihm die nächste Veranlassung zu der pathetischen Stelle im 10ten Gesange des* Paradise lost *gegeben habe, wo* **Eva** *den* **Adam** *um Verzeihung anfleht. — Seine sämmtlichen poetischen Werke findet man in der* **Johnsonschen** *Sammlung, desgleichen bei* **Bell**, *wo sie den 28 bis 31sten Band einnehmen, und bei* **Anderson** *im 5ten Bande. Eine vorzügliche Ausgabe des verlornen Paradieses ist folgende:* Paradise lost, a poem in twelve books; the author John Milton; a new edition with notes of various authors by Thomas Newton, *London 1749, 2 Vol. 4., und nachher öfters. Man findet hier das Wesentlichste aus den Kommentaren des Dr.* **Bentley** *(1732),* **Pearce** *(1733), und der beiden* **Richardsons** *(1734) zusammengestellt. Von dem* Paradise regained *hat man eine gute Ausgabe unter dem Titel:* Parad. reg., a new edition with notes of various authors by Ch. Dunster. *London 1795. Als ein Meisterstück der Kritik und als ein Beweis der grofsen Belesenheit des Herausgebers (***Th. Warton***) in Griechischen und Römischen Schriftstellern, verdient folgende Ausgabe bemerkt zu werden:* Poems upon several occasions, English, Italian and Latin, by John Milton; viz. Lycidas, l'Allegro, il Penseroso, Arcades, Comus, Odes, Sonnets, Miscellanies, English psalms, Elegiarum liber, Epigrammatum liber, Sylvarum liber; with notes critical and explanatory, and other illustrations, by Th. Warton; the second edition 1792. *Es ist zu bedauern, dafs der Tod den Herausgeber von der Vollendung des ganzen Werks abhielt; ein gewisser Dr.* **Burney**, *Sohn des berühmten Musikers* **Burney**, *hat einen Anhang über die Griechischen Verse* **Milton's** *hinzugefügt. (s. Intelligenzblatt der Allgem. Lit. Zeit. von*

1795, *Nro.* 93.) *Die uns bekannt gewordene neuste Ausgabe der Werke Milton's ist* 1801 *zu London in* 4 *Bänden* 8., *unter dem Titel erschienen:* The poetical Works of John Milton, from the text of Dr. Newton; with a critical essay by J. Aikin, M. D. *Der erste und zweite Band enthält, ausser dem trefflichen* Essay on the poetry of Milton, *das* Paradise lost; *der dritte das* Paradise regain'd, *den* Samson Agonistes *und den* Comus, *und im vierten Bande sind die vermischten Gedichte, so wie die sämmtlichen Lateinischen enthalten. Die Ausgabe kostet mit den* 24 *Kupferstichen nur* 1 *Guinee in* boards *und* 1½ *Guineen in einem saubern Einbande. — Weitläufigere biographische Nachrichten von Milton findet man in den angeführten Ausgaben seiner Werke von Johnson und Anderson; ausserdem verdienen genannt zu werden:* Amyntor, or a defence of Milton's life, by John Toland; the life of John Milton, containing besides the history of his works, several extraordinary characters of men and books etc. *London* 1699 *in* 8.; Thomas Birch's historical and critical Account of the life and writings of J. M., *vor der* 1738 *zu London erschienenen Ausgabe des verlornen Paradises; vor allen aber nebst vortrefflichen ästhetischen Bemerkungen:* the Life of John Milton with conjectures on the origin of Paradise lost, by William Hailey, Esq. *(nachgedruckt) Basel* 1799. *Unter andern wird auch darin der nicht neue Gedanke, dass Milton den Plan zu seinem verlornen Paradiese aus einem Italiänischen Drama des Andreini aufgefasst habe, ausgeführt, und dabei noch ein anderes Stück* la Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva *weitläufig auseinander gesetzt. (Man sehe das Intelligenzblatt der Allgem. Lit. Zeit. von* 1796. *Nro.* 109. *S.* 920.) *Eine schöne Abhandlung über Milton findet man auch in den Nachträgen zu Sulzer's allgemeiner Theorie der schönen Künste, 7ten Bandes 1m Stück.*

1) L'Allegro.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
    Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
    Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
    Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,

And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n ecleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee;
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight:
While the plow-man near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure *) of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,

*) Cynosure, *der Polarstern.*

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by frier's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flale hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings *).
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend,
To win her grace whom all commend,
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,

*) *Englische Volksmährchen.*

And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
With Mask and antique Pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's*) learned sock be on,
Of sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains, that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

2) Il Penseroso.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likeliest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

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*) *Ben Jonson, geb. 1575, gest. 1637, ein dramatischer Dichter.*

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To Solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain),
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn;
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with the calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along;
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th'accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee chauntress oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song,
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or else the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc'd as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the russling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke

Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thie,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring.
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid,
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood,
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

3) Description of Adam and Eve *).

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect! with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung,
Clustring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Disshevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd:
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works; honour dishonourable!
Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill.
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

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*) Paradise lost, Book IV.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their support fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream:
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. — — — — — —

4) Fragment of a discourse between Adam and Eve *).

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of heaven: I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back: but pleas'd I soon return'd;
Pleased it returned as soon, with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;

*) Paradise lost, Book IV.

With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half! — With that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

5) Adam and Eve's Morning-Hymn *).

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable: who sitst above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol

*) Paradise lost, Book V.

Him first, him last, him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains! and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls! ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise!
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep!
Witness if I be silent, morn, or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail! universal Lord! be bounteous still

To give us only good: and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!
So pray'd they innocent. — — —

B U T L E R.

Samuel Butler, 1612 *zu Strensham in Worcestershire geboren, und theils in einer Grammar-school zu Worcester, theils zu Cambridge erzogen, wurde nach Vollendung seiner akademischen Studien Schreiber eines Jefferys, Friedensrichters zu Earls Croomb, in dessen Diensten er Muſse genug fand, seiner Neigung zur Geschichte, Poesie, Musik und Malerei nachzuhängen. Hierauf brachte er mehrere Jahre (man weiſs nicht, in welcher Qualität) in dem Hause der Gräfin Kent zu, und lernte hier den gelehrten Selden kennen, der ihn lieb gewann, und zu verschiedenen literarischen Geschäften gebrauchte. Zur Zeit des bürgerlichen Krieges trat er in die Dienste des Sir Samuel Luke, eines Officiers des Parliaments, Nach der Restauration ward er Sekretär des Grafen von Carbury, Präsidenten von Wales.* 1663 *erschien der erste, und* 1664 *der zweite Theil seines* Hudibras, *einer komischen Epopöe, worin er die Cromwellsche Partei, deren Grundsätze er im Umgange mit Luke näher kennen zu lernen Gelegenheit gehabt hatte, mit eben so vieler Laune als Bitterkeit persifflirt. Man kann leicht denken, mit welchem Beifall ein solches* loyal poem *von den Royalisten aufgenommen wurde. Karl II soll es häufig citirt, ja auswendig gelernt haben. Und doch lieſs dieser undankbare Fürst den verdienstvollen Verfasser in Armuth und Elend schmachten.* 300 l. *waren die einzige Belohnung, die er ihm zuwarf; eine Summe, wovon nicht einmal die Schulden des Dichters bezahlt werden konnten.* 1678 *erschien ein dritter, so wie die beiden vorigen aus drei Gesängen bestehender, Theil, der aber das Ganze noch unvollendet lieſs, so daſs man über den Plan des Gedichts nicht urtheilen kann. Butler starb zwei Jahre nachher.* 1721 *lieſs ihm ein Buchdrucker und damaliger Mayor von London, Namens Barber, ein Denkmal in der Westminsterabtei errichten. Gleich nach seinem Tode*

erschienen 3 *Bände seiner* posthumous works, *die* 1732 *in Einem Bande in* 12. *von neuem aufgelegt worden sind. Der* Hudibras *ist nach* **Johnson's** *Urtheil eins von den Werken, worauf eine Nation stolz seyn kann. Die Bilder sind national, die Gedanken unerborgt und unerwartet, und die Diction ist durchaus originell und eigenthümlich. Der Held der Epopöe,* **Hudibras**, *ein presbyterianischer Friedensrichter, durchzieht in seinem heiligen Eifer das Land, um Aberglauben zu verbannen und Mifsbräuchen aller Art zu steuern. Ihn begleitet* **Ralpho**, *ein zänkischer und starrköpfiger* Independent. *Wem fallen hier nicht* **Don Quixote** *und sein* Escudero **Sancho Panza** *ein? Und wirklich entlehnte der Englische Dichter die erste Idee zu seinem Werke aus dem Meisterstücke der Spanischen Literatur. In dem hier abgedruckten Stücke wird die Gestalt und Rüstung des Ritters beschrieben.* **Butler's** *übrige Gedichte, die nebst dem Hauptwerke den 6ten und 7ten Theil der* **Johnson**schen, *den 32 - 34sten Theil der* **Bell**schen *und einen Theil des 5ten Bandes der* **Anderson**schen *Sammlung einnehmen, sind gröfstentheils satyrischer Gattung. Die beste Ausgabe des* Hudibras *ist folgende:* H. in three parts, written in the time of the late wars, by S. B. With large annotations by Zachary Grey, *London* 1744. 3 *Vol.* 8. *Edinburgh* 1770. 3 *Vol.* 12. *Als eine äufserst prachtvolle Ausgabe verdient folgende angeführt zu werden:* Hudibras by Samuel Butler, 2 *Vol. in* 4; Notes on Hudibras, *gleichfalls* 2 *Theile, London* 1793 *bei T.* **Rickaby**, *mit Kupfern und Vignetten geziert, welche gröfstentheils nach den Zeichnungen* **Hogarths** *zum* Hudibras *gestochen sind. Vorn befindet sich eine Biographie. Übrigens hat die Kritik durch diese Ausgabe nichts gewonnen. Mit einer vortrefflichen Deutschen Übersetzung des* Hudibras *hat* **Dietrich Wilhelm Soltau** *unsere Literatur bereichert; die zweite Auflage erschien, Königsberg* 1797. *Einige gute Bemerkungen über dieses Gedicht findet man in den Briefen zur Bildung des Geschmacks, 6ter Theil S.* 292. *Über* **Butler's** *Leben hat man nur* 2 *Quellen,* **Wood's** *bekannte* Athenæ Oxonienses *und ein* Life of B. *von unbekannter Hand, das sich in allen seit dem Anfange dieses Jahrhunderts erschienenen Ausgaben des* Hudibras *findet. Hieraus haben die Verfasser der* Biographia britannica, **Johnson** (Lives etc. *Vol. I.*) *und* **Anderson** *geschöpft.*

Arms and equipage of Sir Hudibras *).

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss:
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of scepters and of crowns:
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal.
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow **);
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd.
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd,
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,

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*) Hudibras, P. I. Canto I. v. 237 — 402. **) *Verschiedene Fanatiker hatten gelobt, ihre Bärte nicht eher zu scheren, als bis das Parliament den König überwältigt hätte.*

'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow. —

His back, or rather burthen, show'd,
As if it stoop'd with its own load.
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare:
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice,

The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or th'other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt;
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record:
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their luncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd:
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serves for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack

Of some body to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score *).
In th' holsters of the saddle-bow
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap:

*) *Man sagt, Cromwell's Vater sey ein Brauer in Huntingdon gewesen.*

They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd foes.

ROCHESTER.

John Wilmot Earl of Rochester, 1647 *zu Ditchley in Oxfordshire geboren, wurde* 1654 *in das Wadham-College geschickt, und* 1661 *durch den Lord Clarendon in eigener Person zum Magister der Künste erhoben. Nachdem er hierauf eine Reise durch Frankreich und Italien gemacht hatte, ging er an den Hof, und überliess sich hier seinem Hange zu Ausschweifungen in einem solchen Grade, dass er dem Dr. Burnet, der ihm nachmals bessere Gesinnungen, besonders in Ansehung der christlichen Religion, einzuflössen suchte, gestand, er sey 5 Jahre fast ununterbrochen trunken, und während der wenigen Augenblicke von Besinnung von dem überstandenen Rausche so erhitzt gewesen, dass er nie über sich selbst habe Herr werden können. In den* lucidis intervallis *beschäftigte er sich mit den schönen Wissenschaften, and schrieb Schmähschriften. Boileau und Cowley waren seine Lieblingsdichter. Diese wenigen Zwischenräume abgerechnet, lebte er in sinnloser Zerstreuung und viehischer Lust, bis es Burnet gelang, ihn auf bessere Wege zu leiten, ein Verdienst, das sich der Doctor übrigens nicht hoch anrechnen konnte, da er es mit einem schon entnervten Wollüstling zu thun hatte. S. seine interessante Schrift:* some passages of the life and death of John Earl of Rochester. *Eine Entkräftung machte* 1680 *dem Leben des unglücklichen Mannes ein Ende. Man hat von ihm eine Sammlung vermischter Gedichte, die in seinem Todesjahre erschien, und hernach öfters aufgelegt worden ist. Die vierte Ausgabe führt folgenden Titel:* the works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, containing poems on several occasions, his Lordship's letters, with Valentinian, a Tragedy, *London* 1732, 8. *Zu den vorzüglichsten und zugleich echten Stücken (denn mehrere scheinen nicht von Rochester's Hand zu seyn) zählt Johnson:* the imitation of Horace's Satire, the verses

to Lord Mulgrave, the satire against man *und* the verses upon Nothing. *Der gröfste Theil der Gedichte ist kurz. In den leicht geschriebenen* Songs *herrscht wenig Empfindung. Die schmutzigen sind in der Johnsonschen Dichtersammlung, worin Rochester einen Theil des 10ten Bandes einnimmt, weggelassen worden. (In der Andersonschen Sammlung findet man seine* select poems *im 6ten Bande.) Der Gedanke über Nichts zu singen, ist nicht neu. Johnson führt* (Lives *Th. I.) ein Lateinisches Gedicht eines Jean Passerat aus dem 16ten Jahrhundert an, das über eben diesen Gegenstand geschrieben ist. Die Satyre* against man *gehört zum Theil Boileau, ist aber mit weit mehr Stärke und Kühnheit geschrieben, als die Französische. Dafs der Dichter mit unter zu weit geht, und den Menschen zu tief erniedrigt, bedarf keiner Bemerkung. Überall zeigt sich in Rochester's Werken ein Genie, welches durch Studium zur Vollkommenheit gebracht seyn würde. — Man vergleiche bei der hier aufgenommenen Satyre: Duschen's Briefe zur Bildung des Geschmacks, Theil 6., S. 98.*

A Satyr against Mankind.

Were I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious creatures man,
A spirit free, to choose, for my own share,
What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
His senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five;
And, before certain instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaving light *) of nature, sense, behind,
Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimsies heap'd in his own brain;

*) *Anderson liest:* leaves the light.

Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundless sea; where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy;
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reasoning engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch:
His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
Aiming to know the world he should enjoy:
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleasing others at his own expence:
For wits are treated just like common whores,
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors.
The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
Women and men of wit are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleasure allures; and when the fops escape,
'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now, methinks, some formal band and beard
Takes me to task: come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ
Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care,
Upon this point, not to be too severe.
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part;
For, I profess, I can be very smart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to lash it in some sharp essay;
But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at reason and mankind?

Blest, glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
An everlasting soul has freely given;
Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
That from himself he did the image take,
And this fair frame in shining reason drest,
To dignify his nature above beast:
Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material sense;
Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
The flaming limits of the universe;
Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.
Hold, mighty man, I cry, all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo *),
From Patrick's **) Pilgrim, Stillingfleet's Replies ***);
And 'tis this very reason I despise
This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the Eternal, and the Ever-blest.
This busy puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out;
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
Those reverend bedlams, colleges and schools;
Borne on whose wings, each heavy sot can pierce
The limits of the boundless universe.
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.
'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
In nonsense and impossibilities:
This made a whimsical philosopher,
Before the spacious world his tub prefer ****);
And we have modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But thoughts are given for actions' government,
Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.
Our sphere of action is life's happiness,

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*) *D. Ingelo schrieb einen religiösen Roman:* Bentivoglio *und* Urania. **) *Bischof Patrick schrieb die Parabel des Pilgrims.* ***) *Statt* Stillingfleet's reply *liest Anderson:* Sibb's Soliloquies. ****) *Diogenes von Sinope.*

And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
I own right reason, which I would obey;
That reason which distinguishes by sense,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds desires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill.
Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy;
Renewing appetites yours would destroy.
My reason is my friend, yours is a cheat;
Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat;
Perversely yours your appetite does mock,
This asks for food, that answers, what's a clock?
This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures;
'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.
Thus I think reason righted: but for man,
I'll ne'er recant; defend him, if you can.
For all his pride, and his philosophy,
'Tis evident, beasts are, in their degree,
As wise at least, and better far than he.
Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore Jowler finds and kills his hare,
Better than Meers *) supplies committee-chair;
Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
Jowler, in justice, will be wiser found.
You see how far man's wisdom here extends;
Look next, if human nature makes amends,
Whose principles are most generous and just,
And to whose morals you would sooner trust.
Be judge yourself, I'll bring it to the test,
Which is the basest creature, man or beast.
Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey;
But savage man alone does man betray.
Press'd by necessity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himself no good.
With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to supply their want:
But man with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,

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*) *Anderson liest:* Meres.

Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
With voluntary pains works his distress,
Not through necessity, but wantonness.
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear;
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid;
From fear to fear successively betray'd:
Base fear, the source whence his base passions came,
His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame;
The lust of power, to which he's such a slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave:
To which his various projects are design'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;
For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise,
Leading a tedious life in misery,
Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
Look to the bottom of this vast design,
Wherein man's wisdom, pow'r, and glory, join;
The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.
Merely for safety after fame they thirst;
For all men would be cowards if they durst;
And honesty's against all common sense;
Men must be knaves; 'tis in their own defense.
Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair
Amongst known cheats to play upon the square,
You'll be undone. —
Nor can weak truth your reputation save,
The knaves will all agree to call you knave:
Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, opprest,
Who durst be less a villain than the rest.
Thus here you see what human nature craves;
Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
The difference lies (as far as I can see)
Not in the thing itself, but the degree;
And all the subject matter of debate,
Is only who's a knave of the first rate.

Postscript.

All this with indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud world,

Who, swoln with selfish vanity, devise
False freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,
Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannise.
But if in court so just a man there be,
(In court a just man, yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppress and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way soever laid,
Is still a tax on that unhappy trade;
If so upright a statesman you can find,
Whose passions bend to his unbiass'd mind;
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raise his country, not his family.
Is there a churchman, who on God relies,
Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?
Not one blown up with vain prelatic pride,
Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride;
Whose envious heart, with saucy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense;
Who from his pulpit vents more peevish lies;
More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,
Than at a gossiping are thrown about,
When the good wives get drunk, and then fall out.
None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt good livings, but abhor good lives;
Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And ere a score of years completed be,
Can from the lofty pulpit proudly see
Half a large parish their own progeny.
Nor doating bishop, who would be ador'd
For domineering at the council-board;
A greater fop, in business at fourscore,
Fonder of serious toys, affected more,
Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry cloaths, and gloves.
But a meek, humble man, of modest sense,
Who, preaching peace, does practise continence:
Whose pious life's a proof he does believe
Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,

I'll here recant my paradox to them,
Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
And with the thinking world their laws obey.
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from man, than man from beast.

ROSCOMMON.

Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, *wurde im Jahre 1633 in Irland, während der Statthalterschaft des Grafen von* Strafford, *seines Oheims, geboren. Er erhielt den ersten Unterricht auf dem Landsitze des letztern, in Yorkshire, wurde aber, als die Verfolgungen dieses Mannes begannen, nach der protestantischen Universität Caen, in der ehemaligen Normandie, gesandt, wo unter andern der berühmte* Bochart *sein Lehrer war. Hierauf durchreiste er Italien, und hielt sich eine geraume Zeit zu Rom auf, wo er vorzüglich Alterthümer studierte. Nach der Restauration kehrte er, nebst andern Freunden der Monarchie, wieder in sein Vaterland zurück, und wurde hier als Hauptmann angestellt. Er legte indessen diesen Posten bald wieder nieder, da ihn ein Streit wegen eines Theils seines Vermögens nach Irland zu reisen nöthigte. Nachdem er seine Geschäfte beendigt hatte, kehrte er nach London zurück, und wurde* Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. — *Die schlechte Prosa, welche im Ganzen genommen bisher in England geschrieben worden war, brachte ihn ungefähr um diese Zeit auf den Gedanken, die Englische Sprache durch eine Sprachakademie zu fixiren, die nach dem Muster der seit 1582 zu Florenz bestehenden* Accademia della Crusca, *die er in Italien kennen gelernt hatte, eingerichtet werden sollte. Man sagt, dass* Dryden *ihm hierbei hülfreiche Hand geleistet habe. Die Unruhen unter* Jakob's II *Regierung verhinderten indessen die Ausführung dieser Idee. Aus Furcht, dass eine heftige Staatserschütterung bevorstände, wollte sich der Graf wieder nach Rom begeben; allein das Podagra überfiel ihn. Ein ungeschickter Französischer Arzt trieb ihm dasselbe in den Leib, und veranlasste so seinen Tod, welcher 1684 erfolgte.* Roscommon *wurde in der Westminsterabtei mit*

grossem Pomp begraben. In dem Augenblick, wo er seinen Geist auszuhauchen im Begriff war, wiederholte er mit der inbrünstigsten Andacht folgende einfach-schöne Zeilen aus seiner Übersetzung des Hymnus auf den jüngsten Tag:

My God! my Father! and my Friend!
Do not forsake me at my end.

Roscommon gehört zu den korrektesten Dichtern der Engländer. Sein vorzüglichstes Werk ist sein Essay on translated verse, *ein artistisches Lehrgedicht über die Kunst zu übersetzen, welches zwar nicht reich an neuen Ideen ist, aber durch einen edeln, männlichen und eindrucksvollen Lehrton gefällt. Geringern Werth hat seine Übersetzung des Horazischen Briefs an die Pisonen. Unter seinen kleinen Gedichten verdient die Übersetzung des vorhin gedachten Hymnus, die einer Scene aus Guarini's* Pastor Fido *und einer Ekloge Virgil's genannt zu werden. — Johnson fällt* (Lives of the English Poets, *Vol. I.) folgendes Urtheil über ihn:* Roscommon is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into great faults. His versification is smooth, but rarely vigorous; and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may he numbered among the benefactors of the English literature. — *Roscommon's Werke befinden sich in der Johnsonschen Sammlung; bei Anderson nehmen sie einen Theil des 6ten Bandes, und bei Bell den 43sten Theil ein.*

An Essay on Translated Verse.

— When France had breath'd after intestine broils,
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land;
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known,
Her excellent translators made her own;
End Europe still considerably gains
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came;
We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
But now we shew the world a nobler way,
And in translated verse do more than they.
Serene and clear, harmonious Horace flows,

With sweetness not to be exprest in prose:
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill:
I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cares;
The fault is more their language's than theirs:
'Tis courtly, florid; and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.
I speak my private but impartial sense,
With freedom, and (I hope) without offence;
For I'll recant when France can shew me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part;
But good translation is no easy art.
For though materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.
The soil intended for Pierian seeds
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.
The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound,
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And, (if my Muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;

Exploded, when, with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.
Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.
Each poet with a different talent writes;
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend;
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.
With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound:
But moral, great and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice;
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill:
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,
Make some suspect he snores, as well as nods,
But I offend — Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.
On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass;
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame;
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came;
But few, oh few souls, preordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Aeneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast:
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan God.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse;
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse!
What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There sweat, there strain; tug the laborious oar;
Search every comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out;
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest. —

WALLER.

John Waller *stammte aus einer guten Familie, und wurde den 3ten März 1605 zu Coleshill in Hertfordshire geboren. Sein Vater starb frühzeitig und hinterliess seinem damals noch sehr jungen Sohne ein Vermögen, welches 3500 L. jährlichen Einkommens abwarf, eine für die damaligen Zeiten sehr ansehnliche Summe. Der junge* Waller *wurde zu Eaton erzogen, und studierte nachmals im King's College zu Cambridge. Bereits in seinem 18ten Jahre wurde er zum Parliamentsgliede gewählt; um dieselbe Zeit zeigte er in seinem Gedicht* on the Prince's Charles I's Escape at St. Andero

schon jenen geläuterten Geschmack, den man, nebst dem Numerösen seiner Poesie, mit so vielem Recht und um so mehr an ihm bewundert, da er sich hierin kein Muster zur Nachahmung in seiner Muttersprache vorsetzen konnte. ***Waller*** *verfertigte alle seine Gedichte auf gelegentliche Veranlassung in dem Zeitraum vom 18ten bis zum 80sten Jahre seines Lebens; denn er war, wie wir eben erwähnt haben, ein Mann von glänzenden Glücksumständen, und sah sich daher nie genöthigt, um des Erwerbs willen zu schreiben. Nach dem Tode seiner ersten Gattin, welche ihm ein ansehnliches Vermögen hinterlassen hatte, bewarb er sich, als ein 25jähriger Wittwer, um die Hand der ältesten Tochter des Grafen von* ***Leicester***, *Namens* ***Dorothea Sydney***. *An sie sind viele seiner Gedichte, worin sie den Namen* ***Sacharissa*** *führt, gerichtet. Unser Dichter sah seinen Wunsch nicht erfüllt; denn die schöne* ***Sacharissa*** *gab ihre Hand dem Grafen von* ***Sunderland***. *Eine andere Dame, die Lady* ***Sophia Murray*** *eroberte nun* ***Waller's*** *Herz; sie ist es, die in einigen seiner lieblichen Gesänge unter dem Namen* ***Amoret*** *vorkommt. Um das Jahr 1640 unternahm er eine Reise nach den Bermudischen oder Sommers-Inseln; nach seiner Rückkehr schrieb er sein längstes Gedicht* the Battle of the Summer Islands, *in 3 Gesängen, eine Art von Epopöe, von der es nicht ganz ausgemacht ist, ob er sie zu der ernsthaften oder komischen Gattung gerechnet wissen will. Man findet in derselben die ihm ganz eigenthümliche Leichtigkeit des Versbaues und einige Stellen voll Energie. Eben diese Vorzüge haben verschiedene der kleinern Gedichte, die er zwischen seinem 28sten und 35sten Lebensjahre verfertigte. Um diese Zeit vermählte er sich mit einer Lady* ***Bresse***, *mit welcher er 13 Kinder zeugte. —* ***Waller*** *blieb bei den politischen Veränderungen seines Vaterlandes kein ganz unthätiger Zuschauer, ohne sich indessen zum Haupt einer Partei aufzuwerfen; wiewohl ihm dieses, wegen seiner Verwandtschaft mit* ***Hampden*** *und* ***Cromwell***, *so wie wegen seines Vermögens und seiner glänzenden Talente (er zeichnete sich auch als Parliamentsredner aus) nicht schwer geworden seyn würde. Seinen Grundsätzen nach, war er ein wahrer Freund der Monarchie; er spielte indessen den Republikaner. 1643 entging er mit genauer Noth der Todesstrafe, da er Antheil an einer Verschwörung genommen hatte, deren Zweck die Wiedereinsetzung des Königs war. Man bestrafte ihn mit*

dem Verluste seiner Stelle im Parliament, mit Verbannung aus dem Vaterlande; außerdem mußte er eine Geldstrafe von 10000 l. erlegen. Er begab sich nun nach Paris, wo er so lange auf eine glänzende Art lebte, bis sein Vermögen sich so beträchtlich verringert hatte, daſs er sich genöthigt sah, die Juwelen seiner Frau zu verkaufen. Endlich erflehte er seine Rückkehr beim Protektor. Sie wurde ihm gewährt, und aus Dankbarkeit schrieb er nun bei dem bald darauf erfolgten Tode dieses Mannes jene berühmten Verse, die man für sein Meisterwerk und für ein Muster in der lobrednerischen Gattung ansehen kann. Nach der Restauration besang er den König; dieser aber machte die Bemerkung, daſs das Glückwünschungsgedicht auf ihn, an poetischem Werth, den Versen auf Cromwell's Tod nachstehe. Waller soll darauf die äuſserst sinnreiche Antwort ertheilt haben: Poets, Sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth. *Waller blieb während der Regierung Karl's II. Mitglied des Parliaments, und nahm an verschiedenen wichtigen Verhandlungen desselben, unter andern an der Verfolgung des Lord Clarendon, Antheil. Im Jahre 1685, im 80sten Jahre seines Alters, wurde er abermals zum Repräsentanten im ersten Parliament König Jakob's II, der ihn seiner besondern Wohlgewogenheit würdigte, ernannt. Waller starb den 21sten Oktober 1687, und wurde zu Beaconsfield begraben, wo man ihm auch ein Denkmal errichtete. — Was seinen politischen Karakter betrifft, so muſs man allerdings sagen, daſs dieser etwas wandelbar gewesen, und sich in die Zeitumstände gefügt habe; Bewunderung aber erregt die Geschicklichkeit, mit der unser Dichter in so gefährlichen Zeiten mitten durch die streitenden Parteien sich glücklich zu winden, und mit Männern von den verschiedensten Karakteren, als mit Jakob I, Karl I, Cromwell, Karl II und Jakob II umzugehen wuſste. — Was seine Gedichte betrifft, so verdienen sie um so mehr geschätzt zu werden, da nur ein Zeitraum von 20 Jahren Spenser's letzte und Waller's erste dichterische Produkte trennt; zum Verständniſse jener bedarf man eines Glossariums, bei diesen ist daſselbe ganz entbehrlich. Der allgemeine Karakter derselben ist schon oben angegeben worden. Am glücklichsten ist Waller unstreitig im Liede; allein auch in andern Dichtungsarten erhebt er sich sehr über das Mittelmäſsige. Wir bemerken nur noch, daſs sich unter seinen Werken drei philosophische Lehrgedichte befinden, be-*

titelt: of Divine Love, on the Fear of God *und* of Divine Poesy, *die mehr Anmuth, als Stärke der Gedanken haben.* — *Die sämmtlichen Werke unsers Dichters findet man im 5ten Bande der Andersonschen Sammlung, bei Johnson, und im 26sten und 27sten Bande der Bellschen Ausgabe der Englischen Dichter. Johnson und Bell haben auch sein Leben beschrieben.*

1) Song.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair!

2) Song.

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay:
That pow'rful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! our singing die;
That together you and I
To heav'n may go:
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is that they sing, and that they love.

3) Song.

Say, lovely Dream! where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure wert drest
With that angel-like disguise:
Thus deluded him I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream:
Cruel Sacharissa's mind
Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! If thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heav'nly face of thine;
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it t'appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear,
With humble words express my woe

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised she may fall:
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death-resembling, equals all.

4) To Amoret.

Fair! that you may truly know,
What you unto Thyrsis owe:
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.
Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine:
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free election,
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not a love, a strong desire,
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight,
To behold their milder light;
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly scal'd), does know!
Amoret! as sweet as good,
As the most delicious food,

Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain,
That is mortal, can sustain.
Scarce can I to heav'n excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send;
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to Heav'n itself be due,
To succeed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter liv'd than love.

5) Upon the death of the Lord Protector.

We must resign! Heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. — So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
Our bound's enlargement was his latest toil,

Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle:
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
And, with wise conduct, to his country shew'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

DRYDEN.

Biographische und literarische Nachrichten von diesem berühmten Dichter, s. im ersten Theil dieses Handbuchs S. 29 u. ff. In der Andersonschen Dichtersammlung stehen seine Werke im 6ten Theil, (die Übersetzung des Persius, Juvenal und Horaz im 12ten); in der Bellschen Ausgabe nehmen sie den 40sten bis 42sten Band ein.

1) To the pious memory of the accomplished young lady Mrs. Anne Killegrew, excellent in the two sister-arts of Poesy and Painting.

An Ode.

I.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,

Mov'd with the heaven majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou treadst, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky

Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why where we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

And she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And, to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Ev'n love (for love sometimes her Muse exprest)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast:

Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine
One would have thought, she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chambre of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the Dumb Sister sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest from appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.

So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with reverence strook:
For, not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd, heaven only knows;
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety, could Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:

Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star.
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread.
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

2) ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC *).

An Ode in honour of St. Cecilias' Day **).

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
(So should desert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely Thais, by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus ***), plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:

---

*) *Die hier mitgetheilte Ode von Dryden wurde von unserm berühmten Landsmann Georg Friedrich Händel (geb. zu Halle 1684, gest. 1754) im Jahre 1736 in Musik gesetzt. Schöne Nachbildungen derselben haben Weifse und Ramler geliefert. (Man sehe Weifsen's kleine lyrische Gedichte, Theil III. S. 159 und Ramler's Werke, Ausg. von 1801, Theil II. S. 45.) Die hier befindlichen Anmerkungen sind von dem zuletzt genannten Dichter entlehnt.* **) *Cäcilia, die im Anfang des 3ten Jahrhunderts lebte, wird für eine heilige Jungfrau und für die Erfinderin der Orgel gehalten. Sie soll nebst dem Valerianus, ihrem Verlobten, den sie zum christlichen Glauben bekehrt hatte, den Märtyrertod erlitten haben. Ihr Andenken wird in London jährlich den 22sten November gefeiert.*

***) *Timotheus, der vortreffliche Tonkünstler in Griechen-*

The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god *):
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

---

land, verfertigte starke und männliche Gesangweisen, dergleichen am meisten nach Alexanders *Geschmack waren. Durch die Phrygische hatte er ihn einst so aufser sich gesetzt, dafs er aufsprang und zu den Waffen griff. Auf diesen kleinen historischen Umstand hat* Dryden *sein Gedicht gegründet.*

*) *In der berühmten Nachricht von* Alexandern *dem* Betrüger *schreibt* Lucian: *„Zu Pella in Macedonien sahen sie eine Art von ungewöhnlich grofsen Schlangen oder Drachen, die so sanft und zahm sind, dafs sie von Weibern wie andere Hausthiere aufgezogen wurden, bei den Kindern schlafen, sich ohne böse zu werden, necken und treten lassen, ja sogar wie Säuglinge an die Brust gelegt werden, anstatt jener die Milch auszuziehen. Sie sind in dieser Gegend sehr gemein, und vermuthlich ist das alte Mährchen, das von der Königin* Olympias *erzählt wird, daher entstanden, weil sie vielleicht eine solche Schlange bei sich schlafen liefs, als sie mit* Alexandern *schwanger ging." S. den 3ten Theil der* Lucianischen *Werke, übersetzt von* Wieland.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With down-cast looks the joyless victor sate

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below,
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At lenght, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods *).
The princes applaud, with a furious joy:
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way **),
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

---

*) *Die Perser verachteten die Vielgötterei. Als der Persische König* **Kambyses** *in Ägypten den Tempel der Kabiren besuchte, welche man als Götter verehrte, und wovon man glaubte, daſs es sehr gefährlich wäre, sie zu beleidigen, trieb er ein Gespött mit den Zwergbildern derselben, und lieſs den Tempel verbrennen. Dem* **Apis**, *dem göttlich verehrten Stier der Ägypter, stieſs er den Dolch in die Seite, und lieſs die Priester derselben geiſseln. Der König* **Darius Ochus** *lieſs den* **Apis** *sogar schlachten und verzehrte ihn mit seinen Hofleuten.*

) **Thais, *eine Athenienserin, wünschte bei dem königlichen Gastmahl zu Persepolis die Ehre zu haben, den Pallast des* **Xerxes**, *welcher Athen eingeäschert hatte, mit eigner Hand anzuzünden. Ihre Rede fand bei den betrunkenen Gästen Beifall und* **Alexander** *selbst ergriff eine Fackel.* **Plutarch**

Chorus.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand Chorus.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

---

im Leben Alexanders. Auch Arrian und Strabo berichten, daſs man nur den königlichen Pallast verbrannt habe. Curtius schreibt, daſs die ganze Stadt verbrannt worden sey. Auch Plinius nennt Persepolis eine von Alexandern zerstörte Stadt.

3) Theodore and Honoria *)

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name.
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none);
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone,
His gifts, his constant courtship nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp, he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes.
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid,
Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows could move,
The work went backward, and the more he strove,
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow;
For who would die, to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief, than all the rest;
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd,
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.

---

*) A translation from Boccace.

Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain;
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient, they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard, you may think, it was, to give consent,
But, struggling with his own desires, he went.
With large expence and with a pompous train
Provided, as to visit France or Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short:
Confin'd within the purlieus of his court,
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime: the neighbouring grove
Supply'd with birds, the choiristers of love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning-walks, and lull'd his cares by night.
There he discharg'd his friends; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge,
With house and heart still open to receive,
As well content as love would give him leave.
He would have liv'd more free: but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.
It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed,
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by the wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd:
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.

The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent.
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon:
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
While listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb, a rising earthquake rock'd the ground.
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled,
Nature was in alarm: some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear.
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid
With hair dishevel'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her cloaths, and ev'n those parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn.
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood imbru'd,
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side:
Mercy, O mercy, heaven! she ran, and cry'd.
When heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again:
Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chace.
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:

He cheer'd the dogs to follow her, who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind,
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A sapline pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave, to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.
He said, at once dismounting from the steed,
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd,
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright
With chattering teeth and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd;
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget:
My name and story some remember yet.
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not, her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain;
She scorn'd my sorrows and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care:
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,

To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid
By heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid,
And, as in unrepenting sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her pride
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There then we met; both try'd, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain,
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly.
No more a lover but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dyd,
I pierce her open back or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
This vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates.
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds, that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months, as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my last farewell,

As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food.
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things, he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law,
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such, as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet reflecting, that it could not be
From heav'n, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself, to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare,
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspir'd from heav'n, he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay,
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsel'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late yet is at last become my care.
My heart shall be my own; my vast expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;
This only I require: invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine. The cause I shall display,
On Friday next; for that's th' appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends; the task was light;

The father, mother, daughter, they invite,
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame.
A feast prepar'd with riotous expence,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face,
To front the thicket, and behold the chace.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the desert and fruits were plac'd,
The fien'ds alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise,
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds, that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon, on the sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursued the visionary maid,
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly sprite;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
Back on your lives! let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way.
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,

Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heav'n design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warned a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much-lamented case
Of him, who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faultering tongue.
The fright was general, but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case their own.
So, spread upon a lake, with upward eye
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop, and all attend,
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground,
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;

Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost, that spurr'd th' infernal steed:
The more dismay'd for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with kind adieu;
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the death they damn'd the living dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind,
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought, the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awak'd she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;

Fear, pride, remorse at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd,
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain.
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest,
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the chearful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commisssion'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd and hop'd, but scarce believ'd.
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present:
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.

There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care,
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste);
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborn by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

POMFRET.

John Pomfret *wurde zu Luton in Bedfordshire im Jahre 1677 geboren, studierte im Queen's College zu Cambridge, und erhielt hier 1694 die Würde eines* Baccalaureus *und 1698 die eines* Magister Artium. *Er trat darauf in den geistlichen Stand, und bekam eine Pfarre zu Malden in Bedfordshire. Um das Jahr 1703 sollte er eine einträglichere Stelle erhalten, und begab sich daher nach London; hier fand er aber unerwartete Hindernisse, zu denen folgende Stelle aus seinem Gedicht* the Choice *Veranlassung gegeben hatte:*

„And as I near approach'd the verge of life
Some kind relation *(for I'd have no wife)*
Should take upon him all my worldly care
While I did for a better world prepare."

Es kostete zwar nicht viele Mühe, den frömmelnden Eiferern den wahren Sinn dieser Worte darzulegen, um so mehr, da unser Dichter um diese Zeit verheirathet war; indessen veranlaßte ihn dieses doch, sich länger, als eigentlich nöthig gewesen wäre, in London aufzuhalten. Hier bekam er die Pocken, und wurde 1703 ein Opfer dieser Krankheit. — Von seinen übrigen Lebensumständen hat man keine genauen Nachrichten. Pomfret war ein Mann von Genie und Kenntnissen. Seine Gedichte sind sehr beliebt, wiewohl es ihnen an Kraft des Ausdrucks gebricht. Die Schuld davon liegt vielleicht zum Theil darin, daß seine Sujets größten-

theils aus dem gemeinen Leben entlehnt sind. Seine Versifikation ist rein und melodisch. Das berühmteste seiner Gedichte ist das hier mitgetheilte, the Choice; *die übrigen sind von geringerm Werth. Johnson fällt über ihn folgendes Urtheil:* His *Choice* exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; such a state as affords plenty and tranquillity, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures. Perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than Pomfret's Choice. In his other poems there is an easy volubility; the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with ponderous or entangled with intricate sentiments. He pleases many, and he who pleases many must have some species of merit. *Man findet seine Werke im 6ten Bande der Andersonschen, im 51sten der Bellschen und im 21sten der Johnsonschen Sammlung. Anderson und Johnson haben auch das Leben dieses Dichters erzählt.*

The Choice.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
 Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:

He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t'oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare;
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread:
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;

Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity;
Well-born, of humours suited to my own;
Discreet, and men as well as books have known;
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right;
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust:
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy medlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd choose
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there's that sweetness in a femal mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passion sway;
Easy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much:
That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
But so divine, so noble a repast
I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T'oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be

A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave.
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

PHILIPS.

John Philips *wurde den 30sten Dezember 1676 geboren. Er besuchte die Schule zu Winchester, erwarb sich hier bei seinen ausgezeichneten Talenten gute Kenntnisse, vorzüglich in der Griechischen und Lateinischen Sprache, und bezog* 1694 *das Christ-Church-College zu Oxford. Hier setzte er die Lektüre der Alten fort, kultivirte sein dichterisches Genie vornehmlich durch das Studium der Werke Milton's, vernachlässigte indessen auch nicht die andern Wissenschaften; am meisten zog ihn Naturgeschichte überhaupt, und Botanik insonderheit an sich.* 1703 *machte er das Gedicht* the Splendid Shilling *bekannt, und dieses verschaffte ihm einen solchen Ruf, daſs St. John (nachmaliger Lord Viscount Bolingbroke) und die Tories ihm den Auftrag gaben, ein Gedicht auf den Sieg zu Blenheim zu schreiben, wahrscheinlich als Gegenstück zu dem von Addison, zu welchem Halifax und die Whigs Veranlassung gegeben hatten. Das* Blenheim *unsers Dichters erschien* 1705, *und selbst die*

Freunde von **Addison's** Campaign *gaben zu, daß dasselbe erträglich sey.* 1706 *erschien sein größtes Werk* the Cider, *ein Lehrgedicht in zwei Gesängen, zu welchem er bereits zu Oxford den Plan entworfen hatte, den er nachmals zu London ausführte. Dusch, im ersten Theile der Briefe zur Bildung des Geschmacks S. 158, tadelt an demselben, daß es einige Episoden enthalte, die von dem Gedicht selbst ohne Schaden getrennt werden könnten; er läßt indessen dem dogmatischen Theile desselben vollkommene Gerechtigkeit wiederfahren. Eben darauf läuft auch das Urtheil seines neusten Biographen Anderson hinaus, welcher von diesem Lehrgedicht sagt:* It was read with universal approbation, as an imitation of Virgil's Georgic which emulated the beauties of the finest production of antiquity. It continued long to be read and is entitled to this peculiar praise, that it is founded in truth; that the precepts it contains are exact and just; and that it is therefore at once a book of entertainment and of science. *Wir theilen aus demselben die Anweisung mit, wie man einen Obstgarten anlegen soll; ferner die schöne Episode, welche die Beschreibung eines Erdbebens enthält, und die sich auf eine dunkle Tradition und auf gewisse Ruinen einiger alten Schlösser gründet, die man noch zu Hereford antrifft; und endlich eine Stelle, woraus man unsern Dichter als Maler ländlicher Sitten kennen lernen kann. Verböte es nicht die Beschränktheit des Raums, so würden wir noch einige andere Episoden, vorzüglich diejenigen mittheilen, welche Philips aus der Englischen Geschichte entlehnt, und die er schön und geschickt eingeleitet, und mit pathetischen Zügen angefüllt hat. — Unter seinen wenigen andern Gedichten findet man noch eine Englische und Lateinische Ode* to Henry St. John Esq. 1706, *enthaltend eine Danksagung für Wein und Taback, womit der Lord den Dichter beschenkt hatte; ferner* Bachanalian Song, *und ein Gedicht überschrieben:* Cerealia. *Philips starb den 15ten Februar 1708, im 32sten Jahre seines Alters, und wurde zu Hereford begraben; nachmals wurde ihm ein Denkmal in der Westminsterabtei errichtet. Über seinen dichterischen Karakter fällt Johnson folgendes Urtheil:* What study could confer, Philips had obtained; but natural deficience cannot be supplied. He seems not born to greatness and elevation. *Vielleicht ist dieser Kunstrichter, wie oft, so auch hier etwas zu strenge. — Was den sittlichen Werth unsers Dichters betrifft, so ist*

darüber nur Eine Stimme; alle räumen es ihm ein, dafs er stets die Pflichten des Menschen und Bürgers gewissenhaft erfüllt habe. — Seine Werke findet man im 21sten Bande der Johnsonschen, im 6ten der Andersonschen und 66sten Theile der Bellschen Ausgabe. Johnson und Anderson haben auch ihren Ausgaben Nachrichten von seinem Leben vorgesetzt.

From the Cider.

1. *)

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath
Nurtures the orange, and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odors sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling showers
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchards smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

2. **)

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers (luckless men!) ingulft.
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.

*) Book I. **) Cider, Book I.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd.
Aërial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium *): uncontroul'd and free,
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands
Arose; had not the heavenly Powers averse
Decreed her final doom; for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst; Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture; hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks: and now the lowring sky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd? whence seek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs

*) Ariconium, *ein Ort in* Britannia Romana.

Of wrath and desolation? vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to heaven erect!
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look; at every gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm, profound! with swift descent:
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous track of land,
She whilome stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

3. *)

The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit

*) Cider, Book II.

T'indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
Encrease their joy. As, from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.
Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. — —

PARNELL.

Thomas Parnell, 1679 zu *Dublin geboren, bezog nach dem in einer Grammar-school genossenen Unterricht die Universität, nahm* 1700 *den Grad eines Magisters der freien Künste an, wurde gleich darauf zum Diaconus ordinirt, und erhielt* 1705 *das Archidiaconat von Clogher. Gegen das Ende der Regierung* **Anna's** *zeichnete er sich zu London sowohl durch seine Anhänglichkeit an das Ministerium, als durch seine Kanzelberedsamkeit aus, und erregte dadurch die Aufmerksamkeit des Erzbischofs* **King**, *der ihm* 1713 *eine Präbende, und* 1716 *eine einträgliche Predigerstelle zu Finglas in der Diöces von Dublin gab. Die letztere konnte er jedoch nicht antreten; denn er starb bereits* 1717 *auf seiner*

Reise nach Irland zu Chester. Er ist Verfasser einer Reihe geschmackvoller Gedichte, die sein Freund Pope gesammelt, herausgegeben und dem Grafen von Oxford dedicirt hat. Poems on several occasions, written by Thomas Parnell, and publish'd by A. Pope, *London* 1721 *und* 1760. 8. *Goldsmith hat diese Ausgabe wiederholt, sie mit einigen Stücken vermehrt, und ihr das Leben des Dichters vorgesetzt, London* 1770. 8. *In dieser Gestalt findet man sie in dem 44sten Bande der Johnsonschen, im 7ten der Andersonschen, und im 67sten und 68sten der Bellschen Sammlung der Werke Englischer Dichter abgedruckt. Zu den vorzüglichsten Stücken gehören:* Hesiod, or the rise of woman; a Fairy Tale, in the ancient english style; the night-piece on death; the book-worm; the vigil of Venus; the hermit; the Allegory on man etc. *Dem letztern Gedicht erkennt Johnson die Palme zu, der übrigens von unserm Dichter behauptet, daſs er immer ergötze, aber nie entzücke. Das Leben des Dichters haben, auſser Goldsmith, auch Johnson und Anderson erzählt.*

1) An Allegory on Man.

A thoughtful being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too);
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man rose staring, like a stake,
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely shew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god

(For which his curls ambrosial shake
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake),
He saw old mother Earth arise;
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes;
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made — Great Jove, she cry'd,
This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay, rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cry'd honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man.
And can celestial tempers rage;
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I;
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young);
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire, Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,

As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his train adorn!
The other Seasons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:
Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they were they first began;
But, since their union makes the man;
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.
He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, said Jove; and, for consent,
Thund'ring, he shook the firmament,
Our umpire Time shall have his way;
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict; and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

2) The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystall well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, father, hail! he cry'd,
And „hail, my son!" the reverend sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;

Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause to woe;
His cup was vanish'd, for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew;
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coursest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke; and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,

He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
Detested wretch! – But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plum s display.
The form etherial bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel! — thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son,
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
„Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

But *Milton* *) next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks.
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upwards springs, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire.
But when with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
O had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly *Waller* **) next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs, and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire:
So long shall Waller's strains our passions move,
And Saccharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious Bard, and flattering song,

*) S. S. 154. **) S. S. 189.

Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong,
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's *) wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse,
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must *Roscommon* **) pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, *Denham* ***) must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.
But see where artful *Dryden* ****) next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds, or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles, or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases and her satire bites.
From her no harsh, unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long had flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious *Congreve* *****), and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

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*) Boyne, *ein Fluſs in der Irländischen Landschaft Leinster, wo* W i l h e l m *am 1sten Julius* 1690 *seinen Gegner Jacob völlig schlug.* **) *S.* 184. ***) *S.* 144. ****) *S.* 196. *****) *S.* 256.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble *Montague* *) remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for jugdment fam'd.
To *Dorset* **) he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains:
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simoïs, chok'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present, that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them, that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
And so at once, dear friend, and muse, farewell!

2) An Hymn.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

---

*) *Charles Montague Earl of Halifax, geboren 1661, gestorben 1715. 1690 schrieb er seine schöne Epistel:* to the Earl of Dorset, occasioned by his Majesty's victory on Ireland. *Man findet seine Gedichte im 6ten Theile der Andersonschen Sammlung.* **) *Charles Sackville Earl of Dorset, geboren den 24sten Januar 1637, gestorben den 19ten Januar 1705-6. Man findet die wenigen dichterischen Arbeiten dieses Mannes gleichfalls im 6ten Bande der Andersonschen Sammlung.*

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hast doubled all my store.

Then thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails; and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

3) A letter from Italy, to the right honourable Charles Lord Halifax *).

While you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,

*) *Siehe die erste Anmerkung zu Seite 242. Der Lord hatte ansehnliche Staatsämter bekleidet, legte indessen, durch Umstände genöthigt, verschiedene derselben im Anfang der Regierung der Königin* Anna *(1702) nieder.*

And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus *) through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winters snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thirsty urns and an unfruitful source:
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne **), a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,

---

*) *Nar, Clitumnus, Mincio, Eridanus, Albula, Namen bekannter Flüsse des alten Italiens.* **) *S. die Anmerkung zu S. 241. In dem Stücke, wozu sie gehört, ist auch bereits angegeben, dass der Lord eine Ode auf den Sieg von Boyne verfertigte; darauf beziehen sich die Worte:* by your lines — renown'd.

That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires:
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,

So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign;
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy sight:
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, Goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:

'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle-in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

PRIOR.

Matthew Prior, 1664, *nach einigen zu Winborn i*
Dorsetshire, nach andern zu London geboren, wurde, ung
achtet er sich in der Westminsterschule gründliche Kenntnis
in den alten Sprachen erworben hatte, zum Weinschenk b
stimmt; allein der Graf Dorset, *der ihn einmal von ung*
fähr den Horaz *lesen sah, ward so von seinen Fähigkeit*

angenommen, dass er ihn studieren liess. Der Jüngling bezog demnach 1682 das St. Johns-College zu Cambridge, und wurde 4 Jahre darauf zum Bachelor ernannt. 1688 gab er in Vereinigung mit M o n t a g u e *ein scherzhaftes Gedicht* the country mouse and the city mouse *heraus, wodurch er sich bei der neuen Regierung so beliebt machte, dass er 1691 als Gesandtschaftssekretär nach dem Haager Kongress geschickt wurde. Bald darauf ernannte ihn König* W i l l i a m *aus Zufriedenheit mit seinem Benehmen zu einem der* gentlemen of the bedchamber. *1697 ward er von neuem Gesandtschaftssekretär, und wirkte beim Ryswicker Friedensschlusse. Im folgenden Jahre ging er in ähnlichen Geschäften an den Französischen Hof, wo er in grossem Ansehen gestanden haben soll. 1700 wurde er* Commissioner of trade *und 1701 Mitglied des Unterhauses. Hierauf lebte er mehrere Jahre den Musen. 1711 berief man ihn zu den Geschäften eines Unterhändlers zurück, und schickte ihn mit Friedensvorschlägen nach Paris. Er bewies hierbei so vielen Eifer und solche Geschicklichkeit, dass man ihn 1714 zum bevollmächtigten Gesandten an dem Französischen Hofe ernannte. Dies blieb er, bis er, ein treuer Diener der Tories, gegen das Ende des folgenden Jahres von der triumphirenden Whig-Partei zurückberufen, und, weil man ihn verschiedener bei seinen Staatsgeschäften begangener Fehler beschuldigte, in Verhaft genommen wurde. Erst nach 2 Jahren erhielt er seine Freiheit wieder. Da er itzt von Gelde entblösst war, so riethen ihm seine Freunde, seine Gedichte auf Pränumeration herauszugeben. Er that es (London 1717 fol.) und gewann dadurch 4000 Guineen. Hierzu legte der Lord* H a r l e y, *Sohn des Grafen von* O x f o r d, *eine gleiche Summe, wovon er sich Down-hall in Essex kaufte, und den Rest seiner Tage in einer angenehmen literarischen Musse verlebte. Er starb 1721 zu Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, dem Landsitze seines grossmüthigen Freundes, und wurde in der Westminsterabtei beigesetzt. In seinen Gedichten herrscht überaus viele Mannigfaltigkeit. Sie bestehen aus* E r z ä h l u n g e n, G e l e g e n h e i t s g e d i c h t e n, L i e d e r n *und zwei längeren Stücken,* Alma *und* Solomon. *Am glücklichsten ist er in seinen leicht und mit Anmuth geschriebenen* E r z ä h l u n g e n, *deren 4 sind,* the Ladle, Protogenes and Apelles, Paulo Purganti, *und* Hans Carvel. *Die Gelegenheitsgedichte verlieren itzt viel von ihrem Werth. Von seinen Liedern ist eine gro-*

ste Anzahl in Musik gesetzt worden. Alma, *ein scherzhaftes Gedicht und Nachahmung des* Hudibras, *betrifft die Frage, wo der Sitz der Seele zu suchen sey?* Solomon, *ein aus 3 Büchern bestehendes Lehrgedicht* on the Vanity of the world *hat eine ermüdende Einförmigkeit. Siehe Johnson's* lives of the English poets, *Vol.* 3. *Die sämmtlichen Gedichte Prior's sind häufig erschienen, z. B. London* 1754, 2 *Vol.* 8., *und nehmen den* 30 *und* 31*sten Band der Johnsonschen, den* 47 - 49*sten der Bellschen und einen Theil des* 7*ten Bandes der Andersonschen Sammlung ein. Außer Johnson, haben auch Anderson und verschiedene andere sein Leben erzählt.*

1) Merry Andrew.

Sly Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair *)
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So peevish was the edict of the mayor);
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;
To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean?
Quoth Andrew, honest English let us speak:
Your emble (what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:

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*) *Eine Beschreibung des Londoner Bartholomäusmarkts findet man im* 7*ten Stück der bekannten Zeitschrift London und Paris von* 1798. „*Dieser Markt wird in Smithfield gehalten, und der Lord Mayor zeigt sich da in seiner ganzen Machtvollkommenheit. Da nun Southwark seine eigene, dem Stadtrathe von London nicht untergeordnete Gerichtsbarkeit hat, so findet das, was in Smithfield nicht geduldet wird, in Southwark, wo auch so ein Jahrmarkt gehalten wird, seine Aufnahme.*“ — *Eine Übersetzung dieses launigen Stücks findet man in einer Note zum* 5*ten Gesang des neuen Amadis, von Wieland (s. dessen sämmtliche Werke,* 4*ter Band, S.* 105.).

Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now:
Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
Since I have found the secret to be great.
O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill. —
Bow then, says Andrew; and, for once, I will. —
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk less:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue!
　A reverend prelate stopt his coach and six,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on, he cried; this fellow is no fool.

2) The Garland.

The pride of every grove I chose,
　The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
　To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
　Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
　The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
　And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
　Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
　Their odours lost, their colours past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
　Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt, sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour! pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear — what does it mean?

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said;
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day:
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

3) The Ladle.

The Scepticks think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down incognito,
To see, who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or rose,
That, since they gave things their beginning,
And set this whirligig a-spinning,
Supine they in their heav'n remain,
Exempt from passion and from pain,
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and shuffle for ourselves;
To stand or walk, to rise or trumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets now and painters hold
This thesis both absurd and bold,
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day:
Else all these things we toil so hard in,
Would not avail one single farthing;
For, when the hero we rehearse,
To grace his actions and our verse,
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought:
Iris descends by fate's commands,
To guide his steps through foreign lands,
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks aud quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He shows not half his force and strength,
Strutting in armour, and at length
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger;
The Nymphs conduct him to the field,
One holds his sword, and one his shield;
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel,
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly-learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute.
Each, mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight,
'Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.

Is it in equilibrio,
If deities descend, or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my tale;
For by all parties 'tis confest,
That those opinions are the best,
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove,

The humour was (it seems) to know,
If all the favours they bestow,
Could from our own perverseness ease us,
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.
Discoursing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came,
Till, well nigh tir'd at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernatural powers,
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They spied at last a country farm,
Where all was snug and clean and warm;
For woods before and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing:
Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was growing:
Of last-year's corn in barns great store,
Fat turkeys, gobbling at the door,
And wealth (in short) with peace consented,
That people here should live contented.
But did they in effect do so?
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.
The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had struggled with the marriage noose,
As almost every couple does,
Sometimes, my plague! sometimes, my darling!
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met them in the yard;
Thought, they were folks, that lost their way,
And ask'd them civilly to stay,
Told them, for supper or for bed
They might go on, and be worse sped. —
So said, so done. The gods consent:
All three into the parlour went.
They compliment; they sit; they chat,
Fight o'er the wars, reform the state:

A thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.
Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame:
Obsequious Hermes did the same.
Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife; you say!
He did — but in an honest way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife. —
Well then, things handsomely were serv'd:
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear,
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here;
For I should grieve, to have it said,
That, by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.
The grace-cup serv'd, the cloath away,
Jove thought it time, to show his play.
Landlord and Landlady, he cried,
Folly and jesting laid aside!
That ye thus hospitably live,
And strangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
To give this thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of Gods (nay never wonder):
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter and he Mercurius,
My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
Form then three wishes, you and Madam,
And sure, as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd in half an hour
Shall all be here and in your power.
Thank ye, great gods, the woman says:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A ladle for our silver-dish
Is, what I want, is, what I wish. —
A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!
Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill.

What should be great, you turn to farce;
I wish the ladle in your a — .
With equal grief and shame, my muse
The sequel of the tale pursues.
The ladle fell into the room,
And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
Our couple weep two wishes past,
And kindly join, to form the last;
To ease the woman's aukward pain,
And get the ladle out again.

M o r a l.

This commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head aches for a coronet,
And who is bless'd, that is not great?
Some sense, and more estate, kind heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? he must have rule and sway,
And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.
The miser must make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum:
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.
Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty, something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel something unpossess'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain,
And to the coffin from the cradle
'Tis all a Wish and all a Ladle.

CONGREVE.

William Congreve, *einer der grössten dramatischen Dichter der Engländer, stammte aus einer alten Familie in Staffordshire. Ort und Zeit seiner Geburt sind ziemlich un-*

bekannt. Ist die Aufschrift auf seinem Monument in der Westminsterabtei richtig, so ward er 1672 geboren. Er selbst nannte sich einen Engländer, ob ihn gleich jeder andere zu einem Irländer gemacht hat. So viel ist gewiſs, daſs er anfangs auf der Schule zu Kilkenny und hierauf zu Dublin erzogen wurde. Im 16ten Jahre seines Alters wurde er nach London geschickt, um die Rechte zu studieren, die er aber bald gegen die Dichtkunst vertauschte. Er zeigte sich früh als Schriftsteller. Sein erstes dramatisches Produkt, die mit groſsem Beifall aufgenommene Komödie, the old Bachelor, wurde 1693 aufgeführt. Sie war ihm sehr einträglich, und verschaffte ihm die Gunst des Lord Halifax, der ihn zu einem der commissioners for licensing coaches etc. ernannte. The double Dealer, ein Lustspiel, welches im folgenden Jahre gegeben wurde, genoſs keiner so ausgezeichneten Aufnahme. 1695 wurde Love for Love gespielt, ein Stück, welches die Handlungen der Menschen treffender darstellt, als die vorigen. Sein Trauerspiel the mourning Bride (1697) gehört zu den schönsten Stücken der Englischen Bühne, und wird noch jetzt gespielt. Sein letztes Schauspiel, the Way of the World, gefiel nicht, und dies veranlaſste ihn zu dem Entschlusse, von nun an in der Stille bloſs sich und seinen Freunden zu leben. Von dieser Zeit an schrieb er auch wenig. 1710 gab er seine miscellaneous Poems heraus, zu denen er in der Folge, ob er gleich nach ihrer ersten Erscheinung noch lange lebte, nichts hinzufügte. Als die Whigs, denen er vorzüglich ergeben war, 1714 empor kamen, ward er Secretary for the island of Jamaica, ein Posten, der ihm 1200 L. eintrug. Er wurde von jedem Manne von Verdienst geschätzt, z. B. von Pope, der ihm seine Iliade dedicirte, und starb zu London im Anfang des Jahres 1729. Als Schauspieldichter war er originell. Seine Karaktere sind glücklich gewählt, aber nicht immer ganz der Natur getreu kopirt. Er war nur für das Drama geboren; seine Kräfte verlieſsen ihn, wenn er in eine andere Sphäre trat. Unter den miscellaneous Poems ist keines, das ihn überlebt hätte, die hier abgedruckte Ode auf den Cecilien-Tag ausgenommen, die aber der Popeschen so wenig als der Drydenschen an die Seite zu setzen ist. In seinen Pindaric odes herrscht viel Regelmäſsigkeit, und er hat seinen Landsleuten zuerst gezeigt, daſs auch der Enthusiasmus seine Regeln haben müsse. S. Johnson's Lives of the english poets

Vol. II. Die beste Ausgabe seiner Werke ist folgende: the Works of Mr. Congreve, a new edition, ornamented with copper-plates. To which is prefixed the life of the author. *London* 1788. 2 *Vol.* 12. *Die* miscellaneous Poems *nehmen einen Theil des 29sten Bandes der Johnsonschen, des 7ten der Andersonschen und den 56sten Band der Bellschen Ausgabe ein.*

A Hymn to Harmony, in honour of St. Cecilia's day (1701) *).

(Set to Music by Mr. John Eccles.)

I.

O Harmony, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise.
All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!
Wise nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

Chorus.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
Could penetrate th' abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;

*) *Eine Nachbildung dieser Hymne findet man in Weissens kleinen lyrischen Gedichten, Theil III. S.* 180.; *desgleichen von dem Rektor Klausen in Altona (s. Minerva von* 1804, *Junius, S.* 542.)

Then all these shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

Chorus.

Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

III.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the God inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the Muses sung:
Then first the Muses sung: melodious strains Apollo play'd,
And music first began by thy auspicious aid.
Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

Chorus.

Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

IV.

Descend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes opprest,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distrest,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too soon retreats.
Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

Chorus.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred Nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In every breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclin'd:
With balmly sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

Chorus.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, to soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin;
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

Chorus.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,

Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O sooth her cares
With softest, sweetest airs,
Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

Chorus.

Let victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,
And rule again the starry sphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To ease the world of care.
Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies.
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal music never dies.

Grand Chorus.

Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd,
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal music never dies.

GAY.

John Gay, 1688 *zu oder bei Barnstaple in Devonshi[re] geboren, erhielt von einem gewissen* Luck, *Schullehrer a[n] diesem Ort, und Dichter, eine Erziehung, die zur Entwick[e]lung seines glücklichen Talents zur Poesie nicht wenig be[i]trug. Bei einer solchen Bildung liefs es sich erwarten, da[fs] ihm die Beschäftigungen eines* Galanteriehändlers *(den[n] dazu hatte ihn seine unbegüterte Familie bestimmt,) kei[ne] Unterhaltung gewähren würden. Man weifs nicht, in we[l]chem Jahre er die Lehre angetreten und verlassen hat; [so] viel ist aber gewifs, dafs ihn die Herzogin von* Monmout[h] *1712 als Sekretär in ihre Dienste nahm. In diesem Poste[n] fand er Mufse genug, die Dichtkunst zu üben. Er machte bald seine* rural Sports, a georgic in II cantos, *bekannt, un[d] widmete sie dem schon damals berühmten* Pope, *welches z[u] der vertrauten Freundschaft beider Dichter die erste Vera[n]lassung gab. 1713 liefs er seine Komödie* the Wife of Ba[th] *drucken, ungeachtet sie auf der Bühne keinen Beifall gefu[n]den hatte. Um eben diese Zeit gab er* the Shepherd's we[ek] *heraus, eine aus 6 Eklogen bestehende, ganz der Natur g[e]mäfse Darstellung des Charakters, der Sitten und Beschäfti[]gungen der Englischen Landleute. Unglücklicher Weise hat[te] er dies Werk dem Lord* Bolingbroke *dedicirt. Es schl[u]gen ihm also seine Hoffnungen zu Gunstbezeugungen vo[n] Seiten der neuen Regierung fehl, ob er gleich als Sekret[är] des Grafen* Clarendon, *Englischen Gesandten am Hann[ö]verschen Hofe im letzten Regierungsjahr der Königin* Ann[a] *zu glänzenden Erwartungen berechtigt war. Bald nach se[i]ner Rückkehr wurde die Tragikomödie* what-d'ye-call-it *m[it] einigem Beifall gegeben. Unter den eingemischten Lieder[n] zeichnet sich die unten folgende Ballade ganz vorzüglich au[s]*

Minder günstig wurde seine unter Pope's *und* Arbuthnot's *Beihülfe geschriebene und 1717 bekannt gemachte Komödie,* three Hours after Marriage, *aufgenommen. Nachdem er mit Herrn* Pultney *eine Reise nach Achen gemacht, und sich einige Zeit auf dem Landsitze des Lord* Harcourt *aufgehalten hatte, gab er seine Gedichte auf Subskription heraus* (1720), *eine Spekulation, die ihm* 1000 l. *einbrachte.* 1724 *erschienen* the Captives, *ein gut aufgenommenes Trauerspiel, und* 1726 *der erste Band seiner Fabeln, zum Unterricht des jungen Herzogs von* Cumberland *geschrieben. Er ist in dieser Dichtungsart bei den Engländern eben so klassisch, als* la Fontaine *bei den Franzosen. Seine Fabeln sind jedoch nicht in äsopischer Manier geschrieben, sondern mehr Erzählungen und Allegorien, wovon es einigen ganz an Moral fehlt. Übrigens sind sie mit Leichtigkeit erzählt und versificirt. Einen beispiellosen Beifall erhielt seine* Beggar's Opera, *die von dem Theater von Drury-Lane verworfen, aber von dem Schauspieler* Rich *angenommen wurde, und, wie man sich scherzhaft ausdruckte, die Wirkung hatte,* of making Gay rich, and Rich gay. *Sie wurde zu London* 63*mal hinter einander aufgeführt, und durchwanderte alle ansehnliche Städte von Grofsbritannien und Irland. Noch itzt ist sie Lieblingsstück der Engländer. Es erfolgte nachher noch ein zweiter Theil unter dem Titel* Polly, *der aber nicht aufgeführt werden durfte, weil man, gewifs ohne Grund, glaubte, dafs der erste zur Immoralität verleite, da er einen* highwayman *unbestraft lasse. Das Publikum hielt ihn indessen schadlos, da er diese Fortsetzung auf Subskription drucken liefs. Die* Beggar's Opera *zog ihm die Achtung und Freundschaft vieler Grofsen zu, besonders des Herzogs und der Herzogin von* Queensberry, *in deren Gesellschaft er den letzten Theil seines Lebens zubrachte, nachdem er vergeblich gehofft hatte, dafs ihn* George II *und seine Gemahlin, die ihn vor ihrer Thronbesteigung geschätzt hatten, zu ansehnlichen Ämtern befördern würden. Er starb am Ende des Jahres* 1732, *und wurde in der Westminsterabtei begraben. Zu seinen Freunden gehörte, aufser* Pope *und* Arbuthnot, *vorzüglich* Swift, *mit dem er viele Briefe gewechselt hat. Nach seinem Tode erschien der zweite Theil seiner Fabeln, von dem Herzog von* Queensberry *besorgt, gröfstentheils politischen Inhalts. Unter seinen Gedichten, die den* 41 *und* 42*sten Theil der* Johnsonschen, *den* 80-82*sten Band der* Bell-

schen und einen Theil des 8ten Bandes der Andersonschen Sammlung ausmachen, finden sich außer den gedachten noch folgende: the Fan, a poem in III books; Trivia, or the art of walking the streets of London, in III books; 14 *Episteln*, 5 *Eklogen*, 3 *Elegien*, *Gesänge und Balladen*, *Erzählungen*, Miscellanies *und* Dione a pastoral tragedy, *Nachahmung des* Aminta *und* Pastor fido. *Seine Fabeln sind sehr oft mit Kupferstichen herausgegeben worden, z. B. London* 1775, 8., *desgleichen London* 1792, *in* 2 *Vol. mit* 70 *Kupfern. Als eine sehr gute Ausgabe verdient folgende angeführt zu werden:* Fables by John Gay, illustrated with notes and the life of the author by William Coxe, Rector of Bermetton, *London* 1796, *vorzüglich schätzbar wegen der mit grofser Sorgfalt ausgearbeiteten Biographie. Gay war nach Pope's Urtheil ein gerader, anspruchsloser Mann, der so redete, wie er dachte, und immer zu mifsfallen fürchtete. Johnson spricht ihm ganz jene* mens divinior *ab, die das Eigenthum grofser Dichter ist, läfst ihm aber als einem Sänger einer niedrigern Sphäre alle Gerechtigkeit wiederfahren. Besonders erhebt er ihn als den Erfinder einer neuen Schauspielgattung, der Balladenoper, die das Italiänische Drama verdrängt, und sich bereits länger als ein halbes Jahrhundert mit Beifall auf der Bühne erhalten hat. Siehe* Lives of the most eminent english poets, *Vol. III.*

1) A Ballad,

From the What-D'ye-Call-It.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
  With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
  All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
  She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
  That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
  And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
  Why didst thou trust the seas?

Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
  And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
  To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
  Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
  To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
  Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
  But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
  Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
  Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
  That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
  And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
  Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
  Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white wave stooping,
  His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
  She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

2) The sick Man and the Angel.

„Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
  When thus the man, with gasping breath;
„I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,

But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession;
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need;
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown."
An angel came. „Ah friend! (he cry'd)
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
„But why such haste, the sick man whines;
Who knows as yet what heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still,
That sum and more are in my will."
„Fool, says the vision now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain.
From every side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
„While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why such haste?" so groan'd and dy'd.

3) The Council of Horses.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest
And thus the listning throng addrest:
„Good Gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have born the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heav'ns! Reject the rein,
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,

And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
„When I had health and strength, like you
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase,
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains;
And aid him to correct the plains:
But does not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed;
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

GRANVILLE.

George Granville, *nachmaliger Lord Lansdowne of Biddiford, stammte aus einem uralten und berühmten Geschlecht, und wurde 1667 geboren. Er war erst 10 Jahr alt, als man ihn bereits wegen seiner vorzüglichen Fähigkeiten nach Cambridge in das Trinity-College brachte. Schon im Jahre 1679 machte er sich hier durch ein Gedicht berühmt, welches er der Herzogin von York, Maria Beatrix d'Este überreichte, als diese in dem genannten Jahre die Universität besuchte. Im 13ten Jahre erhielt er die Magisterwürde, und verliefs kurz darauf die Akademie. Die Thronbesteigung König Jakob's II gab ihm eine abermalige Veranlassung, seine dichterischen Talente zu zeigen; er that es,*

in drei an den neuen Monarchen gerichteten lobrednerischen Stücken, die selbst Waller's *Beifall erhielten, und dazu beitrugen, unsern Dichter bei Hofe beliebt zu machen. Diesem und dem Könige blieb er auch so innig ergeben, daſs er demselben, bei den bekannten Ereignissen dieser Zeit, in Person mit den Waffen in der Hand beistehen wollte. Er bat sich dazu die Erlaubniſs von seinem Vater, in einem aus Yorkshire datirten Briefe, aus; es ist indessen unausgemacht, ob er sich zur Armee des Königs begeben habe oder nicht. Während der Regierung König* Wilhelm's *zog er sich gänzlich zurück, und widmete diese Zeit literarischen Beschäftigungen; seine meisten Gedichte sind Früchte dieser Muſse. Um diese Zeit verliebte er sich auch in die Gräfin von* Newburgh, *die er in einigen seiner Gedichte unter dem Namen* Myra *besungen hat.* 1696 *wurde sein Lustspiel* The She-Gallants *mit Beifall aufgeführt; er selbst war indessen mit demselben nicht zufrieden, und bearbeitete in spätern Jahren dasselbe Stück noch einmal unter dem Titel:* Once a Lover and always a Lover. 1698 *brachte er seine Tragödie* heroic Love, or the cruel Separation *auf die Bühne;* 1701 *folgte sein Lustspiel* the Jew of Venice; *auch diese beiden Stücke wurden mit Beifall gegeben. Unter der Regierung der Königin* Anna *wurde* Granville *zum Parliamentsgliede erwählt, welches er eine Reihe von Jahren blieb;* 1710 *wurde er Kriegssekretär und* 1711 *zum Baron* Lansdowne of Biddiford *erhoben. Wir übergehen verschiedene Ereignisse aus seinem politischen Leben, und bemerken nur noch, daſs er unter* George's I *Regierung als ein Opfer der Anhänglichkeit an seine alten Freunde länger als ein Jahr im Tower gefangen saſs, und erst* 1717 *seinen Sitz im Parliament wieder erhielt.* 1733 *unternahm er, um Ersparnisse zu machen, eine Reise ins Ausland, und kehrte erst nach mehreren Jahren in sein Vaterland zurück.* 1732 *gab er eine schöne Ausgabe seiner Werke im 4to heraus. Er starb den 30sten Januar* 1735, *im 68sten Jahre seines Alters. — Unter seinen Gedichten, welche in der* Andersonschen *Sammlung einen Theil des 7ten, in der* Johnsonschen *die letzte Hälfte des 25sten Bandes, und in der* Bellschen *den 50sten Theil einnehmen, zeichnen sich vorzüglich seine* Lieder *aus.* Johnson *sagt von denselben, und vorzüglich von seinen Gedichten* to Myra, *daſs sie im Ganzen schwach und ohne Gefühl, oder übertrieben und affektirt wären; daſs aber dieser Kunstrichter auch hier zu*

streng urtheilt, davon werden jeden Leser von Geschmack die hier mitgetheilten Probestücke überzeugen. Ein richtigeres Urtheil über ihn, als Dichter überhaupt, fällt Anderson in der den Werken desselben vorgesetzten Biographie. The general character of his poetry, *sagt er*, is elegance, sprightliness and dignity. He is seldom tender, and very rarely sublime. In his smaller pieces he endeavours to be gay; in the larger to be great. Of his airy and light productions the chief source is gallantry, and the chief defect a superabundance of sentiments and illustrations from mythology. He seldom fetches an amorous sentiment from the depth of science. His thoughts are such as a liberal conversation and large acquaintance with life would easily supply. His diction is chaste and elegant; and his versification, which he borrowed from Waller, is rather smooth than strong. *Außer den vorhin gedachten Liedern verdienen hier noch die beiden Gedichte,* the Progress of Beauty, *eines seiner ausgearbeitetsten Stücke, und* the Essay on unnatural flights in poetry, *ein didaktisches, mit lehrreichen Anmerkungen begleitetes Gedicht, besonders erwähnt zu werden.*

1) Song to Myra.

Forsaken of my kindly stars,
Within this melancholy grove
I waste my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ungrateful love.

The happy still untimely end:
Death flies from grief, or why should I
So many hours in sorrow spend,
Wishing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye powers! take pity of my pain,
This, only this is my desire;
Ah! take from Myra her disdain,
Or let me with this sigh expire.

2) To Myra.

Thoughtful nights, and restless waking,
Oh; the pains that we endure!

Broken faith, unkind forsaking,
Ever doubting, never sure.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to run!
False protesting, fleeting savours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love; yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, passion rending,
Oh! the pangs of jealousy!

From such painful ways of living,
Ah! how sweet could love be free!
Still presenting, still receiving,
Fierce, immortal ecstasy.

3) Song to Myra.

Why should a heart so tender, break?
O Myra! give its anguish ease;
The use of beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex, but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd;
That bosom to be prest;
Your eyes to languish, and look kind;
For amorous arms, your waist.

Each thing has its appointed right,
Establish'd by the pow'rs above,
The sun to give us warmth, and light,
Myra to kindle love.

4) To Myra.

Prepar'd to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach'd the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

With the least glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous pow'r have Myra's charms,

She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind:
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

TICKELL.

Thomas Tickell, *Esq.*, 1686 *zu Bridekirk in Cumberland geboren, bezog* 1701 *das Queen's College zu Oxford, erhielt* 1708 *den Grad eines Magisters der Künste, und wurde* 1710 *zum Fellow erwählt, welches er bis zu seiner Heirath im Jahre* 1726 *blieb. Er bildete sich früh unter dem Beistande Addison's, dessen Liebe er sich durch ein Lobgedicht auf die Oper* Rosamond *erworben hatte, zu einem Geschäftsmanne. Als das Ministerium der Königin Anna mit dem Französischen Hofe in Friedensunterhandlungen trat, schrieb er das Gedicht,* the Prospect of Peace, *in welchem er die Nation von der Eroberungslust abzuziehen und zum Frieden geneigt zu machen suchte. Ungeachtet er sich darin eben nicht als* Whiggissimus, *wie ihn Swift in der Folge nannte, gezeigt hatte, so rühmte doch Addison diese Arbeit in dem* Spectator *so sehr, daſs bald* 6 *Auflagen vergriffen wurden. Bei George's I Thronbesteigung schrieb er* the royal Progress, *ein in den* Spectator *eingerücktes Gedicht, von welchem Johnson urtheilt, daſs es weder erhaben noch niedrig sey. Zu seinen wichtigern Werken gehört eine Übersetzung des ersten Buchs der Iliade, die zugleich mit der von Pope erschien. Es läſst sich schwer bestimmen, wie vielen Antheil er daran gehabt habe. Einige wollen sie durchaus für Addison's Werk halten, und Pope citirt sie in seiner* Art of sinking *als ein solches. Dem sey wie ihm wolle, so darf sie eine Vergleichung mit ihrer Nebenbuhlerin nicht fürchten. Tickell lebte nun in der vertrautesten Freundschaft mit Addison, der ihn, als er in der Qualität eines Sekretärs des Lord Sunderland nach Irland ging, in öffentlichen Geschäften mit sich nahm, und ihn, da er 1717

Staatssekretär ward, zum Untersekretär machte. Der Tod trennte sie bald. ***Addison*** *starb* 1719, *nachdem er unsern Dichter seinem Nachfolger im Staatssekretariat,* ***Craggs,*** *auf das dringendste empfohlen, und ihn zum Herausgeber seiner Schriften ernannt hatte.* ***Tickell*** *entledigte sich dieses Auftrages, und setzte seiner Ausgabe eine Elegie auf* ***Addison's*** *Tod vor, die nach* ***Johnson's*** *Urtheil zu den korrektesten und erhabensten Stücken der Englischen Dichtkunst gehört.* 1725 *erhielt er den ehrenvollen Posten eines Sekretärs bei den Lord-Richtern in Irland, den er bis zu seinem* 1740 *zu Bath erfolgten Tode verwaltete. Unter seinen Gedichten, welche die letztere Hälfte des* 26*sten Bandes der* ***Johnsonschen,*** *einen Theil des* 8*ten Bandes der* ***Andersonschen*** *und den* 73*sten Band der* ***Bellschen*** *Sammlung einnehmen, zeichnen sich, außer den erwähnten, noch folgende aus:* 1) Kensington gardens, *vortrefflich versificirt, aber von schlechter Erfindung, indem Feen, unter Griechische Gottheiten gemischt, erscheinen;* 2) Colin and Lucy, *eine der schönsten neuern Balladen, meisterhaft übersetzt in* ***Ursinus*** *Balladen und Liedern S.* 113, *wo sich auch einige Nachrichten von diesem Stück und seinem Verfasser finden.* 3) Fragment of a poem on hunting. 4) *Ein Stück einer Übersetzung des vierten Buchs der* Pharsalia ***Lucan's*** *etc. Die Biographie dieses Dichters findet man unter andern bei* ***Johnson*** *und* ***Anderson.***

1) To the Earl of Warwick.

(On the death of Mr. Addison.)

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
    Can I forget the dismal night that gave,
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,

Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd:
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague *).
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls, where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind;
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?

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*) *S. oben S. 242. Beide wurden in der Westminsterabtei beigesetzt.*

Or curious trace the long laborious maze,
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael batt'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well-suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite;
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care;
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove;
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;

The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green;
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

HAMMOND.

James Hammond *wurde um das Jahr* 1710 *geboren. Von seinen Lebensumständen läßt sich nur Folgendes mit Zuverlässigkeit angeben: Er wurde in der Westminsterschule erzogen, stand mit mehreren angesehenen Männern seiner Zeit, als* *Lyttleton, Chesterfield* *und andern in Verbindung, und erhielt durch Vermittelung derselben den Posten eines Stallmeisters beim Prinzen von* *Wales.* 1740 *schrieb er den* *Prologus* *zu der Tragödie* Elmeric; 1741 *wurde er Mitglied des Parliaments für Truro in Cornwallis, und starb den 7ten Junius* 1742, *im 32sten Jahre seines Alters, zu Stowe, dem Landsitz des Lord* *Cobham.* *Kurze Zeit nach seinem Tode erschienen seine sechszehn* Love-Elegies, *die er schon vor seinem 22sten Jahre verfertigt hatte.* *Lord Chesterfield*

besorgte die Herausgabe derselben. Die Geliebte, deren in denselben unter dem Namen Delia so oft Erwähnung geschieht, war eine Miss Dashwood, welche den Dichter lange überlebte, und als Kammerfrau der Königin im Jahre 1779 starb. — Johnson beurtheilt auch diesen Dichter zu strenge, indem er von seinen Elegien sagt: they have neither passion, nature, nor manners, *und von den Versen selbst urtheilt,* they are not rugged, but they have no sweetness; they never glide in a stream of melody. *Ein unbefangener Leser wird gewiss nicht dem Verfasser Zartheit der Empfindungen absprechen, noch Wohllaut in seinen Versen vermissen. Dahin hat sich auch immer die allgemeine Stimme des Publikums erklärt, und Hammond's Elegien haben in England stets viele Bewunderer gehabt, und werden auch noch itzt häufig gelesen. Übrigens bemerken wir noch, dass unser Dichter vorzüglich den Tibullus nachahmt. — Man findet seine Werke im 8ten Theile der Andersonschen, im 97sten der Bellschen Ausgabe, und bei Johnson; auch sind sie öfters besonders gedruckt worden.*

ELEGY.

He imagines himself married to Delia, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And, with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia, and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who, thus of her possest,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope *), in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrong,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in this friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend;
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,

*) *Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, s. Theil I. S.* 265.

With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron call the best.

Here be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And, far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand —
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill;
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

POPE.

Biographische und literarische Nachrichten von ihm enthält der erste Theil des Handbuchs, S. 100 u. ff. In der Andersonschen Sammlung nehmen seine poetischen Werke einen beträchtlichen Theil des 8ten Bandes ein; bei Bell füllen sie den 76sten bis 79sten Band.

1) Autumn, or, Hylas and Aegon.

To Mr. Wycherley.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Aegon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Aegon's rural lays I sing.
Thou *), whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,

*) Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of comedies.

Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove.
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing phrenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! — Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Aegon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain;
Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we past the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs;
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, „Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world — but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Aetna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade *).

2) Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day **).

I.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;

---

*) There is a little incuracy here; the first line makes the time after sun-set; the second before.

**) This is one of the most artful as well as sublime of our Poet's smaller compositions. The *first* stanza expresses the various tones and measures in music. The *second* describes their power over the several passions in general. The *third* explains their

Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain,
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow,
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low,
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;

---

use in inspiring the heroic passions in particular; the *fourth*, *fifth* and *sixth* their power over all nature in the fable of Orpheus's expedition to hell; which subject of illustration arose naturally out of the preceding mention of the Argonautic expedition, where Orpheus gives the example of the use of music to inspire the heroic passions. The *seventh* concludes in praise of Music, and the advantages of the sacred above the prophane. — *Man findet eine schöne Nachbildung dieser Ode von C. F. Weisse, in dessen kleinen lyrischen Gedichten, Theil III. S. 175.*

Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern *) the Thracian **) rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees ***)
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!

---

*) Stern, *der hintere Theil des Schiffes, wo sich der Steuermann befindet.* **) *Orpheus.* ***) *Argo, Name des Schiffs, auf welchem die Argonauten den Zug zur Eroberung des goldenen Vliefses unternahmen. Es war aus dem Holze des Waldes bei Dodona verfertigt.*

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The furies sink upon their iron beds *),
And snakes, uncurl'd, hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow,
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs,
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice, to life:
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair:
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,

---

*) *Vermuthlich eine Anspielung auf die* Ferrei Eumenidum thalami, *im 6ten Buche von Virgil's Aneide, Vers* 280.

Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghost,
For, ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries —
Ah, see, he dies!
Yet, even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

3) Elegy *),

[To the memory of an unfortunate Lady **)].

What beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh! ever-beauteous, ever-friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,

---

*) *Eine wohlgelungene Nachbildung des Originals von G. L. Spalding findet man in dessen Versuch didaktischer Gedichte, Berlin 1804, S. 64.* **) *Dieses Frauenzimmer entleibte sich in Frankreich, verfolgt in der Liebe von ihrem Oheim, der ihr Vormund war.*

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives and thus your children fall
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd:
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone, (oh, ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestrow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue:
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

4) From the Essay on Man *).

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd, though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples every star,
May tell, why heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,

*) Epistle I. v. 17 - 130.

And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God:
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not, man's imperfect, heaven in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone ingross not heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' eternal cause.

5) The universal Prayer.

Deo opt. max.

Father of All! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou great first cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,

At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise!

6) Eloisa to Abelard *).

Argument.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebra-

*) *Eine splendide Ausgabe dieser Epistel erschien* 1803 *unter dem Titel:* Eloisa to Abelard, printed for Orell, Fufsly and Comp., 26 *und* 31 *S. in klein Folio. Der Herausgeber dieses Prachtabdrucks ist Herr* **Rothstein**, *Kaufmann in Erfurt, welcher auch Verfasser der, dem Englischen Original beigefügten, in ungebundener Rede abgefaſsten, Übersetzung ist: Letztere ist treu und flieſsend. Diese Ausgabe ist übrigens mit vier, von Herrn* **Catel** *in Berlin gezeichneten, und von* **Caroline Watson**, *Kupferstecherin der Königin von England, gestochenen meisterhaften Blättern geziert.*

ted letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggle of grace and nature, virtue and passion. Pope.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love! — From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not my hand — the name appears
Already written —, wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts, its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue *).
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,

*) He was her preceptor in philosophy and divinity.

August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possest,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;

Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye.
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst — and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls *); the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,

*) He founded the Monastery. Pope.

The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate?
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain, — do all things but forget!

But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh, come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself, — and you!
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
„Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake: — no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say;
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,

Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold — yet Eloisa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames; like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;

Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
Oh, grace serene! oh, virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me, in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
„Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
„Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
„Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
„Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
„But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
„Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
„Ev'n superstition loses every fear:
„For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no — in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,

Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloisa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh, death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapless name *),
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,

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*) Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, she in 1163. Pope. — *Von der Pariser Akademie der Inschriften wurde ihnen 1799 folgende Grabschrift verfertigt:*

Hic
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus monasterii
Conditor, Petrus Abælardus,
Et Abbatissa prima Heloisa:
Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis
Et pœnitentia,
Nunc æterna, quod speramus, felicitate
Conjuncti.

Man sagt, dass Marmontel der Verfasser derselben sey. Übrigens befindet sich dies, ehemals in Paraklet befindliche Grabmal gegenwärtig in dem Museum der Französischen Denkmäler zu Paris.

„Oh, may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud hosannahs rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join,
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

SWIFT.

Biographische und literarische Nachrichten von demselben findet man im ersten Theil dieses Handbuchs S. 111 ff. Seine Gedichte nehmen in der Andersonschen Sammlung einen Theil des 9ten Bandes und bei Bell den 52 bis 55sten Band ein. Außer den bereits angeführten Biographien dieses Dichters, verdient hier noch die von Anderson bemerkt zu werden.

The Beasts Confession to the Priest.

(On observing how most men mistake their own talents. 1732.)

When beasts could speak (the learned say
They still can do so every day,)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land

Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame!
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But, I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong,
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
The ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd shew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.
The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter:
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels:

He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

The goat advanc'd with decent pace,
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But, through a pious resolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As strictly too, as doth his *) Reverence.

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you guess?
— Why, virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job.
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term, or two at most.

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*) The priest his confessor.

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good;
He found, the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes:
But own'd, he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin, (and God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart,
Sometimes to act the parson's part;
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops;

He scorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid:
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.
The statesman tells you with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view:
Yet he was seconded by few;
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people underst ood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his Majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his desire;
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;

He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty, or awkward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame,)
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor never acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to choose.

The sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact;
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Aesop,
I would accuse him to his face,
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers:
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be stroak'd and fed with pap,
As Aesop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis;*
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human-kind;

For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

B L A I R.

Robert Blair *wurde im Anfang des verflossenen Jahrhunderts geboren, studierte zu Edinburgh, ging nachher auf Reisen, und wurde sodann im Jahre 1731 Prediger zu Athelstaneford in East-Lothian, wo er auch den übrigen Theil seiner Tage zubrachte. Ein Fieber endigte den 4ten Februar 1746, im 47sten Jahre seines Alters, sein Leben. Er war ein Mann von feinen Sitten und ausgebreiteten Kenntnissen; dabei besaſs er eine ungeheuchelte Frömmigkeit, und war unermüdet in der Ausübung der Pflichten seines Berufs. Alles dies erwarb ihm die Hochachtung derer, welche ihn kannten, in einem hohen Grade. — Was seine Gedichte betrifft, so sind uns davon nur zwei bekannt, nämlich* a Poem dedicated to the memory of the learned and eminent Mr. Law, *und* the Grave. *Wiewohl das erstere viele schöne Stellen enthält, und von dichterischem Geiste zeugt, so steht es doch dem letztern in allem Betracht sehr nach; dieses ist es eigentlich, wodurch sich Blair einen Rang unter den klassischen Dichtern der Engländer erworben hat.* It is a production of real genius, *sagt ein Englischer Kunstrichter von demselben,* and possesses a merit superior to many pieces of the first celebrity. *Das Einzige, was an demselben Tadel verdient, ist der oft zu rasche Übergang des Dichters vom Ernsten und Pathetischen zur Ironie und Satire; jedoch diese Fehler werden durch die bei weitem gröſsern Schönheiten überwogen. — Man findet das 768 Verse lange Original, nebst einigen biographischen Nachrichten von dem Verfasser, im 8ten Theil der Andersonschen Sammlung; wir theilen aus demselben unsern Lesern die Stellen V. 112 bis 350 und 655 bis 768 mit. Eine, uns indessen nur dem Namen nach bekannte, Deutsche Übersetzung dieses Gedichts erschien unter dem Titel: das Grab, aus dem Englischen des Robert Blair, Regensburg* 1793. 8.

The Grave.

The house appointed for all Living.
Job.

V. 112—350.

Dull grave! — thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid

In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
Oh cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
In the high-way, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state.

But see! the well-plum'd herse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements,
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste,
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? — Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? — 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man.
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.

The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight:
The labour of whole ages lumbers down;
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain
With all-subduing time: her cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, give up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
That haunts and doggs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. — Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And gripp'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery;
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty — thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gase and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. — For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?
T'improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps! — the conscious tears
Stand thick, as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swolln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength too — thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the strippling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? — deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play. — What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! — Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!

Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. — Heard you that groan?
It was his last. — See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. — What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube:
And travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers by.
Great man of language, — whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. — Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words;
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,

With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing-art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. — Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand; — from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their sky-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not. — The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift),
From back and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh cursed lust of gold; when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds:
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come. —

V. 655 — 768.

— But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high int'rest too! — They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution:
When loud diffusive sound from brasen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,

And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty. —
Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. — We know,
Th' illustrious deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. — Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold: — self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasment from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. — This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. — Methinks I see him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold;
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: As a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train. — It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between! — A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But nor untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. — Besides, there's no bye-road
To bliss. — Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? — Fools that we are!
We wish to be, where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:

At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank
And smil'd so sweet of late. — Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore. — Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! — Death, disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite. — All thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! — Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! — How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
All life well-spent, whose early care it was,
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun seems larger at his setting.
(High in his faith and hopes,) look, how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! — Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. — Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy! — The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. — Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: — The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate: — and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account: not the least atom
Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. — Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? — Sure the same pow'r

That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. — Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: And what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
(Not unattentive to the call,) shall wake;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. — Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

THOMSON.

James Thomson *wurde den 11ten September 1700 zu Ednam bei Kelso in Roxburgshire geboren. Sein Vater war an diesem Ort eine Zeitlang Prediger, ging aber in der Folge nach Southdean, weil diese Stelle etwas mehr einbrachte, worauf er bei einer Familie von* neun *Kindern allerdings sehen mußte. Der junge* Thomson *zeigte frühzeitig dichterische Anlagen, und seine zärtliche Mutter trug nebst Sir* William Bennet *viel zur Entwickelung derselben bei. In Edinburg, wohin er sich zur Fortsetzung seiner Studien begeben hatte, zeichnete er sich vor den andern Studierenden gar nicht aus; ja er schien sogar, bei dem Bewußtseyn von der Natur zum Dichter bestimmt zu seyn, alle andern gelehrten*

Beschäftigungen zu verachten. Er erfüllte indessen den Wunsch seiner Freunde, und legte sich auf die theologischen Disziplinen. Bei den auf Englischen Akademien zur Prüfung der Studierenden festgesetzten Übungen fiel ihm die Erklärung eines Psalms zu; Hamilton, ein Professor der Theologie, tadelte an derselben, daſs sie zu poetisch, und einer gewöhnlichen Versammlung unverständlich wäre. Dies erregte bei Thomson einen solchen Widerwillen gegen die Theologie, daſs er von der Zeit an den festen Entschluſs gefaſst zu haben scheint, sich ganz der Poesie zu widmen. Um diese Zeit bildete sich ein bellatristischer Club auf der Universität, der sich the Athenian Society *nannte, und eine Sammlung von Gedichten, betitelt:* the Edinburgh Miscellany, *herausgab. Wahrscheinlich lieferte auch Thomson Beiträge zu derselben; es ist indessen nicht bekannt, welche Stücke das Eigenthum unsers Dichters sind. In der Überzeugung, daſs seine Talente nur in London hinlängliche Unterstützung finden könnten, und in der Hoffnung dort von einer ihm bekannten Familie einige Unterstützung zu erhalten, begab er sich im Herbste des Jahres 1725 dahin. Hier fand er unter andern seinen Universitätsfreund Mallet (s. Theil I. S. 209), damals Führer der Söhne des Herzogs von Montrose. Diesem zeigte er seinen Winter, der indessen nur noch aus einzelnen, kein Ganzes bildenden, Bruchstücken bestand. Auf Mallet's und anderer Kenner Aufmunterung, unternahm Thomson die nochmalige Bearbeitung desselben, und lieſs ihn drucken. Er erschien 1726, wurde aber erst dann vom Publikum mit Beifall aufgenommen, als ein gewisser Whateley, ein geschmackvoller und kenntniſsreicher Mann, auf dieses schöne Gedicht aufmerksam gemacht hatte; noch itzt hält man diesen Gesang für Thomson's Meisterstück. Die Zueignung desselben an Sir Spencer Compton brachte dem Verfasser nur 20 Guineen ein. Einen gröſsern Lohn fand er aber in der Achtung, welche talentvolle Männer seinem Werke bezeigten; unter andern brachte dasselbe ihn mit Pope in Bekanntschaft. 1727 erschien sein, Herrn Doddington, nachmaligem Lord Melcombe, gewidmeter Sommer. In demselben Jahre gab er sein* Poem sacred to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, *und* Britannia, *eine Invektive gegen das damalige Ministerium, heraus. 1728 erschien der Frühling, der Gräfinn von Hertford, nachmaligen Herzogin von Somerset, zugeeignet. Diese Zuschrift verschaffte*

ihm eine Einladung nach Lord Hertford's Landsitze, wo er einige Monate zubrachte. Der Herbst erschien erst, als unser Dichter seine Werke 1730 herausgab; er wurde Herrn Onslow zugeeignet. In demselben Jahre brachte Thomson das Trauerspiel Sophonisba *auf die Bühne. Bisher war es zuweilen in Gesellschaften vorgelesen worden, und man glaubte demselben ein sehr glückliches Schicksal auf der Bühne versprechen zu können; allein diese Hoffnungen wurden nicht erfüllt. Der Einfall eines lustigen Kopfs, der die allerdings matten Worte:*

Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, Oh!

laut also parodirte:

Oh, Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, Oh!

trug dazu gewifs nicht wenig bei. Nicht lange nachher ging Thomson mit Charles Talbot, ältestem Sohn des Kanzlers, auf Reisen, besuchte verschiedene Höfe des festen Landes, und kehrte, mit mannigfaltigen Kenntnissen bereichert, in sein Vaterland zurück. Hier wurde ihm zur Belohnung die Stelle eines Secretary of the Briefs *ertheilt, welche ihm wenig Zeit raubte, und ihm doch ein gemächliches Auskommen gewährte. Auf seinen Reisen fafste er die erste Idee zu dem Gedicht:* upon Liberty, *und wandte auf die Bearbeitung desselben zwei Jahre. Während dieser Zeit starb der junge Talbot; dies veranlafste unsern Dichter, seinem Andenken im Anfang des ersten Gesangs jenes Gedichts einige Zeilen zu widmen. Thomson setzte auf das erwähnte Werk einen grofsen Werth, und glaubte, dafs es den ungetheilten Beifall des Publikums erhalten würde; allein es ward minder günstig aufgenommen, als er erwartet hatte. Es besteht übrigens aus fünf Gesängen, welche folgende Überschriften führen:* 1) Ancient and modern Italy compared, 2) Greece, 3) Rome, 4) Britain, 5) the Prospect. *Kurze Zeit nach der Bekanntmachung desselben starb sein Gönner, und Thomson verlor seine Stelle, da er sich bei dem neuen Kanzler um dieselbe nicht beworben hatte. Nun mufste er des Unterhalts wegen an literarische Unternehmungen denken.* 1738 *wurde sein Trauerspiel* Agamemnon *auf dem Drury-Lane-Theater aufgeführt; es erhielt aber gleichfalls keinen ausgezeichneten Beifall. Um diese Zeit wurde Thomson mit dem Prinzen von Wales bekannt, dem es damals sehr um Popularität zu thun war, und welcher den Gönner der Gelehrten machte. Er gab unserm Dichter ein Jahrgehalt von*

100 L. 1731 *wollte dieser die Tragödie* Edward and Eleonora *spielen lassen, allein der Lord Chamberlain untersagte die Aufführung derselben, da sich der Verfasser auf die Seite der Opposition geneigt hatte.* 1740 *arbeitete er, gemeinschaftlich mit Mallet,* the Masque of Alfred, *aus (s. den ersten Theil dieses Handbuchs S.* 210*), ein Stück, welches zu Cliefden-house am Geburtstage der Prinzessin Augusta aufgeführt wurde.* 1745 *wurde sein Trauerspiel* Tancred and Sigismunda *gegeben; dieses machte unter seinen dramatischen Arbeiten das meiste Glück. Das letzte, von ihm herausgegebene, Gedicht war* the Castle of Indolence, *vielleicht das lieblichste unter allen seinen Werken; es erschien* 1746. *Thomson erhielt um diese Zeit durch Vermittelung seines Freundes Lyttleton die Stelle eines* Surveyor of the Leeward Islands, *welche ihm* 300 l. *abwarf. Nun hätte er in Gemächlichkeit leben können, allein eine Erkältung, welche er sich bei einer Wasserfahrt von London nach Kew Lane zuzog, endigte den* 27*sten August* 1748 *sein Leben. Er wurde am westlichen Ende des nördlichen Flügels der Kirche zu Richmond begraben.* 1762 *wurde ihm ein Denkmal in der Westminsterabtei errichtet. Unter seinen nachgelassenen Papieren fand man das Trauerspiel* Coriolanus, *welches* 1749 *auf dem Covent-Garden-Theater aufgeführt wurde; den Ertrag erhielten zum Theil die beiden hinterlassenen Schwestern des Dichters, theils wandte man ihn zur Tilgung der Schulden desselben an. — Was seine Werke betrifft, so gebührt unter ihnen den* Seasons *der Vorzug. In Hinsicht auf dieses Meisterwerk verdient er unter den Englischen Dichtern mit Recht der Dichter der Natur genannt zu werden, denn er schöpfte unmittelbar aus dem Buche derselben; daher die Wahrheit, das lebhafte Kolorit und die Schönheit dieses beschreibenden Gedichts. Er selbst sagt von sich in seinem* Autumn:

— — — — — I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence
Warm from the heart to pour the moral song.

In seinen dramatischen Arbeiten erkennt man zwar den Dichter der Jahreszeiten wieder, aber von einer wesentlichen Vollkommenheit des Dramas, dem raschen Fortgang der Handlung, sind seine Werke dieser Art gänzlich entblößt. — Sein Gedicht upon Liberty *hat einzelne vortreffliche*

Stellen, allein das Ganze zieht den Leser wenig an. Sein Castle of Indolence *verdient in diesem Betracht den Vorzug vor dem zuletzt genannten Werke. Man findet die sämmtlichen poetischen Werke Thomson's, mit Ausnahme der dramatischen, unter andern in den mehrmals angeführten Ausgaben der Dichter, und zwar im 9ten Bande der Andersonschen, im 48sten, und einem Theile des 49sten Bandes der Johnsonschen und im 91sten und 92sten Theile der Bellschen Sammlung. Die* Seasons *sind sehr oft einzeln gedruckt worden. Eine neue Ausgabe derselben wurde vor einiger Zeit in England angekündigt, und in derselben sollte der Frühling mit 85, der Sommer mit 599, der Herbst mit 96 und der Winter mit 188 Versen, so wie das Ganze mit verschiedenen bis dahin theils noch ganz unbekannten, theils in einzelnen Sammlungen befindlichen Gedichten, vermehrt erscheinen. Einige derselben, als eine Elegie auf den Tod seiner Mutter, auf den Tod des Malers Aikmann u. s. w., findet man bereits, theils in der Andersonschen Sammlung, theils in folgendem Werke:* Essays on the Life and writings of Saltoun and the poet Thomson, biographical, critical and political, with some pieces of Thomson never before published by D. S. Earl of Buchan, *London* 1792. *Zur Charakteristik der Jahrszeiten gehört, außer Johnson's bekannten* Lives, *vorzüglich folgendes Werk:* Aikin's Essay on the Plan and Character of Thomson's Seasons. *Biographien des Dichters haben unter vielen andern auch Johnson, Anderson etc. geliefert.*

1) View of the Summer in the torrid Zone *).

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth

*) Summer 1026 — 1091.

Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and and all the pride of man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon *), saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonising ships from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends **)? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world,
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad:
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd

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*) *Der Englische Admiral Vernon belagerte 1741 die im Spanischen Süd-Amerika belegene Stadt Carthagena.*

**) These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

The cheerful haunt of men, unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

2) Celadon and Amelia *).

— — — — — Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd

*) Summer 1171 — 1222.

The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. „Fear not, he said,
„Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
„And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
„In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
„With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
„That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
„Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice
„Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
„With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
„'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
„To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble-tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

3) Bathing *).

Chear'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystall depth

*) Summer 1243 — 1268.

A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted landskip, half-afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.
This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the Summer-heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

4) Prospect of a rich, well-cultivated country; a panegyric on Great-Britain *).

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskip into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! Where, the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks

*) Summer v. 1438 — 1619.

Bleat numberless: while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade with joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: ev'n drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth;
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy Sons of glory many! Alfred *) thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love; the best of Kings!
With him thy Edwards **) and thy Henrys ***) shine,

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*) *Alfred regierte um 872; er ist als Held und Beförderer der Gelehrsamkeit bekannt.* **) *Sechs Könige führen diesen Namen. Unter ihnen sind Edward I, gestorben 1309, und Edward III, gestorben 1372, am berühmtesten.* ***) *Ihrer sind acht, und unter ihnen zeichnen sich Henry II, IV, VII und VIII am meisten aus.*

Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
And Patriots fertile. Thine a steady More *),
Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham **) is thine;
A Drake ***), who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden reign ****)?
In Raleigh *****) mark their every glory mix'd,
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney †) pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle and the poet's bay.

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*) *Der berühmte Kanzler Thomas Morus, den Heinrich VIII zum Tode verurtheilte.* **) *Walsingham, Minister unter der Königin Elisabeth.* ***) *Drake, berühmt durch seine 1580 vollendete Reise um die Welt.* ****) *Die der Königin Elisabeth.* *****) *Raleigh, ein Englischer Admiral, eroberte Virginien. Er saſs 13 Jahre im Tower zu London im Gefängnisse, verfertigte während dieser Zeit eine allgemeine Geschichte, und wurde, wegen einer, nach seiner Befreiung unternommenen, aber miſsgeglückten Unternehmung auf die Spanischen Besitzungen und Guiana in Amerika, enthauptet.*

†) *Philip Sidney, Liebling der Königin Elisabeth; er verfertigte sein Arkadien während seiner Gesandtschaft am kaiserlichen Hofe.*

A Hampden *) too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of Men effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel **) lies; whose temper'd blood
With calmest chearfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the ***) British Cassius, fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful Sages and in noble Bards;
Soon as the light of dawning science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon ****); hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite †), and Tully ††) join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,

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*) *Hampden lebte unter Karl's I Regierung.* **) *Russel wurde unter dem Vorwand, daſs er an einer Verschwörung Antheil genommen habe, 1683 unter Karl's II Regierung enthauptet.* ***) *Algernon Sidney, Vetter des vorhin angeführten Sidney, ein eifriger Vertheidiger der Freiheit, wurde nach der Zurückberufung Karl's II zu London enthauptet.* ****) *Franz Baco, einer der gelehrtesten Männer seiner Zeit, wurde 1621 seiner Würde als Kanzler entsetzt, und starb 1626 in mäſsigen Glücksumständen.*

†) *Aristoteles, aus Stagyra.* ††) *Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous Ashley *) thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle **), whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works
The great Creator sought? and why thy Locke ***),
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton ****), pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart
Is not wild Shakspeare †) thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton ††) met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser †††), Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer ††††), whose native manners-painting verse,

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*) *Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, s. den ersten Theil dieses Handbuchs S.* 51. **) *Robert Boyle, gestorben* 1691, *ein berühmter Naturkündiger und Theolog.* ***) *Von Locke s. Theil I, S.* 38. ****) *Isaac Newton, einer der tiefsinnigsten Mathematiker und Physiker, gest.* 1616.

†) *Von Shakspeare s. Theil II, S.* 32. ††) *Von Milton s. Theil II, S.* 154. †††) *Von Spenser, Theil II, S.* 17. ††††) *Von Chaucer, s. Theil II, S.* 5.

Well-moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
Undaunted Truth and Dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While, in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, public Zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

WATTS.

Isaac Watts wurde den 17ten Julius 1674 zu Southampton geboren. Nachdem er einige Jahre Führer eines jungen Engländers gewesen war, erhielt er eine geistliche Stelle, von deren Verwaltung er indessen mehrere Male auf lange Zeit durch Kränklichkeit abgehalten wurde. Er starb den 25sten November 1748 im 75sten Jahre seines Alters mit dem Ruhme eines vortrefflichen und wahrhaft religiösen Mannes. Isaac Watts gehört zu den gelehrtesten Theologen der Engländer, und war deshalb auch von den Universitäten zu Edinburgh und Aberdeen mit dem Diplom eines Doktors der Gottesgelahrtheit beehrt worden. Seine sämmtlichen Werke erschienen in einer von Dr. Gibbons besorgten, und mit einer kurzen Biographie des Verfassers versehenen Ausgabe im Jahre 1754 in 6 Vol. 4. Sie bestehen aus verschiedenen Predigten, und andern theologischen und philosophischen Schriften; der 4te Band enthält grösstentheils seine dichterischen Arbeiten. Die meisten derselben findet man auch im 9ten Bande der Andersonschen Sammlung, wo sie unter zwei Abtheilungen gebracht sind, deren eine die Überschrift sacred to Devotion and Piety, und die andere sacred to Honour, Virtue and Friendship führt; beide haben den gemeinschaftlichen Titel horæ lyricæ. Eine dritte Abtheilung hat die Überschrift: divine Songs for Children; aus dieser erfolgen hier einige Stücke zur Probe. Ausserdem verdient unter seinen poetischen Werken noch eine Nachbildung der Psalmen angeführt zu werden. Den grössten Werth unter diesen religiösen Gedichten haben noch die, welche den Titel lyrische Gedichte führen; allein auch in ihnen herrscht nur wenig lyrischer Schwung. Bloss der Mangel an bessern Englischen Religionsdichtern, sagt Herr Hofrath Eschenburg, scheint ihm die Achtung erworben und gesichert zu haben, in der er noch immer unter seinen Landsleuten steht. — Ausser Anderson, haben auch Johnson und Bell eine Auswahl der Werke dieses Dichters in ihre Sammlungen aufgenommen; bei dem letztern findet man sie im 59sten bis 65sten Bande.

1) A Morning Song.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies!

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines;

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain!

2) An Evening Song.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise:
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

PHILIPS.

Ambrose Philips, *geboren im Jahre 1671, erhielt seine gelehrte Bildung im St. Johns-College zu Cambridge, und machte sich zuerst durch seine, noch vor dem Jahre 1704 erschienenen* six Pastorals *bekannt; einige seiner andern, der Zeit nach, frühern Gedichte verdienen nicht erwähnt zu werden. Seine Schäfergedichte erhielten bei ihrer ersten Erscheinung grofsen Beifall, und diesen verdienen sie auch unstreitig noch itzt, wegen vieler glücklichen Stellen; im Ganzen aber scheint der Dichter in denselben der Natur nicht getreu genug geblieben zu seyn. Um das Jahr 1709 hielt sich Philips, man weiſs nicht durch welche Veranlassung und in welchen Geschäften, zu Kopenhagen auf; von hier aus schrieb er an seinen Gönner, den Grafen von Dorset, eine poetische Epistel, welche zuerst Steele in der 12ten Nummer des Tatler bekannt machte, und die zu seinen vorzüglichsten dichterischen Arbeiten gehört. Selbst Pope, welcher die* Pastorals *dieses Dichters im 40sten Stück der Zeitschrift* the Guardian *ziemlich streng beurtheilt hatte, lieſs dieser Epistel vollkommene Gerechtigkeit wiederfahren. Nach seiner Rückkehr nach London übersetzte Philips die Persischen Mährchen; hierauf schrieb er 1712 das Trauerspiel* the distrest Mother, *eine Nachbildung Racine's. Dieses Stück wurde auf dem Drury-Lane-Theater mit sehr grofsem Beifall gegeben, wozu ohne Zweifel der Umstand vieles beitrug, daſs man das Publikum in einem Blatt des* Spectator *vorläufig darauf aufmerksam gemacht hatte. 1722 dichtete er ein anderes Trauerspiel,* the Briton, *dem gleichfalls zu seiner Zeit viel Beifall zu Theil ward, das aber gegenwärtig vergessen ist; eine andere seiner Tragödien hatte gleiches Schicksal. — Aus dem Leben unsers Dichters wollen wir nur noch anführen, daſs er, nachdem er einige andere geringere Stellen bekleidet hatte, im Jahr 1724 Repräsentant im Irländischen Parliament für die Grafschaft Armagh, 1726 Sekretär des Lord-Kanzlers, und 1733* Judge of the prerogative Court *wurde. Nach dem im Jahre 1742 erfolgten Tode seines Gönners Dr. Boulter blieb er noch einige Zeit in Irland, begab sich darauf nach London, wo er im Jahre 1749, im 78sten Jahre seines Alters am Schlage starb. — Man findet seine Werke*

im 9ten Theil der Andersonschen, im 93sten der Bellschen, desgleichen auch in der Johnsonschen Sammlung. Als die vorzüglichsten seiner Gedichte führt Anderson, in der Biographie unsers Dichters, das 1ste und 5te seiner Schäfergedichte, seine Ode on the Death of Earl Cowper, *die Übersetzung von zwei Oden der Sappho, und den beiden ersten Olympischen Oden des Pindar, vor allen aber die schöne Tragödie* the distrest Mother *und die hier aufgenommene poetische Epistel, an.*

To the Earl of Dorset

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing,
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern-breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,

The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glas'd over, in the freezing ether shine,
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin *) leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads.
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

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*) *Merlin, ein berühmter Zauberer, dessen häufig in Romanen und Gedichten gedacht wird. Wahrscheinlich ist unter ihm der Englische Schriftsteller Ambrosius Merlin aus dem 5ten Jahrhundert gemeint, von dessen Zaubereien und Prophezeiungen viel gefabelt worden ist, und von dem man auch sagt, dafs er von Irland nach England die grofsen Felsen versetzt habe, die sich pyramidenförmig bei Salisbury erheben. — Man hat eine Geschichte des Zauberers Merlin von Fr. Schlegel, 1804.*

COLLINS.

William Collins *wurde den 25sten Dezember* 1721 *zu Chichester in Sussex geboren, und seit* 1733 *in dem Winchester-College erzogen, wo er sieben Jahre blieb. Im Julius* 1741 *ward er zur Belohnung seines Fleisses und seiner Geschicklichkeit als* Demy *) *in das Magdalenen-Collegium zu Oxford aufgenommen. Sein erstes bekanntes Gedicht war ein, in das* Gentleman's Magazine *eingerücktes Epigram:* to Miss Aurelia C—r, on her weeping at her sister's wedding. 1742 *erschienen seine* Oriental Eclogues, *unter dem Titel:* Persian Eclogues, *und ungefähr um dieselbe Zeit machte er seine* Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his edition of Shakspeare's works *bekannt. Collins hatte keine günstige Meinung vom akademischen Leben nach Oxford gebracht, und da nun die Wirklichkeit seinen Erwartungen entsprach, so verliess er* 1744 *seinen bisherigen Aufenthalt, und kam als ein literarischer Abentheurer nach London, mit vielen Entwürfen im Kopf, aber mit wenig Geld im Beutel. Hier überliess er sich Zerstreuungen aller Art. Diese leerten seine Tasche bald völlig, und drängten ihn noch mehr zu literarischen Unternehmungen, zu deren Ausführung es ihm indessen an Entschlossenheit fehlte. Unter andern wollte er eine* History of the Revival of Learning *herausgeben; allein es blieb bei dem Entwurf. Ganz unthätig war er indessen nicht; denn* 1746 *gab er seine* Odes, descriptive and allegorical, *heraus, die indessen beinahe noch ungünstiger, als die* oriental Eclogues *aufgenommen wurden. Johnson, der ihn um diese Zeit kennen lernte, fand ihn in sehr bedrängten Umständen; einige Buchhändler schossen ihm indessen für eine Übersetzung von Aristoteles Poetik, die mit einem weitläuftigen Commentar versehen werden sollte, eine kleine Summe vor, und setzten ihn dadurch in den Stand, auf das Land zu fliehen.* 1745 *schrieb er seine* Ode on the death of Thomson, *und ungefähr um dieselbe Zeit die* Dirge *in Shakspeare's* Cym-

*) *Die* Demies *oder halben* Fellows *unterscheiden sich von den* Fellows *oder eigentlichen Mitgliedern eines Collegiums dadurch, dass sie nicht so viele Einkünfte als jene haben, auch nicht an derselben Tafel speisen.*

beline. 1749 *folgte* an Ode on the popular superstition of the Highlands, considered as the subject of Poetry, *die, nach der Versicherung der Gebrüder Warton alle seine frühern Arbeiten übertroffen haben soll, allein leider verloren gegangen ist. Dr. Carlyle machte indessen den ersten rohen Entwurf derselben in den* Transactions *der* Royal Society of Edinburgh 1788 *bekannt, und in dieser Gestalt ist sie in Anderson's Sammlung abgedruckt. Nachmals erschien eine, angeblich ächte und unverstümmelte, Ausgabe dieser Ode zu London in 4to, doch ohne dafs die Herausgeber Gründe für die Ächtheit derselben angeführt haben sollten. Collins, der bisher fast ununterbrochen mit Mifsgeschick gekämpft hatte, machte nun eine Reise zu seinem Oheim, der bei der Brittischen Armee in Flandern diente. Dieser starb bald nach seiner Ankunft, nud hinterliefs unserm Dichter 2000 L., wovon derselbe den Buchhändlern den ihm für die projektirte Übersetzung der Aristotelischen Poetik gegebenen Vorschufs wieder zurück zahlte. Für ihn selbst kam diese kleine Summe indessen zu spät. Seine unglückliche Lage hatte seinen Körper, und leider auch seinen Verstand zerrüttet, und er starb 1756, erst 35 Jahr alt. — Diefs war das Ende eines Mannes von glänzenden Talenten und ausgebreiteter Gelehrsamkeit, Eigenschaften, die bei gehöriger Anwendung und einiger Stetigkeit, ihn in jeder Lage empor gehoben haben würden. — Seiner hinterlassenen Werke sind zwar nur wenige; allein sie werden sein Andenken bei der Nachwelt erhalten. Der vorzüglichste Rang unter denselben gebührt den Oden, und unter diesen ist die zur musikalischen Komposition bestimmte* the Passions, *nach unserm Gefühl, die schönste.* „Other pieces of the same nature, *sagt Langhorne, der Herausgeber von Collins Werken,* have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them; but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry: expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart and imagery of power enough to transport the attention without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds. Upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting, that this is the finest ode in the English language." — *In der* Ode to Pity *herrscht eben so viel Zartheit, als Kraft in der* to Fear. *Die* Ode to evening *ist durch Ausdruck und Versifikation gleich vorzüglich, und auch die andern tragen das Gepräge von dem ächten dichterischen Genius ihres Verfassers mehr*

oder minder an sich. Was die vier Oriental-Eclogues *betrifft, so war unser Dichter selbst in spätern Jahren mit denselben nicht zufrieden, und nannte sie aus Scherz* Irish Eclogues, *weil er die Asiatischen Sitten nicht genau genug beobachtet zu haben glaubte. Doch hierin war er gegen sich selbst vielleicht zu strenge, da im Ganzen nie dagegen gefehlt ist. — Die sämmtlichen poetischen Werke* Collins *erschienen im Jahre* 1764 *in* 8 *unter dem Titel:* Poetical works of William Collins with Memoirs of the Author, and observations on his genius and writings, published by Langhorne; *außerdem findet man dieselben im 49sten Bande der Johnsonschen, im 9ten der Andersonschen, und im 97sten Bande der Bellschen Sammlung.*

1) Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short-shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

2) Hassan: or the Camel-Driver.

(Scene, the desert; time, mid-day.)

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.

The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh:
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
Ye mute, companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
Invain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O cease, my fears! — all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet! —
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rouz'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O, hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she drops her tears, as thus she said:
„Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
„Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
„Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
„Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
„Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
„No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
O, let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O, let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

3) The Passions.

(An Ode for Music.)

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd Pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,

And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viney crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd in all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page —
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

DYER.

John Dyer, *Sohn eines Anwalds, wurde* 1700 *zu Aberglasney in Caermarthenshire geboren. Er besuchte die Westminsterschule, um sich zu den Geschäften seines Vaters vorzubereiten, überliefs sich aber nach Vollendung seiner Studien ganz seiner Neigung zum Zeichnen und ward ein Maler. Nachdem er einige Zeit unter den Augen des geschickten Richardson gearbeitet hatte, durchwanderte er als ein reisender Maler Südwallis und die umliegenden Gegenden. Seine Kunst beschäftigte ihn indessen nicht ausschliefsend.* 1727 *erschien sein* Grongar Hill, *eins der schönsten beschreibenden Gedichte der Engländer, und zugleich sein glücklichstes Produkt. Er machte hierauf eine Reise nach Rom, nach deren Beendigung er* 1740 the ruins of Rome *herausgab, ein Gedicht, das zwar im Ganzen weniger gefällt, als das vorige, aber doch einzelne meisterhafte Stellen hat. Sowohl Abnahme der Gesundheit als Neigung zum Studieren veranlafsten ihn bald nachher, sich dem geistlichen Fach zu widmen. Er liefs sich ordiniren, und erhielt* 1741 *ein Vicariat zu Calthorp in Leicestershire, welches er nach* 10 *Jahren mit Belchford in Lincolnshire vertauschte. Einträglicher als beide waren die Pfarren von Coningsby und Kirkby, die er gegen das Ende seines Lebens vereinigte. Er starb* 1758. *Ein Jahr vor seinem Tode erschien* the Fleece, *ein Lehrgedicht von der Bearbeitung der Wolle und dem Wollhandel in* 4 *Gesängen. Die Trockenheit des Gegenstandes legte dem Dichter unüberwindliche Hindernisse in den Weg.* The woolcomber, *sagt Dr. Johnson,* and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to couple the serpent with the fowl. *Das Gedicht ist indessen nicht ohne Schönheiten. Die Episoden, welche gröfstentheils sehr glücklich gerathen sind, zeigen, wie viel der Verfasser geleistet haben würde, wenn er seine Kräfte an einem weniger trockenen Gegenstand versucht hätte. S. Eschenburgs Beispielsammlung Th. III, S.* 144. *Einige gute Bemerkungen über dieses Lehrgedicht findet man auch im ersten Theil der Briefe zur Bildung des Geschmacks S.* 172 *u. ff. Biographische Nachrichten von unserm Dichter sind bei Johnson und Anderson und in folgendem Werke zu suchen:*

Letters by several eminent persons deceased, including the correspondence of J. Hughes, Esq; and several of his friends, *London* 1773, 2 *Vol.* 8. *Seine kleinern, 1752 zu London erschienenen Gedichte, mit Einschluſs des* Fleece, *machen einen Theil des 53sten Bandes der Johnsonschen Dichtersammlung aus; auch findet man sie im 9ten Bande von Anderson's und im 94sten von Bell's Ausgabe.*

Grongar Hill *)

Silent Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landskip bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head:
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,

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*) *Dieser Berg liegt zwischen Llandilo und Carmarthen. Nicht weit davon befindet sich ein sehr schöner, einem gewissen Sir Rice gehöriger Park, in welchem ein altes beträchtliches Schloſs von der feinsten Gothischen Architektur liegt. Die Towy, welche hier sehr breit flieſst, bewässert die Gegend. Siehe Küttner's Beiträge, 4s Stück S. 29.*

From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill,
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistoes shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landskip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,

On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!

The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;

In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

SHENSTONE.

Wir haben im ersten Theile dieses Handbuchs S. 351 die Biographie dieses Dichters von Johnson mitgetheilt. Hier bemerken wir nur noch nachträglich, daſs Shenstone's Werke sich in den mehrmals angeführten Sammlungen der Englischen Dichter, und zwar bei Anderson im 9ten und bei Bell im 99sten und 100sten Bande befinden. Sein Leben findet man in Johnson's und Anderson's Biographien, desgleichen im 7ten Bande des Brittischen Plutarch, und vor vielen Ausgaben seiner Werke.

1) The Sky-Lark.

Song.

Go, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;

And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

2). Colemira.

A Culinary Eclogue.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinae,

Night's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed:
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground,
The little lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And pur around, and gently lick his face:

To all his plaints the sleeping curs reply;
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

„Could I", he cry'd, „express, how bright a grace
„Adorns thy morning hands, and well-wash'd face;
„Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
„And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

„Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
„Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
„Her hands outshine the fire, and redder things;
„Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

„But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
„When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
„When warm'd with dinner's toil in pearly rills,
„Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

„Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
„To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
„For late, when bees to change their climes began,
„How did I see them thrum the frying-pan!

„With her I should not envy George his queen,
„Though she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen;
„Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
„In russet pomp and greasy pride hang down.

„Ah! now it does, my drooping heart rejoice,
„When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
„How would that voice exceed the village bell,
„Would thou but sing: „I like thee passing well!"

„When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
„How soft, how easy, did her accents flow!
„Get out", she cry'd, „when strangers come to sup,
„One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

„Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute;
„Alas! I envy'd even that salute:
„'Twas sure misplac'd — Shock said, or seem'd to say,
„He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

„If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
„Who like the fair can that machine command?
„O may'st thou ne'er by Eolus be seen,
„For he would sure demand thee for his queen.

„But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
„And only gentler med'cines be of use;
„With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
„Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

„Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
„But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
„I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er,
„And swell thy cheeks and pout thy lips no more!

„With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen,
„When this proud damsel has more humble been,
„When with nice airs she hoist the pan-cake round,
„And dropt it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

„Look, with what charming grace! what winning tricks,
„The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks!
„So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
„Oft have I said — there were no need of candles.

„But thou, my fair! who never wouldst approve,
„Or hear the tender story of my love,
„Or mind, how burns my raying breast — a button —
„Perhaps art dreaming of — a breast of mutton."

Thus said, and wept, the sad desponding swain,
Revealing to the sable walls his pain:

But nymphs are free with those they should deny;
To these, they love, more exquisitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

3) A Pastoral Ballad, in four Parts 1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricae,
Virg.

I. Absence.

Ye Shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
— I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I pris'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?

They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart! —
Yet I thought — but it might not be so —
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. Hope.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep:
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around:
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;

Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
  But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
  With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
  To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
  What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
  From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
  Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
  As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair:
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
  She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
  Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard,
  Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
  How that pity was due to — a dove;
That it ever attended the bold;
  And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
  So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
  Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
  Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
  These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
  Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
  If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
  And where are her grots and her bowers?

Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine,
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. Solicitude.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays:
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
— But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe — oh! my Phyllis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
„How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the neightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet,
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
„O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet, than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
— Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
— Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. Disappointment.

Ye Shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair — and my passion begun;
She smil'd — and I could not but love:
She is faithless — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while;

And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

CHURCHILL.

Charles Churchill *wurde im Jahre* 1731 *in dem Kirchspiele St. John zu Westminster, wo sein Vater Prediger*

war, geboren, und in der Westminsterschule erzogen. Hier zeichnete er sich zwar durch Fähigkeiten aus, bewies aber gar keinen Fleiſs; auch wurde ihm nachmals wegen seiner Unkunde in den gelehrten Sprachen der Zutritt zur Universität Oxford versagt. Churchill sprach oft von diesem Umstande, und behauptete, er habe die ihm vorgelegten Fragen wol beantworten können, aber ihrer Geringfügigkeit wegen nicht beantworten wollen. Hierauf soll er sich eine kurze Zeit zu Cambridge aufgehalten haben. Bereits im 17ten Jahre seines Alters bewarb er sich um die Hand eines jungen Frauenzimmers, und heirathete dasselbe. Diese Verbindung war zwar von nicht langer Dauer, hatte aber auf Churchill einen sehr wohlthätigen Einfluſs; er studierte nun sehr fleiſsig, und betrug sich so gut, daſs er, wiewohl er auf keiner Universität studiert hatte, dennoch vom Bischof Sherlock zu London ordinirt wurde. Er erhielt zuerst eine kleine Vikariatsstelle (Curacy) *in Wales, welche dreiſsig Pfund eintrug. Hier erwarb er sich durch ein liebreiches Betragen und durch sorgfältige Übung der Pflichten seines Standes, die Liebe seiner Gemeinde in einem hohen Grade; auch fanden seine Predigten Beifall, wiewohl sie zum Theil für seine Zuhörer zu hoch waren. Um seine Einkünfte einigermaſsen zu erhöhen, fing er einen kleinen Handel mit Cyder (einem bekanntlich aus Obst verfertigten Getränke) an; allein das Glück war ihm darin so wenig günstig, daſs er in Schulden gerieth. Dieses Miſsgeschick bewog ihn, nach London zurück zu gehen, wo er die Stelle seines vor kurzem gestorbenen Vaters erhielt. Da auch diese nur geringe Einkünfte abwarf, so sah er sich genöthigt, durch Unterricht seine Finanzen zu verbessern. Er gerieth indessen, bei seiner nicht ganz guten Wirthschaft, dennoch in Schulden, und entging der Verhaftung nur durch den thätigen Beistand einiger seiner Freunde, deren einer für einen Theil der Schuldenmasse Bürgschaft leistete. Bisher hatte Churchill, ob er gleich öfters von seinen Freunden, welche seine Fähigkeiten kannten, dazu ermuntert worden war, nichts herausgegeben; um das Jahr* 1760 *aber erschien* the Actor *von seinem Freunde Lloyd, und dieses Werk veranlaſste ohne Zweifel sein Gedicht* the Rosciad. *Es erschien im März des Jahres* 1761 *ohne Angabe des Verfassers, wurde mit groſsem Beifall aufgenommen, und erwarb unserm Churchill, der sich bei der bald darauf erfolgten zweiten Ausgabe nannte, den Namen eines guten sa-*

tyrischen Dichters. Da es bei vielen treffenden Bemerkungen über die Schauspielkunst, im Ganzen mehr Tadel als Lob enthielt, so war es natürlich, daſs der Verfasser sehr angefochten wurde. Die schiefe Beurtheilung desselben in einem öffentlichen Blatte veranlaſste seine beiſsende Apology to the critical reviewers. *Garrick benahm sich besser. Wiewohl auch er etwas mitgenommen war, so ertheilte er dennoch dem Verfasser viele Lobsprüche über sein vortreffliches Werk; vertheidigte sich und seine Schauspieler gegen mancherlei Vorwürfe auf eine bescheidene Art, und leitete dadurch gewissermaſsen ein noch bevorstehendes Ungewitter ab. — Churchill's nächstes Produkt war* the Night, an Epistle to Robert Lloyd; *der Inhalt desselben ist eine Vertheidigung, oder vielmehr ein offenherziges Geständniſs seines Betragens. Hierauf erschien das erste Buch des Gedichts* the Ghost, *(die drei andern Bücher folgten einige Jahre später) zu dessen Abfassung ein lächerlicher Betrug, der sich in Cock-Lane, im westlichen Smithfield ereignete, Veranlassung gab. Es ist im Geist und der Manier des* Hudibras *geschrieben, und enthält viel Satyre, machte indessen, so wie das vorhergehende, keine so groſse Sensation, als die* Rosciade. — *Die Bekanntschaft, welche Churchill mit John Wilkes Esq. und andern Häuptern der Opposition um diese Zeit gemacht hatte, vermogte ihn, die Sache derselben durch jedes Mittel, welches in seiner Gewalt stand, zu befördern. Dieses war die nächste Veranlassung zu seiner Satyre:* the Prophecy of Famine, a Scotch pastoral, inscribed to Mr. Wilkes, *deren Hauptabsicht keine andere ist, als die ganze Schottische Nation und ihre damaligen Begünstiger im Parliament lächerlich zu machen; sie zeichnet sich durch beiſsenden Witz eben so sehr, als durch Eleganz und Wohlklang aus. Indessen Churchill's Ruhm als Dichter wuchs, verlor er in den Augen vieler als Mensch. Sein Betragen wurde nämlich ziemlich regellos; er zeichnete sich nicht allein durch eine seinem Stande nicht angemessene Kleidung aus, sondern besuchte auch ungesittete Gesellschaften, und lieſs sich von seiner Frau scheiden. — Sein nächstes Produkt als politischer Satyriker war seine bittere* Epistle to William Hogarth, *dem berühmten Maler, welcher in dem satyrischen Kupferstiche* the Times, *den Lord Temple und Herrn Pitt, Freunde von Wilkes, und in einem andern, den berühmten Wilkes selbst, dargestellt hatte. Churchill rächte seinen*

Freund durch die angegebene Epistel, und sie soll den am 27sten Oktober 1764 erfolgten Tod Hogarth's beschleunigt haben. Um das Jahr 1763 erschien das Übrige des oben angeführten Gedichts the Ghost, *in welchem vorzüglich Johnson unter dem Namen Pomposo heftig mitgenommen wird. Um eben die Zeit machte er die Satyren* the Conference *und* the Author *bekannt, von denen letztere zu seinen angenehmsten Stücken gehört. 1764 erschien sein, aus drei Büchern bestehendes Gedicht* Gotham, *dessen vornehmster Zweck ist, die Pflichten eines Monarchen darzustellen. Hierauf folgte* the Candidate *(in welchem insonderheit der berühmte Lord Sandwich heftig angegriffen wird), dann* the Farewell, *ein Dialog, in welchem der Dichter die Miene annimmt, als wolle er sein Vaterland verlassen, wovon ihn ein Freund abräth; letztere Satyre gehört nicht zu Churchill's bessern Arbeiten. Seine nächsten Werke waren* the Times, *gegen einige zu seiner Zeit herrschende Laster gerichtet, und* Independence, *worin er eine Parallele zwischen sich und einem weibischen Lord zieht. Den Beschluss machten* the Journey *und eine beissende Zueignungsschrift seiner Predigten an Warburton. 1764 machte der Dichter eine Reise nach Boulogne, um dort den exilirten Wilkes zu besuchen. Hier überfiel ihn ein Friesel, an welchem er den 4ten November 1764, im 33sten Jahre seines Alters starb. Er wurde zu Dover begraben. Churchill's Werke sind oftmals gedruckt worden. Eine Ausgabe von 1763 in 4, welche wir vor uns haben, führt den Titel:* Poems by Churchill, containing the Rosciad, the Apology, Night, the Prophecy of Famine, an epistle to William Hogarth, and the Ghost in foor books. *Vollständiger findet man seine Gedichte in der Andersonschen Dichtersammlung, wo sie einen Theil des 10ten Bandes füllen; in der Bellschen Sammlung nehmen sie den 107ten bis 109ten Theil ein. Churchill's Predigten erschienen 1765. — Was seine Satyren überhaupt betrifft, so stehen sie in Hinsicht auf Harmonie und Würde des Gegenstandes allerdings denen des Juvenal nach. Der Römische Satyriker entlarvt und züchtigt nicht allein das Laster, er wirft sich zugleich zum eifrigen Vertheidiger der Tugend auf, und zeigt den Weg, wie man zu derselben gelangen soll; Churchill dagegen scheint bloss den Zweck zu haben, Privathass zu befriedigen. Dabei besitzt er nicht Würde des Charakters und reife Beurtheilung genug, um als Sittenrichter auftreten zu können.*

An Stärke und Kraft fehlt es seinen Satyren indessen nicht, und wiewohl seine Verse nicht immer sanft fliessen, so sieht man doch aus verschiedenen Stellen, dass es nur von ihm abgehangen haben würde, seinen Gedichten überall diese Vollkommenheit zu geben. Unter der vorhin angegebenen Einschränkung verdient er also allerdings den Namen des Brittischen Juvenal, den viele ihm gegeben haben. — Wir fügen dem hier Gesagten noch das Urtheil hinzu, welches Dr. Knox in seinen Essays *über unsern Dichter fällt.* Even Young, *heisst es daselbst,* has been eclipsed by a poet, who has shone with the effulgence and instability of a meteor. Churchill possessed merit; a merit which was magnified, when seen through the medium of party, beyond that degree which it was able to support. When reason at last viewed what passion had exaggerated, she was disgusted with the disappointment, and turned away with neglect. Thus the celebrated Churchill, with whose applause the town re-echoed, is sinking to an oblivion which he hardly deserves; for though he wrote many careless lines, and many dull passages, yet the greater part of his productions displayed a genuine vein of satirical genius. — *Weitläuftigere biographisch-literarische Nachrichten von unserm Dichter findet man unter andern vor seinen Gedichten in der Andersonschen Sammlung, und im 7ten Bande des Brittischen Plutarch.*

The Prophecy of Famine, a Scotch Pastoral.

(Inscribed to John Wilkes, Esq.)

When Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire;
Trembling and blushing he the fair-one views,
And fain would speak, but can't — without a Muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds — a cook-maid now no more —
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies,
Green moss her couch; her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the *roguish* gale
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them through the vale.
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays.
Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass,
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,
And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But, when maturer judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on reason's altar bleed;
Form'd after some *great man*, whose name breeds awe,
Whose ev'ry sentence fashion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears;
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And nature's banish'd by *mechanic* art;
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then ostentation marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* pride stalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line.
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air,
Nonsense with *classic* ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of taste.

Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,
And *courtly* Maro call'd from Mincio's shore;
Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home;
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flourish'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn;
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;

Landscapes, unknown to *dowdy* nature, rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.
For bards, like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay;
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain common-sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of folly's wing;
In love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gisbal *) kindly rock them to repose;
My lord — to letters as to *faith* most true —
At once their patron and example too —
Shall *quaintly* fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams,
Curious in grief (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe),
From the green umbrage of some druid's seat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me, whom no muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* streams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For *apt* alliteration's *artful aid;*
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill,*
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poesy, and *ambling* wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.
Thou, Nature, art *my* goddess — to thy law
Myself I dedicate. — *Hence* slavish awe

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*) *So soll ein schlechter Prediger, der um diese Zeit lebte, geheifsen haben.*

Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear,
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for *taste*,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
By nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdu'd,
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the Goddess reigns throughout the year,
Where, undisturb'd by Art's *rebellious plan*,
She rules the *loyal Laird*, and *faithful Clan*.

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr *) found?

Nor less our debt in science, though deny'd
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays **), names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence, home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, though no *dull* Dean was there;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That *old*, *new*, *Epic Pastoral*, Fingal;
Thence, Malloch, friend alike of *Church* and *State*,

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*) *Karl I.* **) *Der eine Ramsay ist als Dichter bekannt, der andere war ein vom Hofe protegirter Maler. Gegen den erstern scheint Churchill einen persönlichen Hass gehegt zu haben.*

Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards, which, in a *pious* reign,
All *darling infidels* should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this *wise* town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.

Waft me, some muse to Tweed's inspiring stream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power of sleep,
Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *English* pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are — God knows how;
From nice trim points, where honour, slave to rule,
In compliment to folly, plays the fool;
From those gay scenes, where mirth exalts his pow'r,
And easy humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *friendship's* summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, *once seen before*, that *ancient* seat,
That *ancient seat*, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, *long before the world was made!*

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of Kings.
Let *rude licentious* Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not why
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,

Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good-humour tempers lively wit,
Enthron'd with judgment, candour loves to sit,
And nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When *scribblers*, to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce *North-Britain* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives; deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Pisgah* *) when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that *Holy Land*,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd page.

The *Scots* are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our vigour to encrease their own,
If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
Rous'd by such wrongs should reason take alarm,
And e'en the Muse for public safety arm;
But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,
And follow where true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,

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*) *Der Berg, von welchem Gott dem Moses das gelobte Land zeigte, heißt Nebo; er gehört zu dem Gebirge Pisga (s. das 5te Buch Mos. Kap. 34, v. 1.)*

Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.
„Into our places, states, and beds they creep:"
They've sense to get, what we want sense to keep.
Once, be the hour accurs'd) accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men, *call'd* patriots, laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But shall I meanly error's path pursue,
When heavenly truth presents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in?
To make the *oath*, was rash; to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow;
Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttleton and West) *)
Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
To raise new trophies to the *Scottish* name,
To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?)
E'en faction's sons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories) stamp'd with honest rhymes,
In fullest tide roll down to latest times.
„Presumptuous wretch! and shall a *Muse* like thine
„An *English Muse*, the meanest of the nine,
„Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak strain
„Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
„Should he from toils of government retire,
„And for a moment fan the poet's fire,
„Should he, of sciences the moral friend,
„Each *curious*, each *important* search suspend,
„Leave *unassisted* Hill of herbs to tell,
„And *all the wonders of a cockle-shell*,

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*) *Zwei Ungläubige, die sich in der Folge bekehrten; Lyttleton (s. Theil I, S. 273.) schrieb Betrachtungen über die Bekehrung des heiligen Paul, und West über die Offenbarungen.*

„Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
„Would not *the* Home step forth, and gain the prize?
„Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
„The humble brows of one in *England* born,
„Presumptuous still thy daring must appear:
„Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilst I am here."
Thus spake a *form*, by silken smile, and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the laureat known,
Folly's chief friend, decorum's eldest son,
In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.
This *airy substance* this *substantial shade*,
Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd. — —

DODSLEY.

Robert Dodsley *wurde im Jahre* 1705 *zu Mansfield in Nottinghamshire geboren. Seine dürftigen Umstände nöthigten ihn, als Bedienter zu dienen. In dieser Lage gab er auf Veranlassung seiner Freunde eine Sammlung seiner Gedichte unter dem Titel:* the Muse in livery *heraus; noch bekannter wurde er durch sein Schauspiel* the Toy-Shop, *welches Pope's Beifall in dem Grade erhielt, daſs dieser Dichter* 1735 *die Aufführung desselben auf dem Covent-Garden-Theater bewirkte. Dodsley wandte die kleine Summe, die er sich durch diese beiden Werke erworben hatte, zur Anlegung eines Buchhandels in Pall-Mall an. Die Thätigkeit und Einsicht, mit welcher er seine Geschäfte betrieb, verbunden mit dem Schutze und der Empfehlung des Dichters Pope, machten, daſs er bald zu den angesehensten Buchhändlern gezählt wurde. Bei seinen ausgebreiteten Geschäften vernachlässigte er indessen seine dichterischen Talente keinesweges.* 1737 *wurde seine Farze* the King and the Miller of Mansfield *mit Beifall auf dem Drury-Lane-Theater gegeben;* 1738 *folgte die Fortsetzung dieses Stücks betitelt:* Sir John Cockle at Court. 1744 *machte er* a Collection of Plays by old Authors *bekannt; (eine von Reed verbesserte Ausgabe dieses schätzbaren Werks erschien* 1780*).* 1746 *erschien* the Museum or literary and historical Register *in* 3 *Vol.* 8. *zu welchem Johnson und andere geistreiche Männer je-*

ner Zeit Beiträge lieferten. Diesem Werke folgte eine Sammlung seiner dramatischen Arbeiten unter dem Titel: Trifles. *Die Unterzeichnung des Achner Friedens veranlaſste ihn zu dem Stück* the Triumph of Peace, *welches* 1748-49 *auf dem Drury-Lane-Theater gespielt wurde. Hierauf erschien* 1749 *das von ihm projektirte, und von mehreren der ausgezeichnetsten Schriftsteller seiner Zeit ausgeführte, nützliche Schulbuch* the Preceptor, *in* 2 *Vol. in* 8, *und* 1750 the Economy of human life, translated from an Indian manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin, *ein kleines Werk, welches theils wegen seines wirklichen Werths, theils aber auch weil man lange Zeit den Grafen von Chesterfield für dessen Verfasser hielt, sehr schnell verkauft wurde.* 1752 *erwarb sich Dodsley durch seine* Collection of Poems by eminent Hands, 3 *Vol. in* 12., *den Dank aller Freunde der Poesie; der 4te Band erschien* 1755, *der 5te und 6te folgte im Jahre* 1758. *Vielleicht giebt es keine geschmackvollere Sammlung der Art in irgend einer Sprache. Dodsley's Gedichte nehmen in derselben einen Theil des 3ten Bandes ein. Von diesem nützlichen Werk sind in der Folge mehrere Fortsetzungen erschienen, als von Pearch, in* 4 *Vol in* 12, 1768, 1770, *und von Nichols, in* 8 *Vol.* 1780 *und* 1782 *mit biographischen und historischen Anmerkungen.* 1754 *erschien Dodsley's* Agriculture in three cantos, *eigentlich nur der erste Gesang eines gröſsern didaktischen Gedichts, welches den Titel* the public Virtue *führen und aus drei Gesängen,* Agriculture, Commerce *und* Arts *bestehen sollte. Dies Lehrgedicht hat viele glückliche Stellen; es ist reich an schönen Beschreibungen und erhabenen Gedanken, auch ist der Plan des Ganzen gut entworfen. Englische Kunstrichter rügen indessen an demselben viele prosaische Stellen, unpassende Epitheta und Nachlässigkeiten in der Versifikation.* 1758 *erschien seine* Melpomene or the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode, *unstreitig das gelungenste Produkt unsers Dichters; vorzüglich hervorstechend in demselben sind die Beschreibungen der Verzweiflung, der Wuth und das Gemälde eines unglücklich liebenden Mädchens. Hierauf folgte das von unserm Dichter angefangene und nachmals von andern Verfassern bis auf gegenwärtige Zeit fortgesetzte* Annual Register or a View of the History, Politics and Literature of the year 1758 *).

*) *Der 45ste Band erschien im Jahre* 1805.

Sodann schrieb er sein mit grossem Beifall aufgeführtes Trauerspiel Cleone. 1762 *erschienen* the select Fables of Æsop and other Fabulists in three Books, with the life of Æsop, and an Essay on Fable 8, *ein von Seiten des Styls sehr schätzbares Werk, dessen erster Theil die ältern, der zweite die neuern und der dritte diejenigen Fabeln enthält, welche Dodsley und seine Freunde aufgesetzt haben. Zu den letzten Arbeiten unsers Dichters gehören:* a Collection of fugitive pieces by Spence, Cooper *etc.* 1761, 2 *Vol.* 8, *und eine Ausgabe von Shenstone's Werken* 1763, *begleitet mit einer Biographie des Verfassers. Dodsley starb den 5ten September* 1764, *im 61sten Jahre seines Alters. Das ansehnliche Vermögen desselben fiel seinem Bruder und Compagnon in der Handlung, James Dodsley zu. Seine dichterischen Arbeiten stehen im 11ten Theile der Andersonschen Sammlung. Ausser den bereits angeführten verdienen noch* the Art of preaching, *eine Nachahmung der* Ars poetica *und verschiedene kleinere Stücke, unter welchen sich* 12 Songs *mit der Überschrift* Colin's kisses *befinden, Aufmerksamkeit. Von seinen, übrigens sehr schätzbaren, prosaischen Schriften kann hier nicht die Rede seyn.*

Episod of the fair milk-maid *)

— — — — Who hath not heard
Of Patty, the fair milk-maid? Beautiful
As an Arcadian nymph; upon her brow
Sat virgin modesty, while in her eyes
Young sensibility began to play
With innocence. Her waving locks fell down
On either side her face in careless curls,
Shading the tender blushes in her cheek.
Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,
Stolen from the rose or violet's dewy leaves.
Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
Through lips of living coral. When she spoke,
Her features wore intelligence; her words
Were soft, with such a smile accompany'd,

*) Agriculture, Canto I.

As lighted in her face resistless charms.
Her polish'd neck rose rounding from her breast
With pleasing elegance: — That lovely breast! —
Ah! fancy, dwell not there, lest gay desire,
Who, smiling, hovers o'er th' enchanting place,
Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous ecstasy.
Her shape was moulded by the hand of ease,
Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;
While grace, following her steps, with secret art
Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd;
In sweet simplicity; a snow-white pail
Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill
In that fair province of the rural state,
The deiry; source of more delicious bowls
Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts.

How great the power of beauty! The rude swains
Grew civil at her sight; and gaping crowds,
Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gase,
Whispering her praises in each other's ear.
As when a gentle breeze, borne through the grove,
With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves,
And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;
So ran a spreading whisper through the crowd.
Young Thyrsis hearing, turn'd aside his head,
And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.
Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir
Of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,
Thyrsis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
Had seen no virgin he could wish to make
His wedded partner. Now his beating heart
Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye,
With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.
No rest the night, no peace the following day
Brought to his struggling heart: her beauteous form,
Her fair perfections playing on his mind,
With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain
He strives to tear her image from his breast;
Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,
And binding all his soul a slave to love.

Ah! little did he know, alas! the while
Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
Long, long for him had heav'd the secret sigh.
For him she drest, for him the pleasing arts
She study'd, and for him she wish'd to live.
But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,
Check'd the young hope; nor durst her modest eyes
Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,
Lest curious malice, like a watchful spy,
Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal.
Judge then the sweet surprise, when she at length
Beheld him, all irresolute, approach;
And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
Breathe these soft words into her listening ear:
„O Patty! dearest maid, whose beauteous form
„Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,
„Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,
„Which from this hour devotes itself to thee:
„Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,
„If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."
Ah! who the sudden tumult can describe
Of struggling passions rising in her breast?
Hope, fear, confusion, modesty and love,
Oppress her labouring soul: — She strove to speak,
But the faint accents dy'd upon her tongue:
Her fears prevented utterance. — At length
„Can Thyrsis mock my poverty? Can he
„Be so unkind? O no! yet I, alas,
„Too humble even to hope." — No more she said;
But gently, as if half unwilling, stole
Her hand from his; and, with sweet modesty,
Casting a look of diffidence and fear,
To hide her blushes, silently withdrew.
But Thyrsis read, with rapture in her eyes,
The language of her soul. He follow'd, woo'd
And won her for his wife. — —

YOUNG.

Edward Young, 1681 zu *Upham bei Winchester* geboren, *erhielt seine Bildung zu Oxford, wo er eben nicht die Zierde der Religion und Moral gewesen seyn soll, die er in der Folge ward, und wurde hierauf Prediger zu Welwyn, einem Dorfe in Hertfordshire. Sein erstes Werk von Bedeutung*, Poem on the last day, *erschien* 1713. *Hierauf folgte* the Force of religion or vanquish'd love, *ein Gedicht, das sich auf die Hinrichtung der unglücklichen Lady Jane Gray bezieht. Nach Anna's Tode sang er* on the late Queen's death and his Majesty's accession to the throne, *eine* captatio benevolentiae, *wie viele seiner frühern Produkte.* 1719 *wurde sein Trauerspiel* Busiris *gegeben, ein Stück, worin sich seine lebhafte Einbildungskraft in ihrer ganzen Stärke zeigt. Es fand und verdient wenig Beifall, da die Charaktere zu unnatürlich sind, als daſs sie Mitleid, Schrecken oder Unwillen erregen sollten. In eben dem Jahre schrieb er* a Letter to Mr. Tickell, *veranlaſst durch den Tod Addison's, des gemeinschaftlichen Freundes beider Dichter, und* a Paraphrase on part of the book of Job. The Revenge, *sein zweites Trauerspiel, zuerst* 1721 *aufgeführt, erhält sich noch auf der Bühne. Seine sieben charakteristischen Satyren, die er* 1728 *unter dem Titel* Love of fame, the universal passion, *zusammen drucken lieſs, erschienen seit* 1725 *einzeln. Er erwarb sich dadurch einen hohen Rang unter den satyrischen Dichtern, und ein Vermögen von mehr als* 3000 l. *Bei George's II Regierungsantritt schrieb er zwei mit einem* Essay on lyric poetry *begleitete Oden, wovon die eine an den König gerichtet, und die andere* Ocean *überschrieben ist.* 1728 *wurde er ordinirt, und zum Caplan des Königs ernannt.* 1729 *erschien sein in Pindar's Manier geschriebenes Gedicht* Imperium Pelagi, a naval lyric, occasioned by his Majesty's return from Hannover. 1730 *gab er zwei Briefe an Pope*, concerning the authors of the age *und sein aus zwei Oden bestehendes* Sea-piece *heraus. Gleich darauf erhielt er die Pfarre von Welwyn in Hertfordshire. Von* 1741 — 44 *erschien sein auch unter uns durch die vortreffliche Ebertsche Übersetzung und Erläuterung rühmlichst bekanntes Meisterwerk*, the Complaint, or Night-Thoughts, *ein durchaus ori-*

ginelles, und in einem Anfall von wilder Schwermuth geschriebenes Gedicht, voll der erhabensten Gedanken. Die Nächte kamen anfangs einzeln heraus, scheinen jedoch bald in ein Ganzes gesammelt zu seyn. Ihre Überschriften sind: Night I. Of life, death and immortality. II. Of time, death and friendship. III. Narcissa. IV. The christian triumph. V. The relapse. VI *und* VII. The infidel reclaimed. VIII. Virtue's apology. IX. The consolation. *Einige gute Bemerkungen über dies Werk enthält der 16te Brief im 2ten Bande der Briefe zur Bildung des Geschmacks von Dusch. 1753 wurde ein drittes Trauerspiel unsers Dichters,* the Brothers, *aufgeführt. Sein letztes Gedicht,* Resignation, *athmet noch alles Feuer seiner Jugendarbeiten, ob er es gleich in einem achtzigjährigen Alter geschrieben hat. Es ist voll Stellen, die ganz diesem schönen Anfang entsprechen:*

The days how few, how short the years
 Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
 A shorter in its place.

They who the longest lease enjoy,
 Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more,
 Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
 With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
 This weighty truth forget.

Der Dichter starb 1765. Seine Werke sind von ihm selbst in 4 Oktavbänden herausgegeben worden, zuerst wie es scheint, im Jahr 1757. Die Gedichte, mit Ausschluss der 3 Trauerspiele, nehmen den 50 - 52sten Theil der Johnsonschen, einen Theil des 10ten Bandes der Andersonschen und den 84sten bis 87sten Theil der Bellschen Sammlung ein. Nachrichten von seinem Leben suche man in der Biographia brittannica *und im 4ten Bande von Johnson's* Lives of the english poets.

Fragment of the Night-Thoughts *).

O *time!* than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious *death!* should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
That *time* is mine, o Mead! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius answers my desire;
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will; — *that* dies not with my strain.
For what calls *thy* disease, *Lorenzo?* not
For *Esculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon,
Youth is not rich in *time*, it may be poor;
Part with is as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty, wisdom, glory, gain?*
(*These* heaven benign in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle, is to live;
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou say'st I *preach, Lorenzo*, 'tis confest.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake?*
Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle?

*) Night II. v. 28 — 188.

Is it not treason, to the soul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands and cities with their glittering spires
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?
Will toys amuse? No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
Redeem we time? — Its *loss* we dearly buy.
What pleads *Lorenzo* for his high-pris'd sports?
He pleads time's numerous *blanks;* he loudly pleads
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee?*
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *propos'd* virtue, still be thine!
This cancels thy complaint at once; *this* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the blest art of turning all to *gold;*
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
Immense revenue! every moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed, admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all important *time*, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
„*I've lost a day*" — the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of *Rome*, say rather, Lord of human race:
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: So *reason* speaks in all;
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For rescue from the *blessing* we possess?

Time the supreme! — Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *art!* our furious charioteer,
(For *nature's* voice unstifled would recall),
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made;
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of *Cain*
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! Prisons hardly frown.
From hateful *time* if prisons set us free.
Yet when *death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes these errors and these ills;
To nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore.
Not short heaven's bounty, boundless our expence;
No niggard nature; men are prodigals.

We *waste*, not *use* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life.
And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since *time* was giv'n for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blund'ring, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of *rest*;
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.
Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
The time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle with *great nature's plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;
We push time *from* us, and we wish him back;
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and short; *death* seek, and shun;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life, delight us. If time *past*,
And time *possest*, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He *walks with nature*; and her paths are peace.

MALLET.

Biographische und literarische Nachrichten von diesem Manne enthält der erste Theil dieses Handbuchs, S. 211. Man findet seine Gedichte bei Johnson *im 53sten, bei* Bell *im 101sten und bei* Anderson *im 9ten Bande.* Johnson *und* Anderson *haben auch sein Leben erzählt.*

1) William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver-dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save!

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;

When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth!

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear, my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say, my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more! *)

2) Edwin and Emma.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles through heaven
Wen vernal mornings break.

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*) In a comedy of Fletcher, called „The Knigt of the Burning Pestle" old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verses:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

This was probably the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and it is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy: and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago. Mallet. — *Es ging also dem Englischen Dichter eben so als unserm Bürger, dem auch die wenigen abgerissenen Worte:*

Der Mond der scheint so helle,
Die Todten reiten so schnelle:
Feins Liebchen, graut dir nicht?

welche er einst von einem Bauermädchen beim Mondenschein singen hörte, Veranlassung zu der bekannten Ballade „Lenore fuhr um's Morgenroth u. s. w." gaben.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn
  This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
  To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
  Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
  Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
  A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
  Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
  Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
  That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
  Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
  Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
  Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
  Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
  Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
  From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
  And seen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at last
  Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
  Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
  Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
  The spreading hawthorn crept,

To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the north [illegible] blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd — but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say,
„My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, apall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale —
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door —
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side —
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and dy'd.

GRAINGER.

James Grainger *wurde im Jahre 1724 zu Dunse in Berwickshire geboren. Da sein Vater, welcher nach einigen mißgeglückten Spekulationen im Bergbau ein Amt bei der Accise erhalten hatte, frühzeitig gestorben war, so übernahm der Stiefbruder unsers Dichters die Erziehung des letztern, schickte ihn in die Schule von North Berwick, und brachte ihn hierauf bei einem Wundarzt zu Edinburgh in die Lehre. Nachdem er sich hier einige Jahre aufgehalten und auch den medizinischen Vorlesungen an diesem Orte beigewohnt hatte, trat er als Wundarzt in die Armee, machte einige Feldzüge mit, und wandte die Zeit, welche ihm von seinen Berufsgeschäften übrig blieb, auf die Lektüre der Klassiker. Nach dem im Jahre 1748 zu Achen geschlossenen Frieden nahm er den Grad eines Doktors der Arzneikunde an, ließ sich zu London nieder, und wurde, wegen seines Geschmacks und seiner Kenntnisse bald mit Johnson, Percy, Shenstone, Armstrong u. a. m. bekannt, und von diesen Männern geschätzt. Das erste Gedicht, womit er öffentlich auftrat, war seine schöne* Ode on Solitude, *welche 1755 in Dodsley's* Collection *) *erschien, und seinen Ruf als Dichter gründete. Einige Zeit darauf wurde er mit einem Gehalt von 200* l. tutor *eines gewissen John Bourryan Esq. 1759 gab er seine* poetical Translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, and of the Poems of Sulpicia, with the original text, and notes critical and explanatory, *2 Vol. in 12 heraus, eine Arbeit, mit*

*) *Siehe oben Seite 372.*

der er sich bereits zu der Zeit, als er in der Armee diente, beschäftigt hatte. Das Werk ist seinem Zögling gewidmet. Im Anfang des folgenden Jahres erschien sein Letter to Tobias Smollet, M. D. occasioned by his criticism upon a late translation of Tibullus, by Dr. Grainger, 8. *In demselben Jahre begleitete er seinen Zögling nach Westindien, und liefs sich mit demselben zu Basseterre auf der Insel St. Christopher (einer der kleinern Antillen) nieder, heirathete hier eine gewisse Mifs Burt, Schwester des dortigen Gouverneurs, und übte die Heilkunde mit vielem Glücke aus. Hier begann und vollendete er auch sein berühmtes, aus vier Gesängen bestehendes Lehrgedicht* the Sugar Cane. *Es erschien im Jahre 1764 mit Anmerkungen. Kurz vor der Bekanntmachung desselben hatte der Verfasser eine Reise nach England unternommen, und seinen gelehrten Freunden Johnson, Percy u. a. das Manuskript gezeigt, und ihre lehrreichen Winke benutzt. Grainger überlebte die Bekanntmachung dieses Werks nicht lange, denn er starb bereits 1767 den 16ten Dezember im 43sten Jahre seines Alters zu Basseterre, mit dem Ruhme eines edlen, wohlwollenden Mannes. Seine Werke findet man im 10ten Bande der Andersonschen Sammlung. Sie bestehen aus den bereits angeführten und einer vortrefflichen Ballade* Bryan and Pereene, *die sich auf ein wahres Faktum gründet; sie ist auch in dem ersten Bande der* Reliques of ancient English Poetry, 1764, *befindlich. Was den Werth seiner Gedichte betrifft, so bemerken wir darüber folgendes: seine eben angeführte Ballade gehört zu den schönsten der Englischen Literatur und seinem* Tibullus *schenkte selbst der so schwer zu befriedigende Johnson vielen Beifall. Auch die* Ode on Solitude *enthält vortreffliche Stellen. Über sein didaktisches Gedicht* the Sugar Cane *befindet sich im ersten Theile der Briefe zur Bildung des Geschmacks, S. 226 u. ff. eine gründliche Beurtheilung. Es besteht aus vier Gesängen; der erste handelt vom Anbau des Zuckerrohrs und von der Beschaffenheit des dazu erfordorlichen Bodens. Mit Vergnügen liest man die Beschreibung von St. Christopher, den Panegyricus auf Columbus, die Beschreibung eines Karaibischen Regens und die, welche der Dichter von dem Leben eines braven Pflanzers entwirft. Im zweiten ist von den mannichfaltigen Unfällen die Rede, die das Zuckerrohr theils von Thieren verschiedener Art, theils von Sturmwinden* (hurricanes) *erleiden kann. Die Beschreibung der letztern Natur-*

scene, so wie auch die eines Erdbebens, sind dem Dichter sehr wohl gelungen. Den Beschluss dieses Gesanges macht die schöne Episode Junio and Theana. *Die Erndte des Zukkerrohrs und das Sieden desselben sind der vornehmste Gegenstand des dritten Gesangs. Der Verfasser zeigt hierbei so wie überall, viele Sachkenntniss. Nach einer kleinen Digression zum Lobe des beliebten Rum, folgt eine der Vollendung nahe schöne Schilderung einer Westindischen Gegend. Der Gegenstand des vierten Gesangs ist die Behandlung der Neger. Auch unser Dichter redet nachdrücklich für diese unterdrückten Unglücklichen. Lesenswerth ist unter andern in diesem Gesange die Beschreibung eines Negertanzes. — Die hier mitgetheilten Probestücke werden den Leser überzeugen, dass unser Dichter sehr glücklich ist, wenn er Naturscenen schildert; wir mögten beinah sagen, dass er darin den grössern Theil der übrigen Englischen Dichter weit hinter sich zurücklässt; wir wollen indessen sehr gern zugeben, dass er vielleicht darum leichter seinen Zweck erreicht, weil er Gegenstände schildert, die für den Europäischen Leser noch den Reiz der Neuheit haben. Was den eigentlichen didaktischen Theil seines Gedichts betrifft, so ist dieser allerdings hier und da trocken, und der Verfasser scheint bei dem Bestreben zu unterrichten, zuweilen zu vergessen, dass er seinen Gegenstand als Dichter zu behandeln gehabt habe.*

1) Bryan and Pereene.

(A West-Indian Ballad.)

The north-east wind did briskly blow
  The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
  And so leapt over board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
  His heart did long enthral,
And whoso his impatience blames,
  I wot ne'er loved at all.

A long, long year, one month and day
  He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
  Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blithsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scànt had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine,
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad,
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf *) did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain,
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

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*) súrf, *Brandung*.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she falls, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.

2) A Hurricane described. Of Calms and Earthquakes *).

Say, can the Muse, the pencil in her hand,
The all-wasting hurricane observant ride?
Can she, undazzled, view the lightning's glare,
That fires the welkin? Can she, unappall'd,
When all the flood-gates of the sky are ope,
The shoreless deluge stem? The muse hath seen
The pillar'd flame, whose top hath reach'd the stars;
Seen rocky, molten fragments, slung in air
From Ætna's vext abyss; seen burning streams
Pour down its channell'd sides; tremendous scenes! —
Yet not vext Ætna's pillar'd flames, that strike
The stars; nor molten mountains hurl'd on high;
Nor ponderous rapid deluges, that burn
Its deeply-channell'd sides; cause such dismay,
Such desolation, Hurricane! as thou;
When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow,
And all the battles of thy winds engage.
Soon as the Virgin's charms ingross the sun;
And till his weaker flame the Scorpion feels;
But, chief, while Libra weighs the unsteady year:
Planter, with mighty props thy dome support:
Each flaw repair; and well, with massy bars,
Thy doors and windows guard; securely lodge
Thy stocks and mill-points **). — Then, or calms obtain;
Breathless the royal palm-tree's airiest van;

*) Sugar Cane B. II. v. 270 — 427. **) The sails are fastened to the mill-points, as those are to the stocks. They should always be taken down before the hurricane season.

While, o'er the panting isle, the demon heat
High hurls his flaming brand; vast, distant waves
The main drives furious, in, and heaps the shore
With strange productions: Or, the blue serene
Assumes a louring aspect, as the clouds
Fly, wild-careering, through the vault of heaven;
Then transient birds, of various kinds, frequent
Each stagnant pool; some hover o'er thy roof;
Then Eurus reigns no more; but each bold wind,
By turns usurps the empire of the air
With quick inconstancy;
Thy herds, as sapient of the coming storm,
(For beasts partake some portion of the sky,)
In troops associate; and, in cold sweats bath'd,
Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye seamen, now,
Ply to the southward, if the changeful moon,
Or, in her interlunar palace hid,
Shuns night: or, full-orb'd, in night's forehead glows:
For, see! the mists, that late involv'd the hill,
Disperse; the mid-day sun looks red; strange burs *)
Surround the stars, which vaster fill the eye.
A horrid stench the pools, the main emits;
Fearful the genius of the forest sighs;
The mountains moan; deep groans the cavern'd cliff.
A night of vapour, closing fast around,
Snatches the golden noon. — Each wind appeas'd,
The north flies forth, and hurls the frighted air:
Not all the brazen engineries of man,
At once exploded, the wild burst surpass.
Yet thunder, yok'd with lightning and with rain,
Water with fire, increase the infernal din:
Canes, shrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft in air. —
The wind is spent; and „all the isle below
„Is hush as death."
Soon issues forth the west, with sudden burst;
And blasts more rapid, more resistless drives:

*) These are astral haloes. Columbus soon made himself master of the signs that precede a hurricane in the West-Indies, by which means he saved his own squadron; while another large fleet, whose commander despised his prognostics, put to sea, and was wrecked.

Rushes the headlong sky; the city rocks;
The good man throws him on the trembling ground;
And dies the murderer in his inmost soul —
Sullen, the west withdraws his eager storms. —
Will not the tempest now his furies chain?
Ah, no! as when in Indian forests, wild,
Barbaric armies suddenly retire
After some furious onset, and, behind
Vast rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal,
Brooding on slaughter, not repuls'd: for soon
Their growing yell the affrighted welkin rends,
And bloodier carnage mows th' ensanguin'd plain:
So the south, sallying from his iron caves
With mightier force, renews the aërial war;
Sleep, frighted, flies; and, see! yon lofty palm,
Fair nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves,
Cleft by the sulphurous bolt! See yonder dome,
Where grandeur with propriety combin'd,
And Theodorus with devotion dwelt;
Involv'd in smouldering flames. — From every rock
Dashes the turbid torrent; through each street
A river foams, which sweeps, with untam'd might,
Men, oxen, cane-lands to the billowy main. —
Pauses the wind. — Anon the savage east
Bids his wing'd tempests more relentless rave;
Now brighter, vaster corruscations flash;
Deepens the deluge; nearer thunder roll;
Earth trembles; ocean reels, and, in her fangs,
Grim desolation tears the shrieking isle,
Ere rosy morn possess the ethereal plain,
To pour on darkness the full flood of day —
Nor does the hurricane's all-wasting wrath
Alone bring ruin on its sounding wing:
Even calms are dreadful, and the fiery south
Oft reigns a tyrant in these fervid isles:
For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes,
Europe and Asia's vegetable sons,
Touch'd by its fainting vapour, shrivel'd, die.
The hardiest children of the rocks repine:
And all the upland Tropic-plants hang down
Their drooping heads; show arid, coil'd, adust. —
The main itself seems parted into streams,

Clear as a mirror; and, with deadly scents,
Annoys the rower; who, heart-fainting, eyes
The sails hang idly, noiseless, from the mast.
Thrice hapless he, whom thus the hand of fate
Compels to risk the unsufferable beam!
A fiend, the worst the angry skies ordain
To punish sinful man, shall fatal seize
His wretched life, and to the tomb consign.
When such the ravage of the burning calm,
On the stout, sunny children of the hill;
What must thy cane-lands feel? Thy late green sprouts
Nor bunch, nor joint; but, sapless, arid, pine:
Those, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue,
(Symptom of health and strength) soon ruddy show;
While the rich juice that circled in their veins,
Acescent, watery, poor, unwholesome tastes.
Nor only, planter, are, thy cane-groves burnt;
Thy life is threatened. Muse, the manner sing.
Then earthquakes, nature's agonizing pangs,
Oft shake the astonied isles. The solfaterre *)
Or sends forth thick, blue, suffocating steams;
Or shoots to temporary flame. A din,
Wild through the mountain's quivering rocky caves,
Like the dread crash of tumbling planets, roars.
When tremble thus the pillars of the globe,
Like the tall coco by the fierce north blown;
Can the poor, brittle tenements of man
Withstand the dread convulsion? Their dear homes,
(Which shaking, tottering, crashing, bursting, fall)
The boldest fly: and, on the open plain
Appal'd, in agony the moment wait,
When, with disrupture vast, the waving earth
Shall whelm them in her sea-disgorging womb.
Nor less affrighted are the bestial kind.
The bold steed quivers in each panting vein,
And staggers, bath'd in deluges of sweat:
Thy lowing herds forsake their grassy food,
And send forth frighted, woeful hollow sounds:

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*) Volcanos are called *sulphurs*, or *solfaterres*, in the West-Indies. There are few mountainous islands in that part of the globe without them.

The dog, thy trusty centinel of night,
Deserts his post assign'd; and, piteous howls. —
Wide ocean feels: —
The mountain-waves, passing their custom'd bounds,
Make direful, loud incursions on the land,
All-overwhelming: Sudden they retreat,
With their whole troubled waters; but, anon,
Sudden return, with louder, mightier force:
(The black rocks whiten, the vext shores resound;)
And yet, more rapid, distant they retire.
Vast corruscations lighten all the sky,
With volum'd flames; while thunder's awful voice,
From forth his shrine, by night and horror girt,
Astounds the guilty, and appals the good:
For oft the best, smote by the bolt of heaven,
Wrapt in ethereal flame, forget to live;
Else, fair Theana. — Muse her fate deplore.

3) Junio and Theana *).

Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
His father sent him from these genial isles **),
To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys
Green Eton, soft abode of every muse.
Each classic beauty he soon made his own;
And soon fam'd Isis ***) saw him woo the Nine,
On her inspiring banks. Love tun'd his song;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acasto's daughter, whom, in early youth,
He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending coco's airy height,
To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he presented, more nectareous deem'd.
The sweetest sappadillas ****) oft he brought;
From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.
Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;

*) The Sugar Cane, Book II. v. 428 — 555. **) *Nämlich den Antillen.* ***) *Isis, Fluſs bei Oxford.* ****) This is a pleasant tasted fruit, somewhat resembling a bergamot in shape and colour. Botanists call it *Cainito.*

Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's *) royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
She shone all-perfect; while each pleasing art,
And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain,
Which Percy's **) happier pencil would demand,
Can ill describe the transports Junio felt
At this discovery: He declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.
And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew,
His sire detested his Theana's house! —
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd
To check their happy union. He resolv'd
(And many a sigh that resolution cost)
To pass the time, till death his sire remov'd,
In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd reluctant, for her native isle.
Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to serve; no joys he found. —
Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the seat of every Muse,
Of freedom, courage; yet Ausonia's clime,
His steps explor'd; where painting, music's strains,
Where arts, where laws, (philosophy's best child)
With rival beauties his attention claim'd.
To his just-judging, his instructed eye,
The all-perfect Medicean Venus seem'd
A perfect semblance of his Indian fair:
But when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd
The harmonious warblings of Italian song.
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death.
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven resign'd,

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*) *Der alte Name für* ***Richmond.*** **) ***Percy.*** *Von diesem Englischen Dichter siehe weiter unten.*

Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd;
Eager to clasp the object of his love.
Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po *):
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.
In Biscay's stormy seas, an armed ship,
Of force superior, from loud Charente's **) wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,
So plied their cannon, plied their missil fires,
That soon in air the hapless thunderer blew.
Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail thou Po:
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!
Soon Porto Santo's ***) rocky heights they spy,
Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky.
Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;
Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm ****) the harpooner sits,
Strikes the boneta *****), or the shark †) ensnares:
The fring'd urtica ††) spreads her purple form
To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves:
Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight †††);
And beauteous dolphins ††††) gently played around.

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*) *Name des Schiffs.* **) *Charente, Fluss in Frankreich, der im ehemaligen Poitou entspringt, und sich zwischen Soubize und Rochefort in das Gaskonische Meer ergiesst.* ***) *Porto-Santo, Insel im Atlantischen Meere, nicht weit von Madera.* ****) yard, *Segelfocke, Raa. Vielleicht ist* yard-arm *eben das, was sonst* main-yard *heisst, die grosse Raa, die Querstange, woran das Schönfahrsegel hängt.* *****) This fish, which is equal in size to the largest salmon, is only to be found in the warm latitudes.

†) Some naturalists call it *Canis Carharias;* it is a voracious fish. ††) This fish the seamen call a Portuguese man of war. It makes a most beautiful appearance on the water. †††) This extraordinary species of fish is only found in the warm latitudes. Being pursued in water by a fish of prey called Albacares, they betake themselves in shoals to flight, and in the air are often snapt up by the Garayio, a sea-fowl. They sometimes fall on the shrouds or decks of ships. They are well tasted, and commonly sold at Barbadoes. ††††) This is a most beautiful fish

Though faster than the Tropic bird *) they flew,
Oft Junio cried, ah! when shall we see land?
Soon land they made: and now in thought he clasp't
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.
She, no less amorous, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.
One eve, (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)
The winged demons of the tempest rose;
Thunder and rain, and lightning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; the ethereal bolt,
That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd.
Meanwhile, impatient Junio leapt ashore,
Regardless of the demons of the storm.
Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so
Thy flying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him; at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek: and to the chamber point; —
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He entered hasty —
Ah! what a sight for one who lov'd so well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint, faultering voice,
She thus addrest the youth, whom yet she knew:
„Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!
„Thy sight repays this summons of my fate:
„Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me:
„By night, by day, you still engag'd my care;
„And next to God, you now my thoughts employ:
„Accept of this — My little all I give;
„Would it were larger" — Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.

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when first taken out of the sea; but its beauty vanishes almost as soon as it is dead.

*) The French call this bird Fregate on account of its swift flying. It is only to be met within the warm latitudes.

But say, what strains, what language can express
The thousand pangs, which tore the lover's breast?
Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak;
Nor words he found: he claspt her in his arms;
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away.
One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair;
And still the Cane-isles tell their matchless love!

4) A West-India prospect, when crop is finish'd *).

See, there, what mills, like giants raise their arms,
To quell the speeding gale! what smoke ascends
From every boiling house! What structures rise,
Neat though not lofty, pervious to the breeze;
With galleries, porches, or piazzas grac'd!
Nor not delightful are those reed-built huts,
On yonder hill, that front the rising sun;
With plantanes, with banana's bosom'd deep,
That flutter in the wind: where frolic goats,
But the young negroes, while their swarthy sires,
With ardent gladness wield the bill; and hark,
The crop is finish'd, how they rend the sky! —
Nor, beauteous only shows the cultured soil,
From this cool station. No less charms the eye
That wild interminable waste of waves:
While on the horizon's farthest verge are seen
Islands of different shape, and different size:
While sail-clad ships, with their sweet produce fraught,
Swell on the straining sight; while near yon rock,
On which ten thousand wings with ceaseless clang
Their airies build, a water spout descends,
And shakes mid ocean; and while there below,
That town, embowered in the different shade
Of tamarinds, panspans **), and papaws ***) o'er which

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*) Sugar Cane, Book III. v. 526 — 576. **) Panspans, *Name eines Westindischen Baums.* ***) papaws. This singular tree, whose fruits surround its summit under the branches and leaves like a necklace, grows quicker than almost any other in the West-Indies. — The botanical name is Papaya.

A double Iris throws her painted arch,
Shows commerce toiling in each crowded street,
And each throng'd street with limpid currents lav'd.
What though no bird of song, here charms the sense
With her wild minstrelsy; far, far beyond,
The unnatural quavers of Hesperian throats!
Though the chaste poet of the vernal woods,
That shuns rude folly's din, delight not here
The listening eve; and though no herald-lark
Here leave his couch, high-towering to descry,
The approach of dawn, and hail her with his song:
Yet not unmusical the tinkling lapse
On yon cool argent rill, which Phœbus gilds
With his first orient rays; yet musical,
Those buxom airs that through the plantanes play,
And tear with wantonness their leafy scrolls;
Yet not unmusical the waves hoarse sound,
That dashes, sullen, on the distant shore;
Yet musical those little insects hum,
That hover round us, and to reason's ear,
Deep, moral truths convey; while every beam
Flings on them transient tints, which vary when
They wave their purple plumes; yet musical
The love-lorn cooing of the mountain-dove,
That woos to pleasing thoughtfulness the soul;
But chief the breeze, that murmurs through yon canes,
Enchants the ear with tunable delight.

BRUCE.

Michael Bruce *wurde den 27sten März 1746 zu Kinneswood in Kinrosshire geboren, wo sein Vater Weber war. Seine schwächliche Leibesbeschaffenheit, und die Leichtigkeit mit der er alles faßte, was in der Dorfschule des Orts gelehrt wurde, veranlaßte wahrscheinlich seine Ältern, ihn zum geistlichen Stande zu erziehen. Sie schickten ihn daher, nachdem er einige Schulen in den benachbarten Städten besucht hatte,* 1762 *nach Edinburgh, wo er mit dem emsigsten Fleiße und gutem Erfolg verschiedene Wissenschaften studirte, und*

sich vorzügliche Kenntnisse im Griechischen und Lateinischen erwarb. Sein Lieblingsfach blieben indessen die schönen Redekünste. Er las mit Begierde die besten Dichter, und drang um so leichter in den Geist derselben ein, da er selbst dichterische Talente besafs. Diese hatte man bereits auf der Schule an ihm wahrgenommen, und ihn zum Anbau derselben ermuntert; vorzüglich war dies von zweien Männern, Namens David Arnot, *welcher ein kleines Gut am See Lochleven besafs, und* David Pearson, *geschehen. In Edinburgh knüpfte* Bruce *Bekanntschaft mit dem Dichter* Logan; *beide Jünglinge wurden, wegen Ähnlichkeit der Neigungen, bald innige Freunde. Im März des Jahres 1765 schrieb er eine* Elegy on the Death of Mr. Ewen, *eines würdigen Geistlichen. In diesem Jahre versah er während des Sommers den Unterricht in der Schule zu Gairny-Bridge bei Kinross, und hier war es, wo er seine schöne* Monody to the Memory of William Arnot, *des hoffnungsvollen Sohnes seines Freundes, schrieb; wahrscheinlich dichtete er um eben diese Zeit seinen* Alexis, *ein Hirtengedicht. Im Anfang der Vorlesungen, zwischen den Jahren 1765 und 1766, ging er zum Studio der Gottesgelährtheit über. Im Sommer des Jahres 1766 vertauschte er die Schule zu Gairny-Bridge mit einer andern zu Forest-Mill, bei Alloa in Clackmannanshire, wo er indessen nicht zufrieden gelebt zu haben scheint. Hier schrieb er sein Gedicht* Lochleven. *Seine Constitution hatte schon seit einiger Zeit durch das rauhe Clima, die Beschwerden seines Amts und die kärgliche Lebensart, zu welcher er durch Dürftigkeit genöthigt war, sehr gelitten; er verfiel nun im Herbst dieses Jahres in eine Auszehrung, gab deshalb seine Beschäftigungen zu Forrest-Mill auf, und kehrte nach seinem Geburtsorte zurück. Von hier aus sandte er ein Schreiben an seinen Freund* Pearson, *in welchem sich die schöne Allegorie über das menschliche Leben befindet. Im Frühling des folgenden Jahres schrieb er noch die Elegie auf seinen herannahenden Tod, welches seine letzte Arbeit war. Er starb den 6ten Julius 1767 im 21sten Jahre seines Alters Bald nach seinem Tode wurden seine Gedichte von seinem Freunde* Logan *unter dem Titel herausgegeben:* Poems on several occasions by Michael Bruce, *Edinburgh 1770, 12. Man findet sie hiernächst auch, mit verschiedenen neuen Stücken bereichert, und mit einer Biographie des Verfassers versehen, im 11ten Theile der* Andersonschen *Sammlung. Außer den*

bereits angeführten, enthält diese Sammlung noch verschiedene andere Gedichte von Bruce, unter denen folgende die vorzüglichsten sind: The eagle, crow and shepherd, a fable: Pastoral Song; Sir James the Ross, an historical Ballad; the last Day; Anacreontic to a Wasp; The Mousiad; Ode to a Fountain; Danish Odes; Eclogue in the Manner of Ossian; Lochleven no more; Philocles *und einige andere. Wir theilen unsern Lesern die rührende und melodische* Elegy written in Spring *mit, die schon durch die Umstände, unter welchen der unglückliche Jüngling dieselbe schrieb, Interesse erweckt. Sein vollendetstes Stück ist indessen* Lochleven, *ein beschreibendes Gedicht, in reimloser Versart. Anderson charakterisirt in der vorhin angeführten Biographie unsern Dichter also:* As a poet he is characterized by elegance, simplicity and tenderness, more than sublimity, invention or enthusiasm. He has more judgment and feeling, than genius or imagination. He is an elegant and pleasing, though not a very animated or original writer. His compositions are the product of a tender fancy, a cultivated taste, and a benevolent mind; and are distinguished by an amiable delicacy, and simplicity of sentiment, and a graceful plainness of expression, free from the affectation of an inflated diction, and a profusion of imagery, so common in juvenile productions. His thoughts are often striking, sometimes new and always just; and his versification, though not exquisitely polished, is commonly easy and harmonious. *Die diesen Umrissen gesetzten engen Gränzen erlauben uns nicht, den Lesern das Urtheil dieses Kunstrichters über einzelne poetische Stücke unsers Dichters mitzutheilen.*

Elegy written in Spring.

'Tis past: the iron north has spent its rage;
 Stern winter now resigns the length'ning day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage
 And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
 From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
 Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim winter draws his train
 To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;

Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign,
    Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
    Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flow'rs; and all around,
    Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;
    Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
    The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the queen,
    Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
    Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
    From her low nest the tufted lark up springs;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
    Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furse, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms,
    That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
    While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
    Along the greensward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
    The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those, who wisdom love,
    Who love to walk in virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
    And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws,
    Thus Socrates', the wisest of mankind;
Thus Heav'n-taught Plato trac'd th' almighty cause,
    And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;
    Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
    And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
Heav'n gave content and health — I ask'd no more.

Now spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy, my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yards lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,

The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom, where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE, 1721 *zu Newcastle an der Tyne geboren, ging im 18ten Jahre seines Alters nach Edinburgh, um die Theologie zu studieren, die er aber bald mit der Arzneikunde vertauschte.* 1741 *besuchte er Leyden, woselbst er* 1744 *den Grad eines Doktors der Medicin annahm. Nach seiner* 1745 *erfolgten Rückkehr nach England practicirte er anfangs zu Northampton, dann zu Hampstead, und endlich zu London. Hier würde er vielleicht in Dürftigkeit gelebt haben (denn seine Praxis war nie sehr ausgebreitet), wenn ihn nicht sein groſsmüthiger Freund Jeremiah Dyson Esq. mit jährlichen* 300 l. *unterstützt hätte. Er starb* 1770 *als Mitglied der Königl. Societät der Wissenschaften und des Kollegiums der Ärzte zu London, als Doctor zu Cambridge und Leibarzt der itzt regierenden Königin. Seine Gedichte gehören zur didaktischen und lyrischen Gattung. Die aus* 3 *Gesängen bestehenden* Pleasures of Imagination, *sein vorzüglichstes Werk, gab er bereits im* 23*sten Jahre seines Alters heraus, und erregte dadurch Erwartungen, die er in der Folge unbefriedigt lieſs. Er wuſste seinen abstrakten Gegenstand durch seine blühende Phantasie zu beleben, war aber hin und wieder zum Nachtheil der Deutlichkeit mit dem Schmucke zu verschwenderisch. Er fühlte dies, wie ein Fragment einer Umarbeitung beweiset, welches in der ersten vollständigen von Dyson* 1772 *besorgten und im* 55*sten Bande der Johnsonschen Dichtersammlung wiederholten Ausgabe seiner Gedichte abgedruckt ist. Seine in* 2 *Bücher vertheilten* 33 *Oden haben, nach Johnson, weniger Werth, als sein didaktisches Gedicht. Unter seinen übrigen Werken zeichnet sich seine Hymne* to the Najads *sehr vortheilhaft aus. — In der Andersonschen Sammlung nehmen seine Werke einen Theil*

des 9ten Bandes ein; bei Bell *findet man dieselben im 104ten und 105ten Bande. — Von den medizinischen Schriften des Dichters kann hier nicht die Rede seyn. Übrigens sind seine Vergnügungen der Einbildungskraft auch in das Deutsche und zwar in der Versart des Originals übersetzt, von* August von Rode. *Berlin.*

1) All the natural passions partake of pleasing sensation *).

— — — — — Behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent and wise:
That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture. — Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts

*) Pleasures of Imagination, Book II. v. 670 — 771.

The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end? —
Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst ambition: — when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; — when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; — when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; — when the muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk

With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer; —
When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the pride of monarch's doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car; —
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows, for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, „I am a king,
„And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
„Intrude upon mine ear?" — The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

2) Natural and moral advantages, resulting from a sensible and well formed imagination *).

Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes

*) Pleasures of Imagination, Book III. v. 568 — 633.

Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair-inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port

Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine; he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

SMART.

Christopher Smart *wurde den 11ten April* 1722 *zu Shipbourne in Kent geboren. Er erhielt seine erste Bildung in der Schule zu Maidstone, und nachmals in der zu Durham. Bereits in seinem 13ten Jahre verfertigte er die* Ode to Ethelinda, *und in seinem 16ten die Lateinische Übersetzung der Ballade* When Fanny blooming fair. *Siebzehn Jahr alt, bezog er die Universität Cambridge. Hier zeichnete er sich durch seine glänzenden Talente vorzüglich aus.* 1740 *schrieb er seine drei lateinischen Gedichte,* Datur Mundorum Pluralitas, *auf welches im nächsten Jahr* Materies gaudet vi inertiæ *und* Mutua oscitationum Propagatio solvi potest mechanice, *folgte. Fawkes übersetzte sie in das Englische. Bei Gelegenheit seiner Bewerbung um ein* Scholarship, *ein mit etwa* 20 l. *verbundenes Benefiz, soll er Popens Ode auf den Cäcilientag in das Lateinische übertragen haben. Dieser un-*

gemein glückliche Versuch brachte ihn zu dem Entschlusse, den Essay on Man *gleichfalls zu übersetzen; ein Brief des Verfassers veranlaſste ihn indessen, dazu lieber den* Essay on Criticism *zu wählen, und dieser erschien auch unter dem Titel* de Arte critica, a latin Version of Pope's Essay on Criticism; *dies Werk machte indessen nicht viel Glück.* 1743 *wurde unser Dichter* Bachelor of Arts, *hierauf* 1745 Fellow *von Pembroke-Hall und* 1747 *nahm er den Grad eines* Master of Arts *an.* 1747 *verfertigte er ein Lustspiel* a Trip to Cambridge, or the grateful Fair, *welches von den Studenten aufgeführt wurde. Um dieselbe Zeit schrieb er verschiedene Fabeln und* Essays, *welche in ein damals ziemlich berühmtes periodisches Werk, betitelt:* the Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, *gerückt wurden. Ein gewisser Mr.* **Seaton** *hatte in seinem Testament demjenigen Magister der freien Künste, welcher das vorzüglichste Gedicht über die göttlichen Eigenschaften, und, wenn dieser Gegenstand erschöpft wäre, über Tod, Himmel, Hölle etc. und was sonst zur Ehre des höchsten Wesens oder zur Empfehlung der Tugend gereichen könnte, anfertigen würde, eine Summe von* 30 l. *ausgesetzt.* **Smart** *gewann durch die Gedichte:* On the Eternity of the Supreme Being (1750); On the Immensity of the Supreme Being (1751); On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being (1752); On the Power of the Supreme Being (1753), *und* On the Goodness of the Supreme Being (1755), *fünf Mal den Preis. Diese Stücke gehören zu seinen vollendetsten Arbeiten. Indessen sein Ruhm als Dichter zunahm, verfiel er bei seinem leichten Sinn in Schulden. Die Folge davon war, daſs sein* Fellowship *in Beschlag genommen wurde, und er die Universität verlassen muſste. Dies that er denn auch im Jahre* 1752 *und heirathete unüberlegt die Stieftochter des sogenannten philanthropischen Buchhändlers in* **St. Paul's** *Church-yard, Namens* **John Newbery.** *Nun schrieb er in London des Unterhalts wegen; allein, das was er dadurch erwarb, wurde durch seinen gränzenlosen Leichtsinn bald wieder verbracht, und er befand sich in fortdauernder Verlegenheit. Man schätzte ihn indessen als einen Mann von Talenten, und* **Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick** *und andere berühmte Männer dieser Zeit würdigten ihn ihres nähern Umgangs.* 1752 *gab er eine, dem Grafen von* **Middlesex** *zugeschriebene Sammlung seiner Gedichte heraus, in welcher zuerst* the Hop-Gar-

den *ein Lehrgedicht, und* the Judgment of Midas *erschienen. Dr. Hill hatte unsern Dichter in einigen Flugblättern beleidigt; um sich zu rächen, schrieb dieser ein komisches Heldengedicht unter dem Titel:* the Hilliade; *das erste Buch desselben erschien* 1753. 4. *Um eben diese Zeit liefs er viele seiner Aufsätze in* the Old Woman's Magazine *einrücken, dessen Herausgabe er nebst Newbery besorgte; für den letztern übersetzte er auch die Werke des Horaz, unter dem Titel:* the Works of Horace into English Prose, 1756, 2 *Vol.* 12, *eine Arbeit, in welcher er eine nicht gewöhnliche Geschicklichkeit zeigt. In eben dem Jahre fing er auch an, nebst einem gewissen Rolt, Beiträge zu einer periodischen Schrift* the universal Visitor *zu liefern; der Verleger verpflichtete sich, ihnen ein Drittheil des Gewinnstes zu geben, und die Herausgeber machten sich durch einen Kontrakt anheischig, in den nächsten neun und neunzig Jahren zu keiner andern Schrift Beiträge zu liefern.* 1756, *nachdem Smart eben wieder von einer schweren Krankheit genesen war, schrieb er* a Hymn to the Supreme Being on Recovery from a dangerous fit of illness, *seinem Arzte, dem Dr. James, gewidmet. Smart kränkelte indessen nach einiger Zeit aufs neue, ja die Anfälle wurden so stark, dafs man Verstandesverwirrungen bei ihm wahrnahm, wozu seine verwikkelten häuslichen Umstände wohl am meisten beigetragen hatten. Man mufste ihn endlich einsperren. Newbery, Johnson und Lord Delaval, dessen* private tutor *er gewesen war, nahmen sich seiner Frau und seiner beiden Töchter redlich an. Nach zwei Jahren wurde er wieder ziemlich hergestellt, und lebte nun theils von seinen gelehrten Arbeiten, theils von der Unterstützung, welche ihm seine Freunde zu Theil werden liefsen. Zu jenen gehört unter andern ein* Song to David *(bekannt gemacht* 1763*), den er während seiner Einkerkerung, wo ihm der Gebrauch der Feder und der Tinte untersagt war, zuerst mit einem Schlüssel auf das Getäfel einer Wand gegraben hatte; ferner* (1765) a new version of the Psalms; a poetical translation of the Fables of Phædrus, *worauf* the Parables in familiar verse, 1768 *folgten;* Hannah, *ein Oratorium u. a. m. Kurz vor seinem Tode war er wieder so in Schulden gerathen, dafs er in die Kingsbench gesetzt wurde; einer seiner Freunde verschaffte ihm noch die Freiheit, in den sogenannten* rules, *d. i. in den bei dem Gefängnisse liegenden Strafsen, dem Aufenthalt begün-*

stigter Gefangenen, zu wohnen. Smart *starb an einer Krankheit in der Leber den 21sten März 1771, im 49sten Jahre seines Alters. Eine Ausgabe seiner Werke erschien, nebst einem Leben des Dichters, im Jahre 1791; noch vollständiger findet man dieselben, gleichfalls mit einer Biographie des Verfassers, im 11ten Bande der Andersonschen Sammlung. Johnson und Bell haben seinen Gedichten keine Stelle in ihren Sammlungen angewiesen. — Smart hat beinahe alle Gattungen der Poesie bearbeitet, und sich in jeder derselben ausgezeichnet. Die vornehmsten seiner Werke sind bereits angeführt worden; wir tragen nur noch folgende Notizen nach: Unter seinen 17 Oden zeichnet sich die hier aufgenommene* on Cecilia's Day *vorzüglich aus, und steht nur der unübertreffbaren Drydenschen auf denselben Gegenstand nach; nächstdem verdienen die* to Idleness, *und* to Ethelinda, *nebst dem* Hymn to the supreme Being *Auszeichnung. Seine* Poems on the divine attributes *sind voll der erhabensten Gesinnungen, zeugen von ächten dichterischen Talenten, und würden allein schon hinlänglich gewesen seyn, ihrem Verfasser eine ausgezeichnete Stelle unter den Dichtern seiner Nation anzuweisen. Seine Fabeln, deren 18 sind, stehen in Hinsicht auf Versifikation denen von Gay oder Moore vielleicht nach; verdienen aber in Absicht auf Witz und Originalität den Vorzug. Eine der gelungensten ist die, welche die Überschrift hat:* Care and Generosity. *Sein didaktisches Gedicht* the Hop-Garden *enthält viele schöne Stellen, verdient aber nach Anderson's Urtheil auf der andern Seite manchen Tadel; das* Judgment of Midas *dagegen wird von diesem Kunstrichter als ein klassisches Produkt gerühmt, so wie er auch den Balladen und Epigrammen Originalität und andere Vorzüge einräumt. Die hier mitgetheilte Ballade* to Jenny Gray *ist eine der berühmtesten. Übrigens behauptet auch Smart unter den Lateinischen Dichtern seiner Nation eine ausgezeichnete Stelle. Außer den bereits angeführten Lateinischen Gedichten befindet sich unter seinen Werken annoch* a latin version of Milton's Allegro.

1) To Jenny Gray, a Ballad.

Bring, Phœbus, from Parnassian bów'rs,
A chaplet of poetic flow'rs,
That far outbloom the May;

Bring verse so smooth, and thoughts so free,
And all the muses heraldry,
To blazon Jenny Gray.

Observe yon almond's rich perfume,
Presenting spring with early bloom,
In ruddy tints how gay!
Thus, foremost of the blushing fair,
With such a blithesome buxom air,
Blooms lovely Jenny Gray.

The merry, chirping, plumy throng,
The bushes and the twigs among
That pipe the sylvan lay,
All hush'd at her delightful voice
In silent ecstasy rejoice,
And study Jenny Gray.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,
That lightly sweep the green rob'd vales,
And in each rose-bush play;
I know you all, you 're arrant cheats,
And steal your more than natural sweets,
From lovely Jenny Gray.

Pomona and that goddess bright,
The florist's and the maids delight,
In vain their charms display:
The luscious nectarine, juicy peach,
In richness, nor in sweetness reach
The lips of Jenny Gray.

To the sweet knot of graces three,
Th' immortal band of bards agree,
A tuneful tax to pay;
There yet remains a matchless worth,
There yet remains a lovely fourth,
And she is Jenny Gray.

2) Care and Generosity *).

Old Care with Industry and Art
At length so well had play'd his part,

*) Fable XVII.

He heap'd up such an ample store,
That Av'rice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers over-flow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded granaries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas hers the largess to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
There Sickness laid her aching head,
And there Distress could find a bed.
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd she blessings round the land:
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.
At last pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
At that she had not made one friend.
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before:
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When, lo! to comfort her came Care;
And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
And will be well — you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Though I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part.
The bridal came — great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest.

The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee;
They christen'd her Economy;
And styl'd her fair discretion's queen,
The mistress of the golden mean,
Now generosity confin'd,
Perfectly easy in her mind,
Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from care.

3) Ode for Music.

(On St. Cecilia's Day.)

Argument.

Stanza 1, 2. Invocation of men and angels to join in the praise of St. Cecilia. The divine origin of music. *Stanza* 3. Art of music, or its miraculous power over the brute and inanimate creation exemplified in Waller; and *Stanza* 4, 5, in Arion. *Stanza* 6. The nature of music, or its power over the passions. Instances of this in its exciting pity. *Stanza* 7. In promoting courage and military virtue. *Stanza* 8. Excellency of church-music. Air to the memory of Mr. Purcell. — Praise on the organ and its inventress St. Cecilia.

I.

From your lyre-enchanted tow'rs,
Ye musically mystic pow'rs,
Ye, that inform the tuneful spheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears;
While each orb in ether swims,
Accordant to th' inspiring hymns;
Hither Paradise remove,
Spirits of harmony and love!
Thou too, divine Urania, deign t'appear,
And with thy sweetly-solemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers suit;
Such as sublime and clear,
Replete with heavenly love,
Charm th' enraptur'd souls above.
Disdainful of fantastic play,
Mix on your ambrosial tongue
Weight of sense with sound of song,
And be angelically gay.

Chorus.

Disdainful etc. etc.

II.

And you, ye sons of harmony below,
How little less than angels when ye sing!
With emulation's kindling warmth shall glow,
And from your mellow-modulating throats
The tribute of your grateful notes
In union of piety shall bring.
Shall echo from her vocal cave
Repay each note the shepherd gave,
And shall not we our mistress praise
And give her back the borrow'd lays?
But farther still our praises we pursue;
For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,
Confess'd she had superior aid —
She did — and other rites to greater pow'rs are due.
Higher swell the sound, and higher:
Let the winged numbers climb:
To the heav'n of heav'ns aspire,
Solemn, sacred, and sublime.
From heav'n music took its rise,
Return it to its native skies.

Chorus.

Higher swell the sound etc. etc.

III.

Music's a celestial art;
Cease to wonder at its pow'r,
Though lifeless rocks to motion start,
Though trees dance lightly from the bow'r,
Though rolling floods in sweet suspense
Are held and listen into sense.
In Penhurst's *) plains when Waller, sick with love,

*) *Eine kleine Stadt in Kent, wo Waller verschiedene seiner Gedichte schrieb; vermuthlich meint unser Dichter hier dasjenige, welches in der Andersonschen Ausgabe von Waller's Gedichten das 18te der* Miscellanies *ist. Der Dichter klagt in demselben über die Grausamkeit seiner Sacharissa. Siehe oben S. 189.*

Has found some solitary grove,
Where the vague moon-beams pour a silver-flood
Of trem'lous light athwart th' unshaven wood,
Within an hoary moss-grown cell,
He lays his careless limbs without reserve,
And strikes, impetuous strikes each quer'lous nerve
Of his resounding shell.
In all the woods, in all the plains
Around, a lively stillness reigns;
The deer approach the secret scene,
And weave their way through labyrinths green:
While Philomela learns the lay,
And answers from the neighbouring bay.
But Medway *), melancholy mute,
Gently on his urn reclines,
And all-attentive to the lute,
In uncomplaining anguish pines:
The crystal waters weep away
And bear the tidings to the sea;
Neptune in the boisterous seas
Spreads the placid bed of peace,
While each blast
Or breathes its last,
Or just does sigh a symphony, and cease.

Chorus.

Neptune etc. etc.

IV.

Behold Arion — on the stern he stands
Pall'd in theatrical attire,
To the mute strings he moves th' enliv'ning hands,
Great in distress, and wakes the golden lyre:
While in a tender Orthian strain
He thus accosts the mistress of the main:
By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes,
Through which your waves attracted rise,
And actuate the hoary deep;
By the secret coral cell,
Where love, and joy, and Neptune dwell,

*) *Name eines Flusses der durch Rochester fliesst.*

And peaceful floods in silence sleep;
By the sea-flowers that immerge
Their heads around the grotto's verge,
Dependant from the stooping stem;
By each roof-suspended drop,
That lightly lingers on the top,
And hesitates into a gem,
By thy kindred wat'ry gods,
The lakes, the riv'lets, founts and floods,
And all the pow'rs that live unseen
Underneath the liquid green;
Great Amphitrite (for thou canst bind
The storm and regulate the wind)
Hence waft me, fair goddess, oh waft me away,
Secure from the men and the monsters of prey.

Chorus.

Great Amphitrite etc. etc.

V.

He sung — The winds are charm'd to sleep,
Soft stillness steals along the deep,
The tritons and the nereids sigh
In soul-reflecting sympathy,
And all the audience of waters weep;
But Amphitrite her dolphin sends *) — the same
Which erst to Neptune brought the nobly-perjured dame —
Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monster flies,
And on his scales, as the gilt sun-beams play,
Ten thousand variegated dyes
In copious streams of lustre rise,
Rise o'er the level main and signify his way —
And now the joyous bard, in triumph bore,
Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wishd'for shore.
Come, ye festive, social throng,
Who sweep the lyre and pour the song,
Your noblest melody employ,
Such as becomes the mouth of joy,

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*) Fabulantur Græci hanc perpetuam Deis virginitatem vovisse: sed cum a Neptuno sollicitaretur ad Atlantem confugisse, ubi a Delphino persuasa Neptuno assensit. Lillius Gyraldus.

Bring the sky-aspiring thought,
With bright expression richly wrought,
And hail the muse ascending on her throne
The main at length subdued, and all the world her own.

Chorus.

Come, ye festive etc. etc.

VI.

But o'er th' affections too she claims the sway,
Pierces the human heart, and steals the soul away;
And, as attractive sounds move high or low,
Th' obedient ductile passions ebb and flow.
Has any nymph her faithful lover lost,
And in the visions of the night,
And all the day dreams of the light
In sorrow's tempest turbulently tost —
From her cheeks the roses die,
The radiations vanish from her sun-bright eye,
And her breast the throne of love,
Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
To send th' ambrosial sigh.
But let the skilful bard appear,
And pour the sounds medicinal in her ear;
Sing some sad, some plaintive ditty,
Steept in tears that endless flow,
Melancholy notes of pity,
Notes, that mean a world of woe?
She too shall sympathize, she too shall moan,
And pitying others sorrows sigh away her own.

Chorus.

Sing some sad, some etc. etc.

VII.

Wake, wake, the kettle-drum prolong,
The swelling trumpet's silver-song,
And let the kindred accents pass
Through the horn's meandring brass.
Arise — The patriot muse invites to war,
And mounts Bellona's brazen car;
While harmony, terrific maid!
Appears in martial pomp array'd;
The sword, the target and the lance

She wields, and as she moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance,
Trembles the earth, resound the skies —
Swift o'er the fleet, the camp she flies,
With thunder in her voice and lightning in her eyes.
The gallant warriors engage
With inextinguishable rage,
And hearts unchill'd with fear;
Fame numbers all the chosen bands
Full in the front fair vict'ry stands,
And triumph crowns the rear.

Chorus.

The gallant warriors etc. etc.

VIII.

But hark! the temple's hollow'd roof resounds,
And Purcell *) lives along the solemn sounds —
Mellifluous, yet manly too,
He pours his strains along,
As from the lion Samson slew,
Comes sweetness from the strong.
Not like the soft Italian swains,
He trills the weak enervate strains,
Where sense and music are at strife;
His vigorous notes with meaning teem,
With fire, with force explain the theme,
And sings the subject into life.
Attend — he sings Cæcilia — matchless dame!
'Tis she! — 'tis she! — fond to extend her fame

On the loud chords the notes conspire to stay
And sweetly swell into a long delay,
And dwell delighted on her name.
Blow on, ye sacred organs, blow
In tones magnificently slow;
Such is the music, such the lays,
Which suit your fair inventress' praise:
While round religious silence reigns,
And loitering winds expect the strains.
Hail majestic mournful measure,

*) *Ein, vorzüglich durch seine geistlichen Musiken berühmter Englischer Komponist.*

Source of many a pensive pleasure!
Blest pledge of love to mortals giv'n,
As pattern of the rest of heav'n!
And thou, chief honour of the veil,
Hail, harmonious virgin, hail!
When death shall blot out every name
And time shall break the trump of fame,
Angels may listen to thy lute;
Thy pow'r shall last, thy bays shall bloom,
When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
And all the tuneful spheres be mute.

Grand Chorus.

When death shall blot etc. etc.

GRAY.

Biographische und literarische Nachrichten von ihm findet der Leser im ersten Theil dieses Handbuchs, S. 246. — *In der Andersonschen Sammlung nehmen seine Gedichte einige Bogen des* 10*ten, in der Bellschen Ausgabe einen Theil des* 103*ten Bandes ein. — Die hier mitgetheilten Stücke gehören zu den schönsten, welche die poetische Literatur der Engländer in diesem Fach aufzuweisen hat; nur die Beschränktheit des Raums hielt uns ab, die herrliche pindarische Ode* the Progress of Poesy *gleichfalls aufzunehmen. — Was die* Elegy written in a country church-yard *betrifft, so existiren von derselben, nach Küttner's Beiträgen* 4*tes Stück etc., drei Lateinische Übersetzungen. Die eine ist gemeinschaftlich von Dr. Roberts, gegenwärtigem Probst zu Eton, und Ansty gemacht, und in Hexametern; die andere ist in Hexametern und Pentametern, und die dritte von Murphy in lyrischen Versen. Ein gewisser Cooke, ein Fellow zu Cambridge, übersetzte dieselbe glücklich genug in's Griechische. Der genannte Verfasser bemerkt übrigens noch, dafs Gray diese Elegie wahrscheinlich auf den Dorfkirchhoff zu Stoke Pogies, drei Meilen von Windsor, wo er sich zuweilen aufhielt, und wo auch seine Mutter begraben liegt, verfertigt habe.*

1) Elegy written in a country church-yard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's *) shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

---

*) *Auf den Englischen Kirchhöfen pflegt gewöhnlich ein grosser melancholischer Eibenbaum zu stehen.* Küttner.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The peeling anthem *) swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ectasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden **), that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd:

---

*) Anthems *d. i.* Antehymns, *eine Art Motetten, welche von der Orgel begleitet werden. Der Karakter der* Anthems *ist feierlich und ernst.* **) *S. S.* 331.

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
„Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
„Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
„To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

„There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
„That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
„His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
„And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

„Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
„Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
„Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
„Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

„One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
„Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
„Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
„Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

„The next with dirges due in sad array
„Slow through the church-way path we saw him born,
„Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
„Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

2) ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.
MENANDER.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's *) holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below

*) King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball *)?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

---

*) *Der Dichter meint das Spiel, das von den Englischen Schulknaben zu Eton auf ihren Spielplätzen* (play-fields) cricket *genannt wird. Die Bälle, die man dazu nimmt, sind sehr klein und hart, und werden mit hölzernen Keulen* (bats), *welche unten breit und schwer sind, getrieben.* ***Küttner.***

Gay hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possest:
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health; of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vulturs of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amidst severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan:
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

3) The Bard.

(A Pindaric Ode.)

I. 1.

„Ruin seize thee, ruthless king [1])!
„Confusion on thy banners wait,
„Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
„They mock the air with idle state.
„Helm, nor hauberks [2]) twisted mail,
„Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
„To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
„From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's [3]) shaggy side

---

[1]) Edward the first, when he compleated the conquest of Wales, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death. [2]) A texture of steel ringlets forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion. [3]) A name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which

He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster [4]) stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frown's o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
„Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
„Sighs to the torrents awful voice beneath!
„O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they weave,
„Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
„Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
„To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

„Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
„That hush'd the stormy main:
„Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
„Mountains, ye mourn in vain
„Modred, whose magic song
„Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
„On dreary Arvon's [5]) shore they lie,
„Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
„Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
„The famish'd eagle [6]) screams, and passes by.
„Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,

---

the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri.* It included all the Highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire as far as east the river Conway. [4]) Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward, and Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore; they both were *Lord-Marchers*, who probably accompanied the king in his expedition. [5]) The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey. [6]) Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day, (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *the Eagle's Nest.*

„Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
„Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
„Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
„No more I weep. They do not sleep.
„On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
„I see them sit, they linger yet,
„Avengers of their native land:
„With me in dreadful harmony they join,
„And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

II. 1.

„Weave the warp, and weafe the woof,
„The winding-sheet of Edward's race,
„Give ample room, and verge enough
„The characters of hell to trace.
„Mark the year, and mark the night,
„When Severn [7]) shall re-echo with affright,
„The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roofs that ring:
„Shrieks of an agonizing king!
„She-wolf [8]) of France, with unrelenting fangs,
„That tears the bowels of thy mangled mate,
„From thee be born [9]), who o'er thy country hangs
„The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
„Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd;
„And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind."

II. 2.

„Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
„Low [10]) on his funeral couch he lies!
„No pitying heart, no eye afford
„A tear to grace his obsequies.
„Is the sable warrior [11]) fled?
„Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead,
„The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
„Gone to salute the rising morn.
„Fair laughs the morn [12]), and soft the Zephyr blows,

---

7) Edward the second, cruelly butchered in Berkeley-Castle. 8) Isabel of France, Edward the second's adulterous queen. 9) Triumphs of Edward the third in France. 10) Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress. 11) Edward the black prince, dead some time before his father. 12) Magnificence of Richard the second's reign. See Froissard and other contemporary writers.

„While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
„In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
„Youth, on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
„Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
„That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

„Fill high the sparkling bowl,
„The rich repast prepare;
„Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
„Close by the regal chair
„Fell Thirst and Famine [13]) scowl
„A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
„Heard ye the din of battle [14]) bray,
„Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
„Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
„And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
„Ye towers of Julius, London's [15]) lasting shame,
„With many a soul and midnight murder fed,
„Revere his consort's [16]) faith, his father's [17]) fame,
„And spare the meek usurper's [18]) holy head.
„Above, below, the [19]) rose of snow,
„Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
„The bristled boar [20]) in infant gore
„Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
„Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
„Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

„Eduard, lo! to sudden fate
„(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
„Half [21]) of thy heart we consecrate.

---

[13]) Richard the second was starved to death. [14]) Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster. [15]) Henry the sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edwarth the fifth etc., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London, the oldest part of which is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar. [16]) Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown. [17]) Henry the fifth. [18]) Henry the sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown. [19]) The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster. [20]) The silver-boar was the badge of Richard the third, whence he was usually known by the name of the Boar. [21]) Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the

„(The web is wove. The work is done.)
„Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
„Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
„In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
„They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
„But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
„Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
„Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
„Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
„No more our long-lost Arthur [22]) we bewail.
„All-hail, ye genuine [23]) kings; Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

„Girt with many a baron bold
„Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
„And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
„In bearded majesty, appear.
„In the midst a form divine!
„Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
„Her lion-port [24]), her awe-commanding face,
„Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
„What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
„What strains of vocal transport round her play!
„Hear from the grave, great Taliessin [25]), hear;
„They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,
„Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
„Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

„The verse adorn again
„Fierce war, and faithful love,
„And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
„In buskin'd [26]) measures move

---

conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton Geddington, Waltham and other places. [22]) It was a common belief of the Welsh nation, that king Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain. [23]) Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor. [24]) Queen Elizabeth. [25]) Taliessin, Chief of the Bards flourish'd in the VIth Century. [26]) Shakspeare.

„ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
„ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
„ A voice [27]), as of the Cherub-choir,
„ Gales from blooming Eden bear:
„ And distant [28]) warblings lessen on my ear,
„ That lost in long futurity expire.
„ Fond impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
„ Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
„ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
„ And warms the nations with redoubled ray,
„ Enough for me; with joy I see
„ The different doom our fates assign.
„ Be thine Despair, and sceptr'd Care,
„ To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

4) Hymn to Adversity.

Daughter of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learnt to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

---

[27]) *Milton.* [28]) The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe;
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel and know myself a man.

SMOLLET.

Smollet's *Biographie findet der Leser im ersten Theil dieses Handbuchs, S. 252. — Wir bemerken hier nur noch nachträglich, dass der dort angeführte Bericht von seiner Reise nach Italien zwar immer einen Mann von Kopf, aber auch den Spleen verräth, durch den der Verfasser alle Gegenstände, wie durch ein trübes Medium, betrachtete. — Man sagt, dass* Sterne *ihn unter dem Namen* Smelfungus *in*

seinem Sentimental Journey *Vol. I. deshalb persiflirt habe. Eine Biographie Smollet's enthält der 7te Band des Brittischen Plutarch, desgleichen der 10te Theil der Andersonschen Dichtersammlung, in welchem auch seine poetischen Werke befindlich sind. Smollet starb den 21sten Oktober 1771 bei Livorno; nach dieser Angabe ist das im ersten Theil angeführte Datum zu berichtigen.*

The Tears of Scotland *).

(Written in the year 1746.)

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door,
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar,
His all become the prey of war:
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

---

*) *Die Veranlassung zu dieser Ode war der Unwille des Dichters über die Härte, womit die Hochländer nach der Schlacht von Culloden (den 16ten April 1746) von der Königlichen Armee behandelt wurden.*

The rural pipe, and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
„Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
„Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

CUNNINGHAM.

John Cunningham *wurde im Jahre 1729 zu Dublin geboren. Sein Vater war anfänglich ein Bötticher, legte aber, nachdem er eine Summe in der Lotterie gewonnen hatte, ei-*

nen Weinhandel an. Der junge Cunningham wurde auf die Schule nach Droghoda geschickt, wo er bereits Talente zur Dichtkunst blicken liefs; allein sein Aufenthalt an diesem Orte dauerte nicht lange, denn sein Vater machte Bankerutt, und berief ihn nach Dublin zurück. Da es dem jungen Menschen hier an bestimmten Geschäften fehlte, so hielt er sich an das Theater, und verfertigte im Jahre 1747, im 17ten seines Alters, das Schauspiel, betitelt: Love in a Mist, welches mehrere Male mit Beifall aufgeführt wurde, und dem Verfasser freien Eingang in das Schauspielhaus verschaffte. Letzteres war für ihn von sehr nachtheiligen Folgen, denn es brachte ihm eben so viel Abneigung gegen den Stand eines Kaufmanns bei, als es seine Begierde, selbst als Schauspieler aufzutreten, vermehrte. Zwar widersetzten sich seine Ältern diesem Vorhaben aus allen Kräften; allein vergeblich. Er engagirte sich bei einer umherziehenden Truppe, und kam so nach England. Er ärndtete indessen auf der Bühne nicht viele Lorbeeren ein, denn seine Gestalt eignete sich weder zu komischen, noch zu tragischen Rollen, auch war seine Stimme mifstönend; an der Fähigkeit in den Sinn seines Schriftstellers zu dringen, fehlte es ihm indessen nicht. Cunningham sah bald ein, dafs er unüberlegt gehandelt hatte, aber der Stolz hielt ihn anfänglich zurück, in das Haus seiner Ältern zurückzukehren. Als er nach einiger Zeit diesen Entschlufs wirklich gefafst hatte, verlor er seinen Vater durch den Tod. Zwar bot ihm sein Bruder P. Cunningham, einer der geachtetsten Bildhauer Irlands, sein Haus an, allein die Idee von Abhängigkeit war unserm Dichter unerträglich. Nun mufste er, von Noth gedrungen, in dem Stande bleiben, dem er sich anfänglich aus Neigung gewidmet hatte. Er spielte bald in dieser, bald in jener Stadt des nördlichen Englands, bis er sich endlich im Jahre 1761 bei einem Theater zu Edinburgh anstellen liefs. Hier fing er an sich auszuzeichnen. 1762 machte er An Elegy on a Pile of Ruins, 4to bekannt, ein Gedicht, das man mit Vergnügen liest, wiewohl es eine sichtbare Nachahmung von Gray's Elegy on a Country Church-Yard ist. Im folgenden Jahre schrieb er The Contemplatist, a Night Piece, 4to, worin er sich als einen guten beschreibenden Dichter zeigte. Hierauf folgte 1764 Fortune, an Apologue 4to. Durch diese Stücke wurde er bekannt, und erhielt nun von einem Londoner Buchhändler den Antrag, einige literärische Projekte auszuführen, durch die er, hiefs

er, mehr als auf der Bühne erwerben würde. Cunningham reiste nach London, sah aber bald ein, dass die Plane des Buchhändlers unausführbar wären. Da dieser überdies ein saumseliger Zahler war, so eilte unser Dichter sogleich wieder nach Edinburgh zurück. Der zeitige Direktor der dortigen Schaubühne behandelte ihn mit Auszeichnung, und Cunningham schrieb aus Dankbarkeit verschiedene Prologen und Epilogen, die theils von ihm, theils von seiner Freundin Miss Bellamy, deren Schönheit er auch in einigen Gedichten besang, gesprochen wurden. Nach einiger Zeit begab er sich nach Newcastle, wo er sich, wie an verschiedenen andern kleinern Örtern, kärglich behelfen musste; seine Talente und sein biederer Charakter erwarben ihm indessen viele Freunde, und diese unterstützten ihn redlich. 1766 sammelte er seine Gedichte, und gab sie unter dem Titel: Poems, chiefly pastoral, *heraus. Er starb an einer Nervenkrankheit zu Newcastle den 18ten September 1773 im 44sten Jahre seines Alters. — Cunningham zeichnet sich in seinen Gedichten besonders durch Eleganz, Zartheit und Einfachheit aus; aber an Stärke, Leben und Begeisterung gebricht es ihm merklich. Er hat eine lebhafte Einbildungskraft und ein fühlendes Herz; aber nicht genug Beurtheilungskraft und keinen geläuterten Geschmack. Den meisten Werth unter seinen Gedichten haben folgende:* Day, a Pastoral; the Landscape and the Content; *indessen fehlt es den schon oben angeführten Stücken, der* Elegy on a Pile of ruins, the Contemplatist *auch nicht an einzelnen Schönheiten. Am unbedeutendsten sind seine Oden. — Seine Werke findet man im 10ten Bande der Andersonschen, und im 106ten der Bellschen Ausgabe. Die hier mitgetheilten biographisch-litterarischen Nachrichten sind aus Anderson entlehnt.*

1) Content, a Pastoral.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me — o'er lawns — to her home:
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best:
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
But take me, fond shepherd — I'm thine.

Her air was modest, her aspect so meek!
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattle, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager, peace, is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

2) Day, a Pastoral.

— — Carpe diem.
Horat.

I. Morning.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;

And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-trees waving top
Gently greets the morning gale!
Kidlings, now, begin to crop,
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distills,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Collin, for the promis'd corn,
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet, — O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

II. Noon.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;

Sure to find a pleasing shade
  By the ivy'd abby wall.

Echo in her airy round,
  O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
  Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
  Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
  Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell or stream,
  Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
  Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
  Nature's lull'd — serene — and still,
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
  Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
  Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
  Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill — the hedge — is green,
  Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
  Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

III. Evening.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
  Free — (the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
  Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
  Sinking from a golden sky;
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
  Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
  (To the smoking hamlet bound,)

Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with vary'd tune
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

How the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake!

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking-pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting-sun adieu.

GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Goldsmith, *der im ersten Theile dieses Handbuchs,* S. 279. *als einer der geschmackvollsten Prosaisten der Engländer erwähnt worden ist, hat sich als einen nicht minder glücklichen Dichter gezeigt. Die erste Skizze seiner schönen Epistel,* the Traveller, *wurde in der Schweiz entworfen. Vollendet erschien sie zum erstenmal im Jahr* 1765. *Sie ist an einen Bruder des Dichters gerichtet, und folgt hier in ihrer*

ganzen Länge. The deserted village *ist eine pathetische, einem Bewohner des angeblichen, durch Auswanderungen nach Ost- und Westindien verödeten Dorfs, Auburn, in den Mund gelegte, Schilderung des den Luxus unzertrennlich begleitenden Elends, verglichen mit der Glückseligkeit einer natürlichen Lebensart. Einige schöne Bemerkungen über diese beiden Stücke findet man in* A n d e r s o n's *Biographie unsers Dichters; sie steht im 10ten Theil der mehrmals angeführten Dichtersammlung, wo man auch die poetischen Werke* G o l d s m i t h's *findet. Von diesen verdienen, außer den vorhin erwähnten, noch genannt zu werden:* the Hermit, a Ballad; Retaliation *und zwei mittelmäßige Lustspiele,* the good-natur'd Man, *und* She stoops to conquer. *Übrigens besitzt die Deutsche Literatur eine schöne poetische Übersetzung des* Traveller *und des* deserted village *von* B ü r d e, *unter dem Titel:* d a s v e r l a s s e n e D ö r f c h e n u n d d e r R e i s e n d e, a u s d e m E n g l i s c h e n ü b e r s e t z t, *Breslau* 1801.

The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society, 1765.

(To the Rev. Henry Goldsmith.)

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld *), or wandering Po **);
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian ***) boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's ****) plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:

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*) *Die Schelde, ein bekannter Fluſs, hat das Beiwort* lazy, *wegen ihres nicht schnellen Laufs.* **) *Der Po, der ansehnlichste Fluſs Italiens, durchströmt in vielen Krümmungen (daher das Beiwort* wandering*) den nördlichen Theil dieses Landes und ergieſst sich in das Adriatische Meer.* ***) Carinthian boor *(und nicht* Corinthian, *wie selbst viele Englische Ausgaben lesen) die Landleute im Herzogthum Kärnthen (Lateinisch* Carinthia*).* ****) *Der Dichter meint wol nicht die Provinz dieses Namens im alten Italien, welche gegenwärtig* Terra di Lavoro *heiſst, sondern den Theil des Kirchenstaats, den man* Campagna di Roma *nennt, und der schlecht angebaut ist.*

Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend,
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddr'ing tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's *) cliffs as Arno's **) shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

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*) *Idra; vermuthlich ist der Flecken dieses Namens im Schwedischen Thallande, einer gebirgigen Gegend, gemeint.*

**) *Arno, ein im Apenninischen Gebirge entspringender Fluſs Italiens, der sich bei Pisa in das Meer ergieſst. Der Dichter giebt ihm wegen seiner jähen Ufer das Beiwort shelvy.*

From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast.
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine *) ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweet salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.

---

*) *Die Apenninen, eine bekannte Gebirgskette, die durch ganz Italien geht.*

In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, represt by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire *)?

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*) *Loire, ein bekannter Fluſs Frankreichs. — Wie sich der Leser aus der im ersten Theile befindlichen Biographie Goldsmith's erinnern wird, gewann dieser Dichter auf seinen Wanderungen unter andern auch seinen Unterhalt durch sein Flötenspiel.*

Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian *) pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis **) glide.

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*) *Arcadia, eine durch die Schönheit und Fruchtbarkeit ihrer Gegenden berühmte Provinz des alten Griechenlands.* **) *Hydaspis, ein Fluſs in Indien, der sich von der Ostseite her in den Indus stürzt; er kommt in den Zügen Alexanders des Groſsen vor, daher hier vermuthlich das Beiwort* fam'd. *Vielleicht deutet unser Dichter ganz besonders auf das Beiwort hin, welches dieser Fluſs beim Horaz führt, der ihn (in der 22sten*

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by:
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here;
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,

Ode des isten Buchs) fabulosus nennt, wegen des Landes, das er durchströmt, und von welchem die Griechen viele Mährchen erzählen.

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in it's source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;

Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego *) spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara **) stuns with thund'ring sound?
Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,

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*) *Oswego, ein Fluſs in Canada, der in den See Ontario fällt. Seine Ufer sind morastig.* **) *Niagara, gleichfalls ein Fluſs in Canada, der aus dem östlichen Ende des Sees Erie kommt und in der Ontario fällt. Die Worse:* stuns with thund'ring sound, *beziehen sich auf das Rauschen der groſsen, in denselben befindlichen Wasserfälle, die sich senkrecht, zum Theil in einer Höhe von 160 Fuſs, herunterstürzen. Man sehe die Beschreibung dieser erhabenen Naturscenen im 28sten Briefe von Weld's Reisen durch die vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika, imgleichen durch Ober- und Unter-Canada, aus dem Englischen. Berlin, bei Haude und Spener 1800.*

Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's *) iron crown, and Damien's **) bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

ARMSTRONG.

John Armstrong *wurde im Jahre 1709 zu Castleton in Roxburghshire geboren, und studierte zu Edinburgh Medizin und Philosophie. Nach Beendigung seiner Studien begab er sich nach London, wo er als ausübender Arzt wenig Glück machte. 1735 gab er anonymisch zwei humoristische Schriften heraus, betitelt:* An Essay of abridging the Study of Physic, to which is added a Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury and Pluto, relating to the Practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious Society; *und:* An Epistle from Usbeck the Persian to Joshua Ward, *Esq. Beide Werke enthalten vielen Witz; in dem erstern weht ächter Lucianischer*

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*) *Das Ereigniss, auf welches Goldsmith anspielt, ist folgendes: Im Jahre 1514 (heisst es in einer Schrift, betitelt:* Respublica hungarica) *entstand in Ungarn ein grosser Aufruhr, an dessen Spitze die Gebrüder George und Lukas Zeck sich befanden. Er wurde wieder gedämpft, und George (nicht Lukas, wie der Dichter irrig schreibt) wurde dadurch bestraft, dass ihm ein cirkelförmiges glühendes Eisen um den Kopf gelegt wurde (*corona candescente ferrea coronabatur*) wie es in dem angeführten Werke heisst.*

**) *Robert François Damiens, geboren 1714, verwundete bekanntlich im Januar des Jahres 1757 Ludwig XV. Zur Strafe seines Verbrechens wurde er im März desselben Jahres, nachdem man durch allerlei Martern vergeblich die Anzeige seiner etwannigen Mitverschwornen ihm abzupressen gesucht hatte, auf eine äusserst qualvolle Art hingerichtet. Das stählerne Bett, dessen in unserer Stelle gedacht wird, war, wie der Zusammenhang lehrt, gewiss auch eine Art Folter; vielleicht soll indessen darunter der eiserne Bügel oder Ring verstanden werden, in welchen Damiens Körper während der Hinrichtung gelegt wurde.*

Geist. 1737 *erschien von ihm* a Synopsis of History and Cure of the Venereal Disease, 8; *diesem folgte* the Economy of Love, 4to, *ein Werk, dem es an dichterischem Werth nicht fehlt, welches aber das zu schlüpfrigen Inhalts wegen, getadelt zu werden verdient. Letzteres gilt besonders von der ersten Ausgabe, denn in der* 1768 *erschienenen soll der Verfasser dasselbe von vielen jener üppigen Auswüchse gesäubert haben.* 1744 *gab er* the Art of preserving Health, a didactic poem, 8vo *heraus, welches den Grund zu seinem Ruhm legte und ein dauerndes Denkmal seines dichterischen Talents sowohl, als seiner Kenntnisse bleiben wird. Hierauf folgte* 1751 *sein Gedicht* on Benevolence, *und* 1753, Taste, an Epistle to a young Critic, 4to. *In demselben Jahre erschien seine schöne an Dr.* Theobald *gerichtete Ode.* 1758 *gab er die* Sketches or Essays on various subjects, by Launcelot Temple, Esq., *in* 8vo *heraus, ein launiges Werk, das von vieler Weltkenntniss zeugt, und auffallend schnell verkauft wurde. Sein Freund* Wilkes *soll Antheil an demselben gehabt haben.* 1760 *wurde er als Feldarzt bei der Englischen Armee in Deutschland angestellt, wo er* 1761 *ein Gedicht schrieb, betitelt:* Day; an Epistle to John Wilkes of Aylesbury, Esq., 4to. *Ein darin vorkommender Ausfall auf* Churchill *zog ihm die Rache dieses Satyrikers zu. Nach dem Pariser Frieden* (1763) *begab er sich wiederum nach London, war aber als ausübender Arzt nicht glücklicher, als ehemals, woran seine Unthätigkeit Schuld gewesen seyn soll.* 1770 *gab er verschiedene seiner frühern Schriften, mit Ausnahme der* Economy of Love *und des Gedichts* Day, *nebst einigen neu hinzugekommenen, unter dem Titel:* Miscellanies, *in* 2 *Bänden in* 8. *heraus.* 1771 *erschien:* a short Ramble through some Parts of France and Italy, *gleichfalls unter dem angenommenen Namen* Launcelot Temple Esq., 8. *und* 1773 *eine Schrift* Medical Essays. Armstrong *starb im Jahre* 1779, *den 7ten September.* — *Sein vorzüglichstes Werk ist seine* Art of Preserving Health, *ein didaktisches Gedicht, dem ein Rang neben den vorzüglichsten Lehrgedichten der Engländer, denen eines* Akenside, Dyer, Grainger *und anderer gebührt.* There is — *sagt Dr.* Warton *in seinen* Reflexions on Didactic poetry — a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem, that are truly admirable; and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images. *Es besteht aus vier Gesängen, welche die Überschriften führen:*

Air, Diet, Exercise, *und* the Passions. *Eine gute Deutsche Übersetzung desselben erschien zu Bremen* 1799 *unter dem Titel: Die Kunst immer gesund zu seyn, übersetzt und mit Anmerkungen versehen von J. F. Nöldeke. Der 15te Brief im 2ten Theil der mehrmals angeführten Briefe von Dusch enthält einige gute Bemerkungen über das Original. Dieses ist übrigens häufig einzeln gedruckt worden; ausserdem findet man es nebst biographischen Nachrichten vom Verfasser, im 100ten Bande der Bellschen und im 10ten Bande der Andersonschen Sammlung. Letztere enthält ausserdem noch folgende Werke von unserm Dichter:* of Benevolence; Taste, an Epistle to a young Critic; Imitation of Shakspeare and Spenser; Progne's dream; a Day; a Storm, *und* an imitation of Spenser, written at Mr Thomson's desire, to be inserted into the Castle of Indolence.

Air *)

— Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke,
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows

*) The Art of preserving Health; Book I.

With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimneys, tame
The putrid steams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fost'ring power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive,
To us there wants not many a happy seat;
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where, enthron'd in adamantine *) state,
Proud of her bards **), imperial Windsor sits;
There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's ***) green retreats,
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay.) O! from the summer's rage,
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham ****)! — But, if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead *****), courted by the western wind;

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*) *Das Schloss von Windsor liegt auf einer steilen Anhöhe.*
) *Cowley, Denham, Pope etc., die in der Nachbarschaft von Windsor sich aufhielten.* *) *Die Gegend um Richmond, ein Dorf neun Meilen von London, gehört zu den reizendsten und angebautesten an der Themse.* ****) *Ein grosses schönes Dorf bei London.* *****) *Hampstead, ein ansehnliches Dorf*

Or Greenwich *), waving o'er the winding flood!
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich **), yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish ***) hills in cheerful air;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana ****) there presides: a meagre fiend,
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens;
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With fev'rish blasts subdues the sickning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine:
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away;
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her fated wrath,
Resigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.
In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
When osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
Fix near the marshy margin of the main,
For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign,
Eternal vapours rise; the spungy air

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mit mineralischen Wassern unfern London. *) *Greenwich, Stadt an der Themse.* **) *Gleichfalls ein angenehmes Dorf bei London, an der Mündung der Vandal.* ***) *Der obere Theil von Kent hat ein sehr gesundes Klima; der untere Theil aber ist ungesundes Marschland.* ****) *Quartana, das viertägige Fieber, das in Marsch- und Sumpfgegenden oft epidemisch ist.*

For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let every mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh:
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven.
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
Their flexible vibrations; or, inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
That slow as Lethe wanders through the veins;
Unactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The sacred mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worst despair
Of physic), hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the power of choosing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further task ensues;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe, unhurt, the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere; though custom moulds
To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
(So kind is native air), may in the fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive,

At pure Montpellier or Bermuda *) caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of watery exhalation: wide and deep
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;
Or through the thickest send the crackling flames.
Meantime, at home, with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air: and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chace.
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heavens.
But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,
Disarm the dangers of the drooping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
Avoid; if indolence would wish to live,
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood,
Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store
Prevail in each repast; your food supplied
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,

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*) *Die Bermudischen oder Sommersinseln, auf deren größten, St. George, sich der Dichter Waller (s. oben S. 190) aufhielt, sind wegen ihrer reinen Luft bekannt; dies gilt auch von Montpellier, der Hauptstadt im ehemaligen Languedoc, jetzt Departement de l'Herault.*

By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;
That through the thirsty channels of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy, from its cool recess,
Its nectar acid, or benign will pour,
To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen Sherbet *) the fickle taste relieve.
For with the viscous blood the simple stream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou mayst indulge
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow cask. Then, too the scourging air
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our seasons droop; incumbent still
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul:
Lab'ring with storms, in heapy mountains rise
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the south descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful east
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion **) melt into the main?
Indulgent nature, O dissolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds

*) *Scherbet oder Limonade.*
**) *Albion, der alte Name von Großbritannien.*

That drown or wither: give the genial west
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; not mix in every monstrous day.
Meantime, the moist malignity so shun
Of burden'd skies, mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynorrhodon *) with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs, high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires,
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the west:
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His poorer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

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*) The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And wheresoe'er you build;
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom *), or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee **); in Chelsea ***) low,
Or high Blackheath ****) with win'try winds assail'd,
Dry be your house; but airy more than warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body through with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your voice,
Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the south commend?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon: how sickly grow,
How pale the plants in those ill-fated vales,
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel the genial vigour of the sun!
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring, in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fost'ring sun; whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Glows through the mass of grosser elements;
And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!

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*) *Epsom oder Epsham, ein wegen seiner mineralischen Wasser bekanntes Dorf in der Grafschaft Surrey.* **) *Lee, Fluss in Essex.* ***) *Chelsea, ein angenehmer Ort hinter St. James Park, mit einem grossen und schönen Hospital.* ****) *Blackheath, eine hochgelegene Gegend in Kent; sie ist durch viele Landsitze verschönert.*

If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

PENROSE.

Thomas Penrose, *geboren* 1743 *(vermuthlich zu Newbury in Berkshire, wo sein Vater Prediger war), wurde zum geistlichen Stande bestimmt, und studierte mit ziemlich glücklichem Erfolg im Christ-Church-College zu Oxford. Im Jahr* 1762 *wurde seine Neigung zum Kriegsdienste so lebhaft, dass er das Kollegium verliess, und sich unter dem Kommando des Kapitains Macnamara zu einer Expedition nach Buenos Ayres in Süd-Amerika einschiffte; zuvor wollte man den Spaniern Nova Colonia, eine Portugiesische Besitzung, wieder abnehmen. Penrose diente auf dem Schiff* the Ambuscade *als Lieutenant der Seetruppen. Di Expedition, von der man sich einen günstigen Ausgang versprechen zu dürfen hoffte, misslang vorzüglich deshalb, weil das Kriegsschiff Lord Clive während der Aktion in Brand gerieth; das Feuer nahm so schnell überhand, dass an das Löschen nicht zu denken war, und von* 340 *Mann nur* 78 *mit dem Leben davon kamen. Die Ambuscade entging mit genauer Noth; sie war von* 60 *Schüssen durchlöchert, und hatte* 6 *Fuss tief Wasser. — Während der Zurüstungen zum Angriff schrieb Penrose das hier mitgetheilte Gedicht an seine Geliebte in Newbury, eine gewisse Miss Mary Slocock, die er nachmals (*1768*) heirathete. Unser Dichter wurde in der Aktion verwundet, und verlor viele seiner braven Gefährten. Zum Andenken derselben verfertigte er die Elegie* on leaving the River of Plate after the unsuccessful Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento. *Er kehrte hierauf, zwar mit geschwächter Gesundheit, aber mit dem Zeugnisse, als ein braver Mann gefochten zu haben, nach England zurück, endigte seine unterbrochenen Studien im Hertford-College zu Oxford, und erhielt darauf die Predigerstelle zu Newbury, deren Einkünfte durch die freiwilligen Beiträge der Bewohner dieses Orts sehr erhöht wurden. Im Jahr* 1764 *veranlasste ihn der Tod seiner Schwester zu der schönen Elegie* to the Memory of Miss Mary Penrose, who died Dec. 18, 1764 in the nine-

teenth year of her age. 1775 *erschienen seine* Flights of Fancy, *welche aus den drei Stücken*, the Helmets, the Carousal of Odin *und* Madness *bestehen, und mit vorzüglichem Beifall aufgenommen wurden. Im folgenden Jahr erschien sein* Address to the Genius of Britain, *worin er sein Mißfallen an dem Benehmen der Regierung gegen die Amerikaner beweist.* — *Nachdem Penrose ungefähr neun Jahre die Predigerstelle zu Newbury verwaltet hatte, sollte er die einträglichere von Beckington und Standerwick in Sommersetshire erhalten: allein er wurde krank, reiste zur Wiederherstellung seiner Gesundheit nach Bristol, starb aber daselbst im Jahre 1779, im 36sten seines Alters. Eine Sammlung seiner Gedichte erschien 1781 unter dem Titel:* Poems by the Rev. M. Thomas Penrose; *nächstdem findet man sie, nebst einer Biographie des Verfassers, im 11ten Bande der Andersonschen Sammlung.* — *Penrose hat zwar nur wenig geschrieben, allein sich schon durch dies Wenige als einen wahren Dichter beurkundet. Seine lyrischen Gedichte, vorzüglich seine* Flights of Fancy, *zeichnen sich durch Erhabenheit, Fülle der Empfindung und Kraft der Sprache so aus, daß sie neben die Werke von Collins, Gray und anderen gesetzt zu werden verdienen. Die* Flights of Fancy *bestehen übrigens, wie bereits bemerkt worden ist, aus drei Theilen;* the Helmets *enthalten eine Weissagung bürgerlicher Unruhen in England als Folge der Amerikanischen; in dem* Carousal of Odin *herrscht Gray's Sprache und Manier, und* Madness *kann ohne Bedenken der Drydenschen musikalischen Ode, so wie Collins Ode* the Passions *und dem Barden von Gray an die Seite gesetzt werden. Sein* Address to the Genius of Britain *ist mit einem liberalen Geiste geschrieben und enthält einige pathetische Stellen und wohlgelungene Zeilen.* — *Unter den nach seinem Tode herausgekommenen Gedichten zeichnet sich vorzüglich* the Field of Battle *aus; nächstdem verdienen noch* the Curate, *ein humoristisches Fragment,* the Hermit's Vision, Mortality, the Vision, Donnington Castle, Poverty, *und* the Harp, *bemerklich gemacht zu werden. Der gemeinschaftliche Charakter seiner Elegien ist Zartheit und Simplicität im Ausdruck und in der Sprache.*

1) To Miss Slocock.

Written on board the Ambuscade, Jan. 6th 1763, a short time before the Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, in the river of Plate.

The fates ordain, we must obey;
This, this is doom'd, to be the day;
The hour of war draws near.
The eager crew with busy care
Their instruments of death prepare,
And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
Each breast with such an ardour warms,
As Britons only know.
The flag of battle waving high,
Attracts with joy each Briton's eye,
With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere death his conquests swell,
Let me to love this tribute pay,
For Polly frame the parting lay;
Perhaps my last farewell.

For since full low among the dead,
Must many a gallant youth be laid,
Ere this day's work be o'er:
Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes
That saw this morning's sun arise,
Shall see it set no more.

My love that ever burnt so true,
That but for thee no wishes knew;
My heart's fond, best desire!
Shall be remember'd e'en in death,
And only with my latest breath,
With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear maid, my fate you hear,
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,
Demands one heart-felt sigh)

My past sad errors, O forgive,
Let my few virtues only live,
My follies with me die.

But, hark! the voice of battle calls;
Loud thund'ring from the tow'ry walls
Now roars the hostile gun,
Adieu, dear maid! — with ready feet,
I go prepar'd the worst to meet,
Thy will, O God, be done!

2) Madness.

Swell the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the muse's fires!
All thy answers, echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis madness 'self inspires.

Hail awful madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee;
Folly — folly's only free.

Hark! — To the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound,
They now approach, they now appear, —
Phrenzy leads her chorus near,
And demon's dance around. —
Pride — Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and malice swell her train, —

Devotion warp'd — Affection crost —
Hope in disappointment lost —
And injur'd merit, with a downcast eye
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning — causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter — heart-felt groans —
All seem to pierce the skies, —

Rough as the wint'ry wave, that roars
On Thule's desert shores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his jarring song.)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.

No pleasing memory left — forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love — parental joy —
No sympathies like these his soul employ,
— But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All — but in reason, still the same. —
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.
Dead to the world —, here fondest wishes crost,
She mourns herself thus early lost. —

Now sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
How, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
She starts — she flies — who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude? —
'Tis he — the Momus of the flighty train —
Merry mischief fills his brain.
Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
The mimic monarch skips around?
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles. —

Laughter was there — but mark that groan,
Drawn from my inmost soul!
„Give the knife, Demons, or the poison'd bowl,
„To finish miseries equal to your own." —

„Who's this wretch, with horror wild!" —
— 'Tis devotion's ruin'd child. —
Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief. —

Thou, fair religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise.

To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father of us all.

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
'Till superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
And dash'd on terror's rocks, faith's best dependence lies.

But ah! — too thick they crowd, — too close they throng,
Objects of pity and affright! —
Spare farther the descriptive song —
Nature shudders at the sight. —
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless group, low drop compassion's veil.

JAGO.

Richard Jago *wurde den 1sten Oktober 1715, wahrscheinlich zu Beaudesert bei Henley in Warwickshire, wo sein Vater Prediger war, geboren. Er erwarb sich in der Schule zu Solihul bei Birmingham in Warwickshire gute Schulkenntnisse, und machte hier auch seine erste Bekannt-*

schaft mit Shenstone, *die bei der Ähnlichkeit der Gesinnungen beider Jünglinge in spätern Jahren innige Vertraulichkeit wurde.* 1732 *bezog er die Universität Oxford, wurde hier* 1738 Magister artium, *nachdem er schon vorher die Stelle eines Curate zu Snitterfield bei Stratford upon Avon angenommen hatte.* 1746 *erhielt er eine Predigerstelle zu Harbury, und* 1754 *das Vicarage oder eigentliche Predigeramt zu Snitterfield, wo er ehemals Curate gewesen war, eine Stelle, die er endlich im Jahre* 1771 *mit der einträglichern zu Kilmcote vertauschte. Wiewohl er die Pflichten seines Amts gewissenhaft übte, so blieb ihm dennoch Musse übrig, seine Neigung zur Dichtkunst, der er schon in den frühern Jahren seines Lebens gehuldigt hatte, zu willfahren.* 1752 *erschien seine schöne* Elegy on the Blackbirds *im* Adventurer *(einer von Dr.* Hawkesbury *herausgegebenen periodischen Schrift),* 1767 *gab er sein* Edge-Hill *), or the rural prospect delineated and moralized, *heraus (in vier Gesängen mit den Überschriften:* Morning, Noon, Afternoon, Evening), *wodurch er seinen dichterischen Ruhm vollends gründete. Es gehört zur beschreibenden Gattung, und ist ein würdiges Seitenstück zu* Cooper's- *und* Grongar-Hill. 1768 *machte er sein* Labour and Genius, or the Mill-Stream and the Cascade, a Fable written in the year 1762, *bekannt; es ist dem Dichter* Shenstone *zugeschrieben, und enthält gröſstentheils das Lob dieses Mannes.* Jago *starb nach einer kurzen Krankheit den* 8*ten Mai* 1781, *im* 66*sten Jahre seines Alters. Seine Werke, welche er noch kurz vor seinem Tode gesammelt hatte, wurden von seinem Freunde* Hylton *im Jahre* 1784 *herausgegeben; sie stehen auch, nebst einem biographisch-literarischen Abrisse, aus welchem die hier mitgetheilte Skizze entlehnt ist, im* 11*ten Theile der* Andersonschen *Sammlung. Auſser*

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*) *Es führt seinen Namen von einer Reihe Hügel, welche die Grafschaften Oxford und Warwick scheiden, und die, theils wegen der schönen Aussicht, welche man von denselben hat, theils auch in historischer Hinsicht, interessant sind. In der Nähe derselben fiel nämlich die erste Schlacht zwischen den Truppen König* Karls *und des Parlaments, unter Anführung des Grafen* Essex, *im Jahre* 1642 *vor. — Die Beschränktheit des Raums erlaubt uns nicht, aus demselben einige Probestücke mitzutheilen; eine geschmackvolle Übersetzung einiger Stellen findet man nebst dem gegenüberstehenden Original im ersten Theile von* Kosegartens Brittischem Odeon.

den bereits angeführten Gedichten findet man hier auch die beiden nicht minder vortrefflichen Elegien the Swallows, *und* the Goldfinches; *das launige Stück* Hamlet's Soliloquy, imitated; Ardenna a Pastoral Eclogue, to a Lady; An Elegy on Man, written January 1752; Roundelay, *eins der glücklichsten unter den kleinern Stücken, und verschiedene andere.*

1) The Blackbirds.

(An Elegy.)

The sun had chas'd the mountain-snow,
His beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amidst the vocal throng,
Whom nature wak'd to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove:

O fairest of the feather'd train!
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

For see, the wint'ry storms are flown
And zephyrs gentle fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

The raven plumes his jetty wing,
To please his croaking paramour,
The larks responsive carols sing,
And tell their passion as they soar:

But does the raven's sable wing
Excel the glossy jet of mine?
Or can the lark more sweetly sing,
Than we, who strength with softness join?

O let me then thy steps attend!
I'll point new treasures to thy sight:
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll guide thee to the clearest rill,
 Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
There will we sip, and sip our fill,
 Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead thee to the thickest brake,
 Impervious to the school-boy's eye;
For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
 And to thy downy bosom fly.

When, prompted by a mother's care,
 Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
 Or cheer thy labours with a song.

To bring thee food I'll range the fields,
 And cull the best of ev'ry kind,
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
 And love's assiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would stray,
 To taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
 And fondly tend our little charge.

Then prove with me the sweets of love,
 With me divide the cares of life,
No bush shall boast in all the grove,
 A mate so fond, so blest a wife.

He ceas'd his song. — The plumy dame
 Heard with delight the love-sick strain,
Nor long conceal'd a mutual flame,
 Nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
 And perch'd with triumph by her side;
What gilded roof could boast that hour
 A fonder mate, or happier bride?

Next morn he wak'd her with a song;
 Behold, he said, the new-born day,
The lark his mattin-peal has rung,
 Arise, my love, and come away.

Together through the fields they stray'd,
 And to the murm'ring riv'let's side;

Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd
With artless joy and decent pride.

When O! with grief my muse relates
What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,
Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cried, my dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,
O spare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim,
Too sure the volley'd thunder flew!
O had he chose some other game!
Or shot — as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse,
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

2) Hamlet's Soliloquy, imitated.

To print, or not to print — that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say, we end
The headach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling frenzy — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print — to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound!
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles *) — Ay, there's the rub —
For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. — There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.

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*) *Quarles, ein schlechter Schriftsteller, der zu Pope's Zeit gelebt haben soll.*

For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and sweet under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem,
Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprisers of great fire, and spirit,
With this regard from Dodsley *) turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

3) Roundelay.

Written for the Jubilee at Stratford upon Avon, celebrated by Mr. Garrick in honour of Shakspeare, September 1769 **).

(Set to Music by Mr. Dibdin.)

Sisters of the tuneful train,
Attend your parent's jocund strain,
'Tis fancy calls you; follow me
To celebrate the jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakspeare's bust
Points out, and guards his sleeping dust;
The sons of scenic mirth agree,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Come daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aerial sprites and fairy crew,
And the sister graces three,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The 'broider'd vest, the nodding plume,

*) *Siehe oben Seite 372.* **) *Man sehe die Anmerkung zu Seite 55 in diesem zweiten Theile des Handbuchs.*

And the mask of comic glee,
To celebrate the jubilee.

From Birnam *) wood, and Bosworth **) field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums, and martial symphony,
To celebrate the jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Desdemona's ***) hapless fate,
With frantic deeds of jealousy,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's wives †) forgot,
With their harmless merry plot,
The whitening mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite
The humours of the braggard knight ††),
Fat knight, and ancient Pistol †††) he,
To celebrate the jubilee.

But see in crowds the gay, the fair,
To the splendid scene repair,
A scene as fine, as fine can be,
To celebrate the jubilee.

JOHNSON.

Siehe Theil I. S. 330. *Von den dichterischen Werken desselben haben wir eine Ausgabe vor uns, welche den Titel führt:* the poetical Works of Samuel Johnson, complete in one Volume, *London* 1785. *Sie enthält folgende Gedichte:*

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*) *Anspielung auf das Trauerspiel* Macbeth. **) *Anspielung auf Shakspeare's* Richard III. *Bosworth ist ein Marktflecken in Leicestershire, in dessen Nachbarschaft im Jahre* 1485 *ein entscheidendes Treffen zwischen Richard III und Heinrich VII. vorfiel, in welchem ersterer blieb.* ***) *Siehe Shakspeare's* Othello. †) The merry Wives of Windsor. ††) *Falstaff.* †††) *Einer von Falstaffs Gefährten.*

London, a poem in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal; the Vanity of human wishes, an imitation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal; *verschiedene Oden, Gesänge und Gelegenheitsgedichte; mehrere, zum Theil von seinem Freunde Garrick gesprochene Prologen; einige Lateinische Gedichte, und die im Jahre 1749 zum ersten Male auf dem Drury-Lane-Theater zu London aufgeführte Tragödie* Irene. *Eben diese Werke findet man auch im 11ten Theile der Andersonschen Dichtersammlung, nebst einer interessanten Biographie ihres Verfassers. Unter diesen dichterischen Produkten Johnson's zeichnen sich die beiden Satyren durch Inhalt und Versifikation vorzüglich aus; wir theilen davon die erstere mit, welche bereits im Jahre 1738 in 4. einzeln erschien, und nachmals öfters abgedruckt worden ist. Auch die kleine Ode,* Evening *betitelt, mag hier ihre Stelle finden. Nur die Beschränktheit des Raums hielt uns ab, den vier vortrefflichen Oden auf die Jahreszeiten gleichfalls einen Platz in dieser Sammlung einzuräumen.*

1) Evening.

(An Ode to Stella.)

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings,
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed,
Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the checquer'd lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy secrets, love!
Stella, thither let us stray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far:
In his stead the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light,
Light, that seems *) but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks, that glow;

*) *Eine andere Ausgabe liest* serves *statt* seems.

Let us now in whisper'd joy
Evening's silent hours employ;
Silence, best and conscious shades
Please the hearts, that love invades.
Other pleasures give them pain;
Lovers all but love disdain.

2) London.

(A Poem, in Imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal, 1738.)

— — — — — — Quis ineptae
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?
Juv.

[1]) Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewel,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David *) one true Briton more.
For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand **)?
[2]) There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,

Juv. Sat. III.

[1]) Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

[2]) — — Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ,
Urbis, et Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

*) *St. David, der Schutzpatron von Wales (wie St. Andrew von Schottland, St. Patrick von Irland und St. George für England), wohin sich des Dichters Freund Savage, der mit dem Namen Thales bezeichnet wird, begab.*

**) *Bekanntlich eine der schönsten Strassen London's.*

And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

³) While Thales waits the wherry that contains,
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza *) birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross **) triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.

⁴) Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff ⁵) sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;

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³) Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus. —

⁴) Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities — —

⁵) — — et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

*) Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.
**) *Auf der Flagge der Engländer ist ein Kreuz abgebildet.*

Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the harrass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
6) Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day *);
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
7) Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or form a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd **) stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
8) But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ***);

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6) Cedamus patriâ: vivant Artorius istic
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.

7) Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver. —
Munera nunc edunt.

8) Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere.

*) The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the houses of parliament. **) The licensing act was then lately made ***) The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.
[9]) Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
[10]) For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
[11]) The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris, and of Rome,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
[12]) I cannot bear a French metropolis.
[13]) Illustrious *Edward!* from the realms of day,

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[9]) — Ferre ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat, norint alii; me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

[10]) Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius? —
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult
Accusare potest. —
— Tanta tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas. —

[11]) Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

[12]) — Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem. — —

[13]) Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirini,
Et ceromatico fert niciteria collo.

The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
[14]) Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
[15]) No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
[16]) If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?
Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
[17]) These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

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[14]) Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus — —.

[15]) Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit,
Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit. —
Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum
Hausit Aventini?

[16]) Quid quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

[17]) Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare: sed illis
Creditur.

[18]) Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage;
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

[19]) How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

[20]) For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

[21]) By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;

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[18]) Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, etc.

[19]) Non sumus ergo pares: melior qui semper et omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum:
A facie jactare manus; laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, et rectum minxit amicus.

[20]) Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

[21]) — — Materiem præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda et scissa lacerna, etc.

With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
[22]) Of all the griefs that harrass the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scournlul jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
[23]) Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain *)?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd.
[24]) SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold:
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey:
[25]) Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,

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[22]) Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

[23]) — — Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

[24]) Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi. Sed Romae durior illis
Conatus — — .
— — — — *Omnia* Romae
Cum pretio — —
Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia servis.

[25]) — — Ultimus autem
Aerumnae cumulus, quod nudum, et frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

*) The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect and most insult your woes.
[26]) Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;
The laureat tribe in servile *) verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
With well feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
[27]) Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
[28]) The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
[29]) The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
[30]) There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowr's,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;

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[26]) Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres. — —

[27]) Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas: hic, etc.
Hic modium argenti — —

[28]) — — Meliora, ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus. — —

[29]) Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabretariæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur.

[30]) Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic — —
Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulam possis centum dare Pythagoræis.

*) *Nach Anderson's Ausgabe:* venal verse.

And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

[31]) Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

[32]) In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

[33]) Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,

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[31]) Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas.
Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ. — —
— — Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina laena
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo:
Multum præterea flammatum, atque aenea lampas.

[32]) Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit: clausis domibus, etc.

[33]) Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula desint.

Whose ways and means *) support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king **).

[34]) A single gaol, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but deep'd ***) the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

[35]) Much could I add, — but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewel! — When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

GLOVER.

RICHARD GLOVER, 1712 *zu London geboren, und in der Schule zu Cheam erzogen, verrieth früh eine nicht gemeine Anlage zur Poesie. Erst* 16 *Jahr alt, schrieb er ein Gedicht auf* Newton, *welches Dr.* Pemberton's view of Newton's

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[34]) Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula quae quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

[35]) His alias poteram, et plures subnectere causas:
Sed jumenta vocant. — —
— — Ergo vale nostri memor: et quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convelle a Cumis: satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

*) A cant term in the house of commons for methods of raising money. **) The nation was discontented at the visits made by the King to Hannover. ***) *Statt* deep'd *lesen andere:* sheath'd the sword.

philosophy *(London* 1728, 8*) vorgesetzt ist. Er widmete sich den Handelsgeschäften, und erwarb sich die dazu erforderlichen Kenntnisse in ihrem ganzen Umfange. Dessen ungeachtet verliefs ihn seine Neigung zu den schönen Wissenschaften nicht, und er gehört zu den wenigen von den Musen begünstigten Kaufleuten.* 1737 *gab er seinen* Leonidas *heraus (London* 8.*), dem Range nach das zweite Heldengedicht der Engländer, und um so merkwürdiger und schätzbarer, da es ohne Beihülfe des Wunderbaren Interesse erregt. Eine Zergliederung der mannigfaltigen Schönheiten desselben suche man in Dr. Pemberton's* observations on poetry, especially epic; occasioned by the late poem upon Leonidas, *London* 1738, 8, *und in dem Vorbericht zu des Herrn Hofraths Ebert meisterhafter Übersetzung, Hamburg* 1778 8. 1739 *gab Glover ein Gedicht:* London, or the progress of commerce, *heraus, das nebst seiner Ballade*, Admiral Hosier's ghost, *einen nicht unbeträchtlichen Einfluſs auf die Handelsbegebenheiten dieses Jahrs hatte, indem er darin der Nation das Unrecht fühlbar zu machen suchte, welches Spanien dem Englischen Kommerz zufügte.* 1753 *erschien sein Trauerspiel* Boadicea, *welches einigemal mit Beifall aufgeführt worden ist.* 1761 *gab er seine* Medea *heraus, ein nach Art der griechischen Dramen mit Chören versehenes Trauerspiel. Nach dem Regierungsantritt des jetzigen Königs wurde er zum Parliamentsgliede für die Stadt Weymouth gewählt, und zeichnete sich in dieser Qualität bei mehr als einer Gelegenheit durch seine kraftvolle und überzeugende Beredsamkeit aus.* 1770 *vollendete er seine Umarbeitung des* Leonidas *(London,* 2 *Vol.* 12*). Er wurde itzt häufig in Geschäften der Londoner Kaufmannschaft gebraucht, die ein unbedingtes Zutrauen zu seiner Redlichkeit hegte. In den letztern Jahren seines Lebens arbeitete er an einem neuen epischen Gedicht,* Atheniad, *das gewissermaſsen als Fortsetzung des* Leonidas *angesehen werden kann, und* 1788 *von seiner Tochter Mrs. Halsat in* 3 *Vol.* 12. *herausgegeben worden ist. Er starb den* 25*sten November* 1785. *Lebensnachrichten von ihm findet man im Januarstück des* European Magazine *für* 1786, *und im* 10*ten Bande der Andersonschen Dichtersammlung. Hier findet man auch einige seiner Werke, als die* 12 *Gesänge des* Leonidas, *die Gedichte* on Sir Isaac Newton, London *and die Ballade* Admiral Hosier's Ghost.

Interview of Leonidas with his Queen *).

But to his home Leonidas retir'd.
There, calm in secret thought he thus explor'd
His mighty soul, while nature in his breast
A short emotion rais'd. — What sudden grief,
What cold reluctance now unmans my heart,
And whispers that I fear? — Can death dismay
Leonidas? Death, often seen and scorn'd,
When clad most dreadful in the battle's front?
Or to relinquish life in all its pride,
With all my honours blooming round my head,
Repines my soul, or rather to forsake,
Eternally forsake my weeping wife,
My infant offspring, and my faithful friends?
Leonidas awake! Shall these withstand
The public safety? Hark, thy country calls.
O sacred voice, I hear thee! At the sound,
Reviving virtue brightens in my heart;
Fear vanishes before her. Death, receive
My unreluctant hand. Immortal fame,
Thou too, attendant on my righteous fall,
With wings unweary'd wilt protect my tomb.
His virtuous soul the hero had confirm'd,
When Agis enter'd. If my tardy lips
(He thus began) have hitherto forborne
To bring their grateful tribute of applause,
Which, as a Spartan, to thy worth I owe,
Forgive the brother of thy queen. Her grief
Detain'd me from thee. O unequall'd man,
Though Lacedæmon call thy prime regard,
Forget not her, sole victim of distress,
Amid the gen'ral safety! To assuage
Such pain, fraternal tenderness is weak.
The king embrac'd him, and reply'd: O best,
O dearest man, conceive not, but my soul
To her is fondly bound, from whom my days
Their largest share of happiness deriv'd!
Can I, who yield my breath, lest others mourn,

*) Leonidas, Book I. v. 215 — 385.

Lest thousands should be wretched when she pines,
More lov'd than any, though less dear than all,
Can I neglect her griefs? In future days,
If thou with grateful memory record
My name and fate, o Sparta, pass not this
Unheeded by. The life, for thee resign'd,
Knew not a painful hour to tire my soul,
Nor were they common joys I left behind.

So spake the patriot, and his heart o'erflow'd
In tend'rest passion. Then in eager haste
The faithful partner of his bed he sought.
Amid her weeping children sat the queen,
Immoveable and mute. Her swimming eyes
Bent on the earth. Her arms were folded o'er
Her lab'ring bosom, blotted with her tears.
As when a dusky mist involves the sky,
The moon through all the dreary vapours spreads
The radiant vesture of her silver light
O'er the dull face of nature; so the queen
Divinely graceful shining through her grief,
Brighten'd the cloud of woe. Her lord approach'd.
Soon, as in gentlest phrase his well-known voice
Awak'd her drooping spirit, for a time
Care was appeas'd. She lifts her languid head,
She gives this utt'rance to her tender thoughts:

O thou, whose presence is my sole delight;
If thus, Leonidas, thy looks and words
Can check the rapid current of distress,
How am I mark'd for misery! How long!
When of life's journey less than half is pass'd,
And I must hear those calming sounds no more,
Nor see that face, which makes affliction smile!

This said, returning grief o'erwhelms her breast.
Her orphan children, her devoted lord,
Pale, bleeding, breathless on the field of death,
Her ever-during solitude of woe,
All rise in mingled horror to her sight,
When thus in bitt'rest agony she spake:

O whither art thou going from my arms?
Shall I no more behold thee! Oh! no more
In conquest clad, o'erspread with glorious dust,
Wilt thou return to greet thy native soil,

And find thy dwelling joyful! Ah! too brave,
Why wouldst thou hurry to the dreary gates
Of death, uncall'd — Another might have bled,
Like thee a victim of Alcides' race,
Less dear to all, and Sparta been secure,
Now ev'ry eye with mine is drown'd in tears;
All with these babes lament a father lost.
Alas, how heavy is our lot of pain!
Our sighs must last, when ev'ry other breast
Exults in safety, purchas'd by our loss.
Thou didst not heed our anguish — didst not seek
One pause, for my instruction how to bear
Thy endless absence, or like thee to die.
    Unutterable sorrow here confin'd
Her voice. These words Leonidas return'd:
    I see, I share thy agony. My soul
Ne'er knew how warm the prevalence of love,
How strong a parent's feelings, till this hour;
Nor was she once insensible to thee
In all her fervour to assert my fame.
How had the honours of my name been stain'd
By hesitation? Shameful life preferr'd
By an inglorious colleague would have left
No choice, but what were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept? Then deem no more,
That of thy love regardless, or thy tears,
I rush, uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country press my doom.
— Oh! thou dear mourner! wherefore swells afresh
That tide of woe? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and heav'n
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Hath my heart
E'er known a pause in love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness be shown
Most warm, most faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children the diffusive good.

I am selected by th' immortal gods
To save a people. Should my timid heart
That sacred charge abandon, I should plunge
Thee too in shame, in sorrow. Thou wouldst mourn
With Lacedæmon; wouldst with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Behold thy sons now worthy of their name,
Their Spartan birth. Their growing bloom would pine
Depress'd, dishonour'd, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own merit, and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious will they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.
Here paus'd the patriot. In religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow:
Ceas'd for a moment soon again to stream.
Behold, in arms before the palace drawn,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence. Then her griefs renew'd,
Surpassing utt'rance, intercept her sighs.
Each accent freezes on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast,
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Her agitation. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe
Amid his children, who enclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus with lifted eyes
Address'd to heav'n: Thou ever-living pow'r,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men;
O to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace!
And thou, my bright forefather, seed of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit, I from thee derive,
Transports me from them to resistless fate,
Be thou their guardian! Teach them like thyself

By glorious labours to embellish life
And from their father let them learn to die!
Here ending, forth he issues, and assumes
Before the ranks his station of command.

LOWTH.

Robert Lowth *wurde den 27sten November* 1710 *zu Winchester geboren, und erhielt seine erste Bildung in dem Seminario dieses Orts. Hier zeichnete er sich durch seine Fortschritte in den Wissenschaften aus, und gab auch durch die beiden Gedichte* on the Genealogy of Christ, *wozu ihm ein Gemälde im östlichen Fenster der Kollegiat-Kirche zu Winchester Veranlassung gab, und* Catherine Hill, *welchen Namen der Spielplatz der Jugend dieser Stadt führt, frühzeitig Beweise seines dichterischen Talents. Im 18ten Jahr seines Alters besuchte er Oxford, wurde* 1737 Magister Artium *und* 1741 *Professor der Dichtkunst auf dieser Universität. Nachdem er verschiedene geistliche Ämter mit Ruhm bekleidet hatte, auch* 1754 *mit der Würde eines Doktors der Theologie beehrt worden war, erhielt er* 1777 *das Bisthum in London.* 1783 *wollte ihm der König das Erzbisthum von Canterbury verleihen, allein er schlug es wegen Alter und Kränklichkeit aus. Er starb zu Fulham den* 3*ten November* 1787. — *Bischof* ***Lowth*** *gehört zu den gelehrtesten Theologen der Engländer. Eine Beurtheilung seiner prosaischen Schriften gehört nicht hierher: wir wollen uns begnügen die Titel der vorzüglichsten derselben herzusetzen. Es sind folgende:* 1) De sacra poësi Hebræorum prælectiones academicæ, Oxonii habitæ a Roberto Lowth, A. M. Collegii novi nuper socio et poëticæ publico prælectore, Oxonii 1753. 4. *(die zweite Ausgabe* 1763, *in* 8*).* 2) Life of William Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, 1758. 3) A short Introduction to English Grammar 1762, *noch immer die vorzüglichste Englische Sprachlehre.* 4) A new translation of the Prophecy of Isaias, with a preliminary dissertation and notes critical, philological and explanatory, 1778, *u. a. m. Unter seinen poetischen Aufsätzen verdient, außer den bereits genannten, vorzüglich* the Choice of Hercules, *ein allegorisches Gedicht, zu wel-*

chem der Stoff aus Xenophon's Denkwürdigkeiten des Sokrates entlehnt ist, angeführt zu werden. Die Worte der Überschrift: From the Greek of Prodicus *beziehen sich bekanntlich darauf, daſs Sokrates oder Xenophon den Sophisten Prodicus als den Erfinder dieser schönen allegorischen Erzählung nennt. So wie sich Lowth durch seine prosaischen Schriften den Ruhm eines gelehrten Theologen und Philosophen erworben hat, so wird ihn dieses Gedicht als einen Mann von Geschmack bei der Nachwelt beurkunden. Wir haben die hier mitgetheilten Nachrichten aus dem 7ten Bande des Brittischen Plutarchs entlehnt; dahin und zu den dort angeführten ausführlichern Werken über das Leben dieses Bischofs, müssen wir diejenigen Leser verweisen, denen es um nähere Belehrung in Ansehung seiner zu thun ist.*

The Choice of Hercules; from the Greek of Prodicus.

I.

Now had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By just degrees, fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

II.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
Step following step, and thought succeeding thought;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued
His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay,
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry way.

III.

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind:
Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of fame;

Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame:
When, lo! far off two female forms he 'spies;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with diff'rent grace they move;
This striking sacred awe; that, softer winning love.

IV.

The first in native dignity surpass'd;
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more;
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
A vest more white than new-fallen snow she wore:
August she trod, yet modest was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire.
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
More mild, appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

V.

The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue;
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade;
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature shew'd more tall, more snowy white her skin.

VI.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
Even on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid,
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth address'd;
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue:

VII.

„Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?
Securely follow where I lead the way,
And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free,
Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were made for thee.

VIII.

Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight;
All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love,
Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;
Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy head:
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

IX.

These will I freely, constantly supply,
Pleasures not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe;
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly,
Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my best allies employ,
New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

X.

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and listen'd; then her name besought:
„My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said:
„Well can my friends this envied truth maintain;
They share my bliss, they best can speak my praise:
Tho' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain!)
Heed not what Slander, vain detracter, says;

Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name."

XI.

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid;
She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd, advanc'd: „Know, Hercules," she said
With manly tone, „thy birth of heavenly race:
Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise;
When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice,
Now expectation waits to see thee rise.
Rise, youth! exalt thyself and me; approve
Thy high descent from heaven, and dare be worthy Jove.

XII.

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise:
The steep ascent must be with toil subdued;
Watching and cares must win the lofty prise
Propos'd by Heaven — true bliss and real good.
Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place:
Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame — labour, and care, and pain.

XIII.

Wouldst thou engage the gods peculiar care?
O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore!
With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;
Her voice in council, in the fight her sword:
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
For her bare thy bold breast and pour thy generous blood.

XIV.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' opprest,
In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewel.
The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
In watches waste; in painful march, the day:

Congeal'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,
Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.
Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:
Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

XV.

„Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must engage?
What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee prove?"
(Abrupt says Sloth) — „Ill fit thy tender age
Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy!
To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy;
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way:
Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth, — with me eternal pleasures reign."

XVI.

„What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine?"
(Virtue with scorn replied) „who sleep'st in ease
Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please:
Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require;
Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite;
Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:
Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

XVII.

The sparkling nectar cool'd with summer snows,
The dainty board with choicest viands spread,
To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose
Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
For thou art only tir'd with indolence,
Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,
Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense
In dull oblivious interval of thought;
That kindly steals th' inactive hours away
From the long ling'ring space, that lengthens out the day.

XVIII.

From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:
Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.

Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals blissful place,
For ever banish'd from the realms above,
To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race:
Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd;
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

XIX.

Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee!
Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.
Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays;
Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest song
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise!
No — to thy revels let the fool repair;
To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy tempting snare.

XX.

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth of follies, and old age of cares:
Young yet enervate, old yet never wise,
Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend,
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd,
They live and are despis'd; they die, nor more are nam'd.

XXI.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell;
Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human, I inspire.
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside:
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,
The surest policy, the wisest guide.
With me true friendship dwells: she deigns to bind
Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd.

XXII.

Nor need my friends the various costly feast;
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;

Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest;
Sweet is their sleep; light, cheerful, strong, they rise.
Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure, and renown,
They tread my paths; and by a soft descent
At length to age all gently sinking down,
Look back with transport in a life well spent;
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away;
In which some gen'rous deed distinguish'd ev'ry day.

XXIII.

'And when, the destin'd term at lengths complete,
Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame
Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,
In sacred song for ever lives their name.
This, Hercules, is happiness! obey
My voice, and live: let thy celestial birth
Lift, and enlarge thy thoughts: behold the way
That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native skies."

XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught
The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.
The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
Thro' all her fraudful arts, in clearest light,
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd she stood confess'd before his sight:
False Siren! — All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale, and gone.

XXV.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
Masks her dissembled looks; each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her eyes
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has awhile display'd
Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away:
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,
Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to the sight.

XXVI.

But Virtue, more engaging, all the while
Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more serene,
Beaming sweet influence: a milder smile
Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
„Lead, goddess; I am thine!" transported cried
Alcides; „O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:
From thee oh never, never let me stray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

XXVII.

The heavenly maid with strength divine endued
His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'rful aid,
He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.
'Twas virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a god.

LOGAN.

John Logan *wurde um das Jahr* 1748 *zu Soutra, in dem in der Grafschaft Mid Lothian belegenen Kirchspiel Fala, geboren. Er studierte zu Edinburgh Theologie, und machte sich hier, wie bereits angeführt worden ist, durch die Herausgabe der Gedichte seines Freundes* Bruce *(s. Seite* 401*) bekannt. Nachdem er sich einige Zeit mit der Erziehung des durch seine statistischen Schriften und die Stiftung des* Board of Agriculture *bekannten, gegenwärtigen Sir* John Sinclair *beschäftigt hatte, wurde er wegen seiner eindringlichen Kanzelberedsamkeit von der Gemeine South-Leith zu einem ihrer Prediger ernannt, und* 1775 *ordinirt. Indessen er seinen Amtsverrichtungen oblag, verabsäumte er die Kultur seiner poetischen Talente und das Studium der Wissenschaften auf keine Weise.* 1779 *hielt er zu Edinburgh Vorlesungen über*

die Philosophie der Geschichte, denen Robertson, Blair, Ferguson und andere talentvolle und gelehrte Männer beiwohnten. 1781 *machte er seine* Elements of the Philosophy of History *bekannt, denen eine der Vorlesungen* on the Manners and Government of Asia, 1782 *folgte.* 1781 *erschien auch die erste Ausgabe seiner Gedichte; die zweite kam* 1782 *heraus.* 1783 *bot er seine Tragödie* Runnamede *dem Direktor des Covent-Garden-Theaters an; allein man untersagte von Seiten des* Chamberlain-Office *) *die Aufführung, weil man in derselben Anspielungen auf die damaligen politischen Verhältnisse gefunden haben wollte. Das Publikum nahm sie indessen mit Beifall auf; auch wurde sie nachher zu Edinburgh aufgeführt. Das Fehlschlagen verschiedener Hoffnungen verstimmte unsern Dichter, der von Natur schon zum Mifsmuth geneigt war, so sehr, dafs er sein geistliches Amt niederzulegen beschlofs. Er that dies um das Jahr* 1786 *und wurde mit einem mittelmäfsigen Jahrgehalt entlassen. Noch während der Unterhandlungen, welche hierüber zwischen ihm und der Gemeinde gepflogen würden, ging er* 1785 *nach London, und arbeitete hier an dem* English Review. 1788 *gab er, ohne seinen Namen, eine Flugschrift heraus, betitelt:* a Review of the principal Charges against Mr. Hastings, 8vo, *welche die Aufmerksamkeit des Publikums in einem hohen Grade auf sich zog. Dies war übrigens die letzte Schrift, die er bekannt machte. Er starb den 28sten Dezember* 1788 *im 40sten Jahre seines Alters. Nach seinem Tode erschien* 1790 *der erste Band seiner Predigten,* 1791 *der zweite; eine dritte Ausgabe von beiden Theilen kam* 1793 *heraus. Aufserdem hinterliefs er verschiedene Werke im Manuskript, unter andern die Trauerspiele* Electra, the Wedding Day, *und* the Carthagenian Heroine; *ferner* Lectures on the Roman history *u. s. w., auch werden ihm, jedoch nicht mit Zuverlässigkeit, einige der Gedichte zugeschrieben, welche in der Ausgabe der Gedichte von Bruce stehen. — Man findet übrigens Logan's Gedichte im 11ten Theil der Andersonschen Sammlung; einige der vorzüglichsten daraus sind folgende:* Ode to the Cuckoo, *ein vortreffliches*

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*) *Dem* Lord Chamberlain *liegt die Censur aller Stücke ob, welche zum ersten Male aufgeführt werden sollen. Er kann ihre Aufführung untersagen, wenn er etwas Anstöfsiges darin wahrnimmt.*

Stück; dem wir in unserm Handbuche eine Stelle einräumen zu müssen geglaubt haben; Ode to Women, *mehr in der Manier des Anakreon, als des Pindar;* Ode written in Spring, *und* Ode written in a visit to the country in Autumn, *voll Zartgefühls und lieblicher Bilder;* 9 *Hymnen, die zu den vorzüglichern in der Englischen Literatur gehören, und sich durch Erhabenheit, Schönheit und Einfachheit des Ausdrucks vor ähnlichen Werken auszeichnen;* the Braes of Yarrow, *eine Nachahmung einer bekannten Hamiltonschen Ballade;* Monimia, *ein gelungenes Stück, welches gleichfalls in unserer Sammlung abgedruckt ist;* the Lovers *und* a Tale, *voll edlen Gefühls und lebhaft vorgetragen;* Runnamede *(von dem Platze benannt, wo die* Magna Charta *beschworen wurde), das bedeutendste Produkt unsers Dichters, und verschiedene andere. Anderson fällt über ihn als Dichter überhaupt folgendes Urtheil:* He is characterised by that pregnancy of invention, that exquisite sensibility, and that genuine enthusiasm, which are the invariable sanctions bestowed by nature on every true poet. His poems are the productions of a mind tremblingly alive to those fine impulses of passion which form the soul of poetic composition, and familiarised to all the most delicate grades of the poetic art. He discovers taste and delicacy of sentiment, joined to a great share of poetical imagination. His thoughts are always just, and often striking. His images are pleasing and picturesque, and his language is for the most part correct and harmonious. Sprightly subjects he treats with ease; in the pathetic and solemn he is a master. The pensiveness of his disposition, though unfortunate for himself, enriched his poetical vein, and shaded his compositions with a tender melancholy. Melpomene, Euterpe and Erato were his favourite muses. — *Die prosaischen Schriften Logan's werden gleichfalls geschätzt; hier kann indessen von denselben nicht die Rede seyn. Man findet eine Beurtheilung derselben in der den Werken desselben vorangesetzten Biographie des Dichters von Anderson.*

1) Ode to the Cuckoo.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

2) Monimia: an Ode.

In weeds of sorrow wildly dight,
Alone beneath the gloom of night,
Monimia went to mourn;
She left a mother's fond alarms;
She left a father's folding arms;
Ah! never to return.

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had pow'r,
And evil spirits reign'd;
The lone owl from the cloister'd isle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile
Ill-boding prophet plain'd.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows *) by the way,
And gaz'd upon the wave:
Then raising wild to heav'n her eyes,
With sobs and broken accent, cries,
„I'll meet thee in the grave."

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumin'd by a transient beam,
She knew the wonted grove;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine,
To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And sweetly mournful sung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree;
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow,
„She mourns her mate like me."

„I lov'd my lover from a child,
„And sweet the youthful cherub smil'd,
„And wanton'd o'er the green;
„He train'd my nightingale to sing,
„He spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
„To crown me rural queen.

„My brother died before his day;
„Sad through the church-yard's dreary way,
„We wont to walk at eve;
„And bending o'er th' untimely urn,
„Long at the monument to mourn,
„And look upon his grave.

„Like forms funereal while we stand,
„In tender mood he held my hand,
„And laid his cheek to mine;
„My bosom beat unknown alarms,
„We wept in one another's arms,
„And mingled tears divine.

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*) willow, *eine Weide mit schmalen Blättern. Verlassene Liebhaber oder Geliebten, wie man in den Dichtern findet, tragen Kränze von derselben.*

„From sweet compassion love arose,
„Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
„And pair'd upon the tomb;
„Attesting all the powers above,
„A fond romance of fancied love
„We vow'd our days to come.

„A wealthy lord from Indian skies,
„Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
„Implor'd a mutual mind;
„Sad to my chamber I withdrew;
„But Harry's footsteps never flew,
„The wonted scene to find.

„Three nights in dire suspense I sat
„Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,
„Sent from a foreign shore; —
„Go, where thy wandering wishes tend,
„Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
„You never see me more!" —

„Despair! distraction! I obey'd,
„And one disorder'd moment made
„An ever-wretched wife;
„Ah! in the circuit of one sun,
„Heaven! I was wedded and undone,
„And desolate for life!

„Apart my wedding robes I tore,
„And guarded tears now gushing o'er
„Distain d the bridal bed:
„Wild I invok'd the funeral yell,
„And sought devoted now to dwell
„For ever with the dead.

„My lord to Indian climates went,
„A letter from my lover sent
„Renew'd eternal woes; —
„Before my love my last words greet,
„Wrapt in the weary winding sheet,
„I in the dust repose!"

„Perhaps your parents have deceiv'd,
„Perhaps too rashly I believ'd
„A tale of treach'rous art,

„Monimia! could you now behold
„The youth you lov'd in sorrows old,
„Oh! it would break thy heart!

„Now in the grave for ever laid,
„A constant solitary shade,
„Thy Harry hangs o'er thee!
„For you I fled my native sky;
„Loaded with life for you I die;
„My love, remember me!"

„Of all the promises of youth,
„The tears of tenderness and truth,
„The throbs that lovers send;
„The vows in one another's arms,
„The secret sympathy of charms;
„My God! is this the end?"

She said, and rushing from the bow'r,
Devoted sought in evil hour
The promontory steep;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain
The dashing of the deep.

„Waves that resound from shore to shore,
„Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
„Of ocean, storm and wind!
„Your elemental war is tame,
„To that which rages in my frame,
„The battle of the mind!"

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood.
The victim of despair;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in nature's ear her cries,
„My God! my father! where?" —

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freesing blood,
Approaching feet she heard behind;
Then swifter, than the winged wind
She plung'd into the flood.

den Subskriptionsgelder. Noch vor der Erscheinung seiner Lusiade schrieb er eine Tragödie, betitelt: the Siege of Marseille, *und übersandte sie an* Garrick. *Das Urtheil dieses Mannes fiel nicht günstig aus. Er gab zwar zu, dafs jene Tragödie einige schöne Stellen enthalte, meinte aber, dafs sie sich dennoch nicht zur Aufführung eigne, und schickte sie dem Verfasser zurück.* Mickle *tröstete sich über das Misgeschick seiner dramatischen Arbeit durch den Beifall, welchen seine Lusiade erhielt, und durch den Ruf, den er sich dadurch in der literarischen Welt erworben hatte. Sein nächstes Produkt war eine politische Flugschrift, betitelt:* a candid Examination of the reasons for depriving the East-India Company of its Charter, contained in the history and management of the East-Indian Company, from its commencement to the present time etc. 1779. *Um diese Zeit ging er eben damit um, eine Ausgabe seiner Gedichte zu veranstalten, als er von einem seiner entfernten Verwandten und Beschützer, dem zum Commandeur des Kriegsschiffs Romney ernannten Gouverneur* Johnstone, *aufgefordert wurde, denselben als Sekretär zu begleiten.* Mickle *folgte diesem Rufe, schiffte sich ein, und kam im November des gedachten Jahres zu Lissabon an. Hier blieb er sechs Monate, um über die Verwaltung der genommenen Prisen die Aufsicht zu führen. Während seines Aufenthalts verfertigte er die schöne poetische Epistel* Almada Hill, *und sammelte einige, indessen nie verarbeitete Materialien, über die Geschichte, Sitten und Gebräuche der Portugiesen; auch widerfuhr ihm die Ehre, unter dem Vorsitz des Prinzen Don* Juan von Braganza *zum Mitglied der Königl. Akademie zu Lissabon ernannt zu werden. Nach seiner Rückkehr nach England wurde es für nothwendig erachtet, dafs er einige Zeit zu London bleiben und den gerichtlichen Untersuchungen über die genommenen Prisen beiwohnen sollte; er konnte daher den Commodore nicht auf dessen Expedition nach dem Vorgebirge der guten Hoffnung begleiten, auch ging er nachmals nie wieder zur See. Bei den Streitigkeiten über die Ächtheit oder Unächtheit der Gedichte* Rowley's *schlug er sich auf* Chatterton's *Seite, und gab ein ironisches Pamphlet unter dem Titel heraus:* The prophecy of Queen Emma, an ancient ballad lately discovered, written by Johannes Turgottus, Prior of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus; to which is added by the editor, an account of the discovery and hints towards

a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley, 8. *Das Vermögen, welches sich unser Dichter unter Commodore Johnstone erworben hatte, setzte ihn nun in den Stand, unabhängig zu leben. Er heirathete* (1782) *eine Miſs Tomkins, die Tochter des Mannes, bei dem er zu Forest-Hill gewohnt hatte, als er die Lusiade übersetzte, und lieſs sich zu Wheatley, einige Meilen von Oxford, nieder. Zu seinen letzten Arbeiten gehören einige elegische Verse auf den* 1787 *erfolgten Tod seines wahren Freundes Johnstone, und ein* 1788 *gedichtetes kleines Lied* Eskdale Braes, *in welchem er die reizende Gegend Schottlands preist, wo er geboren war. Er starb nach einer kurzen Krankheit den 25sten Oktober* 1789, *im 55sten Jahre seines Alters zu Wheatley in Oxfordshire. Seine Gedichte erschienen im Jahre* 1794 *in 4to; auch findet man sie im 11ten Theile der Dichtersammlung von Anderson. Dieser Kunstrichter charakterisirt unsern Dichter in der den Werken desselben vorangesetzten Biographie also:* His character as a poet ranks very high among his countrymen. His versification is undoubtedly very vigorous and manly, but certainly not equally remarkable for correctness. It unites the freedom of Dryden with the force and harmony of Pope. The English Lusiad is a truly classical performance, and stands, unrivalled by any production of the kind in our language, but the English Iliad. His *Sir Martyn, Almada Hill, Pollia,* and *Mary Queen of Scots,* if he had written nothing else, are sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our nation. — *Das längste und ausgearbeitetste seiner Stücke ist* Sir Martyn; Almada Hill *kann gewissermaſsen als eine Fortsetzung der Lusiade betrachtet werden, und* Pollio *nebst* Mary Queen of Scotland *gehören zu seinen schönsten lyrischen Stücken. Nächst diesen verdienen noch seine beiden Balladen* Hengist and Mey, *und* the Sorceress, *seine Ode* Knowledge *und das Lied* Eskdale Braes *ausgezeichnet zu werden.*

Hengist and Mey, a Ballad.

Haec novimus esse nihil.

In ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,
  Sir Elmer had no peer:
And no young knight in all the land,
  The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the evening hour of prayer
Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw — the abbess knew,
And urg'd her to explain;
„O name the gentle youth to me,
„And his consent I'll gain."

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd:
„His name — how can I say?
„An angel from the fields above,
„Has rapt my heart away.

„But once alas! and never more,
„His lovely form I spy'd;
„One evening by the sounding shore,
„All by the greenwood side.

„His eyes to mine the love confest,
„That glow'd with mildest grace;
„His courtly mien and purple vest,
„Bespoke his princely race.

„But when he heard my brother's horn
„Fast to the ships he fled;
„Yet while I sleep, his graceful form
„Still hovers round my bed.

„Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
„He shakes a warlike lance;
„And now in courtly garments dight,
„He leads the sprightly dance.

„His hair, as black as raven's wing;
„His skin — as Christmas snow;
„His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
„His lips like rose-buds glow.

„His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
„By nature's finest hand;

„His sparkling eyes declare him born
„To love, and to command."

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeless pining love:
But when the balmy spring return'd,
And summer cloth'd the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber *) side
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle gates,
The spearmen came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
The castle walls so sheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
And all the armed youth around,
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing
Adown his shoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvy'd the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs.

„Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the seas;
„And came with peace or war!
„Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
„Relieve thy lover's care!

„For thee I'll quit my father's throne;
„With thee the wilds explore;
„Or with thee share the British crown;
„With thee the cross adore."

Beneath the timorous virgin blush
With loves soft warmth she glows;

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*) *Fluss in England zwischen den Landschaften York und Lincoln.*

So, blushing through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning pray'r,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace,
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd the snowy breast,
With prayers to Heaven her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears,
Came glittering down the hill;
And with their shouts and clang of arms
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
Assum'd the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew,
Like lightning o'er the field;
And from his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front,
With whirlwind speed he prest,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head — slow dropt his spear;
The reins slipt through his hand,
And stein'd with blood — his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

„O bear me off," Sir Elmer cried;
„Before my painful sight
„The combat swims — yet Hengist's vest
„I claim at victor's right."

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.

„O wash my wounds, my sister dear;
„O pull this Saxon dart,
„That whizzing from young Hengist's arm
„Has almost pierc'd my heart.

„Yet in my hall his vest shall hang;
„And Britons yet unborn,
„Shall with the trophies of to-day
„Their solemn feasts adorn."

„All trembling Mey beheld the vest;
„O Merlin!" loud she cried;
„Thy words are true — my slaughter'd love
„Shall have a breathless bride!

„Oh Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
„That low my Hengist lies!
„Oh Hengist, cruel was thine arm!
„My brother bleeds and dies!"

She spake — the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirit fled:

So nipt by winter's withering blasts,
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes;
„Return my Hengist, oh return
„My slaughter'd love," she cries.

„Oh — still he lives — he smiles again,
„With all his grace he moves;
„I come — I come where bow nor spear
„Shall more disturb our loves."

She spake — she dy'd. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side,
And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and dy'd.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross
O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
Were by the spearmen borne.

And there all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

WARTON.

Thomas Warton *wurde im Jahre* 1728 *geboren, und in der Schule zu Winchester erzogen. Hierauf setzte er seine Studien zu Oxford fort, wurde hier im Jahre* 1750 Master of Arts, *und* 1767 Bachelor of Divinity. *Schon früh gab er Beweise seines dichterischen Talents.* 1745 *machte er* five Pastoral Eclogues *bekannt (die handelnden Personen in denselben sind Deutsche Schäfer, welche durch den Krieg gelitten ha-*

ben); 1747 erschien sein bereits 1745 geschriebenes Gedicht the Pleasures of Melancholy, *worauf* the Progress of Discontent, a Poem, *geschrieben zu Oxford 1746, und* Newmarket, a Satire, *fol.* 1750 *folgte. Im Jahre 1749 schrieb er gegen Mason's schöne Elegie,* Isis, *seinen* Triumph of Isis, an elegy. *Die Veranlassung dazu war folgende: Um das Jahr 1745 stand die Universität Oxford in dem übeln Ruf, daſs die Grundsätze der Torys, wo nicht gar die der Jakobiten, dort im Umlauf wären; mehrere junge Studierende hatten durch die Äuſserung derselben den Freunden des Hauses Hannover einen solchen Anstoſs gegeben, daſs von Seiten der Regierung deshalb gerichtliche Nachsuchungen angestellt wurden. Um diese Zeit machte Mason die vorhin angeführte Elegie bekannt, in welcher er, nach Erwähnung der Vorzüge deren jene Alma Mater sonst sich rühmen konnte, über die gegenwärtige Entartung ihrer Söhne klagt und unter andern von ihnen sagt, daſs sie,*

— — — — — — madly bold
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold.

Unser Dichter nun vertheidigte in seiner Elegie diesen Musensitz gegen jene Angriffe. Im Jahre 1751 erschien seine Ode for Music, performed at the Theatre, July 2, 1751, being the day appointed by the late Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, for the commemoration of the benefactors of the university, 4to. *Hierauf folgte* 1753 the Union, or select Scots and English Poems, 12. *Nach diesen kleinern dichterischen Arbeiten Warton's erschienen im Jahre 1753 seine* Observations on the Faery Queene of Spenser, 8 *(vermehrt und verbessert in 2 Vol. 12. 1762). Johnson schenkte unserm Dichter wegen dieser interessanten Schrift seinen vollkommenen Beifall. Kurze Zeit vor der Bekanntmachung dieser Schrift scheint Warton ordinirt und Fellow seines Kollegiums geworden zu seyn. 1756 wurde er Professor der Dichtkunst zu Oxford. Als Johnson seine Zeitschrift* the Idler *begann, lieferte er ihm Beiträge, und zwar die Aufsätze, welche unter den Nummern 33, 93 und 96 in dieser periodischen Schrift stehen. In demselben Jahre erschien sein Werk:* Inscriptionum metricarum Delectus, accedunt notulæ, 4to; *ferner* a Panegyric on Ale, *in der Dodsleyschen Sammlung gedruckt, und* the Life and literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst, M. D. 1761 *trug er zu einer Sammlung von Gedichten, welche unter dem Titel:* Oxford Collection of verses *herauskam, folgende bei:*

on the death of George II addressed to Mr. Secretary Pitt; on the marriage of the King *und* on the birth of the Prince of Wales 1762. *In eine ähnliche Sammlung betitelt:* the Oxford Sausage, or select poetical pieces, written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford, 12, 1764, *rückte er* the Newsman's verses *und verschiedene andere kleinere poetische Aufsätze ein.* 1770 *erschien seine eben so prachtvolle als korrekte Ausgabe des Theokrit in 2 Bänden in 4, zu welcher Toup im Jahre* 1772 Curae posteriores, sive Appendicula notarum atque emendationum in Theocritum Oxonii nuperrime publicatum, 4to, *als Anhang herausgab.* 1771 *folgte* the Life of Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College, Oxford, chiefly compiled from original evidences, 8. *und* 1774 *sein berühmtestes prosaisches Werk, nämlich seine* History of English Poetry, from the close of the eleventh, to the commencement of the eighteenth century, to which are prefixed two Dissertations, on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe, and of the Introduction of Learning into England, 4to; *der zweite Band erschien* 1778, *und der dritte, welcher die Geschichte bis auf den Anfang der Regierung der Königin Elisabeth fortführt, im Jahr* 1781. *Vor diesem dritten Bande befindet sich* a Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum. *Der 4te und 5te Band wurde von ihm im Jahre* 1785 *bei der Herausgabe von Milton's kleinern Gedichten angekündigt; es ist uns indessen unbekannt, ob diese Bände bereits erschienen sind.* 1777 *gab er eine Sammlung seiner Gedichte in 8vo heraus, welche nur wenige seiner ältern Arbeiten, dagegen größtentheils neue Gedichte enthielt.* 1781 *ließ er einige Exemplare einer* History of Kiddington Parish, 4to *drucken, als Vorläufer und Probe einer* History of Oxfordshire; *die letztere Idee führte er indessen nicht aus, so wie auch die* History of Gothic Architecture, *welche er in der* History of English Poetry *ankündigte, nicht erschienen ist. Die Streitigkeiten über die Ächtheit der Gedichte des Thomas Rowley, welche Chatterton*) herausgab, veranlaßte ihn*

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*) *Thomas Chatterton wurde im Jahre 1752 zu Bristol geboren und starb 1770 in einem Alter von 17 Jahren an den Folgen eines vorsätzlich verschluckten Gifts. Dieser unglückliche Jüngling hat sich durch die Herausgabe verschiedener Gedichte, welche lange Zeit für ächte Werke Rowley's, Canynge's und anderer ältern Dichter gehalten wurden, bekannt*

1782 zu der Schrift: An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley. *In demselben Jahre erschienen seine* Verses on Sir Joshua Reynold's painted Window at New-College, *Oxford 4to. 1785 wurde Warton Professor der Geschichte und* Poet Laureat *an die Stelle des mit Tode abgegangenen Whitehead. In eben dem Jahre erschien seine bereits Seite 157 dieses Handbuchs angeführte Bearbeitung der Werke Milton's. Dies war, mit Ausnahme der Oden, die er von Amts wegen anfertigen mufste, und der Anmerkungen zum Shakspeare, welche in die 1786 erschienene Ausgabe der Werke dieses Dichters aufgenommen worden sind, seine letzte Arbeit. Er starb den 27sten Mai 1790 im 62sten Jahre seines Alters am Schlage. 1791 erschien eine Ausgabe seiner Gedichte, in welche auch diejenigen aufgenommen wurden, welche in der von 1777 ausgelassen waren; auch findet man darin die* New-Year *und* Birth-Day Odes *von 1786, 1787 und 1788. Noch vollständiger, nämlich mit den* Birth-Day Odes for 1789 *und 1790, den* Sonnets in imitation of Spenser *und den Lateinischen Gedichten* ad Somnum *und* Qui fit Mæcenas *findet man sie im 11ten Bande der Andersonschen Sammlung* *). — *Thomas Warton verdient in mannigfaltiger Hinsicht Achtung; die Auseinandersetzung der Verdienste, die er sich durch seine historischen und kritischen Werke erworben hat, gehört in-*

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gemacht. Über diesen seltsamen literarischen Betrug, zu welchem ein bewundernswürdiger Aufwand von Geisteskräften erforderlich war, sehe man das Leben dieses Dichters in Anderson's Works of the English Poets, Tom. XI; *Kosegartens Odeum Theil 1; auch enthält das 8te Stück der Beiträge zur Kenntnifs des Innern von England einige Nachrichten von ihm. Folgendes Werk ist uns nur dem Titel nach bekannt:* The Works of Thomas Chatterton, consisting of all the pieces contained in Rowley's poems, Chatterton's Miscellanies and the Supplement; with more than an equal portion of new matter, particularly the unpublished pieces of both Rowley and Chatterton, which were in the possession by the late Dr. Glynn, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Catcott; with original communications, calculated to illustrate the character of Chatterton, and to throw light on the long-depending controversy, 3 Vol. 8, ornamented with seven engravings; 1 L. 11 Sh. 6 D. London 1803.

*) *Man hat auch eine 1802 oder 1803 erschienene Ausgabe seiner Werke, welche den Titel führt:* The poetical Works of the late Thomas Warton, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, by Richard Mant, 2 Vol. 8.

dessen nicht hieher. Als Dichter *charakterisirt ihn* Anderson *in seiner, den Werken desselben vorgesetzten Biographie, also:* „His genius was directed by classic taste and judgment; and his fancy, however seductive, led him not to an affectation of over-laboured ornament. Simplicity and perspicuity, supported by elegance, are the distinguishing marks of his poetry. His compositions are highly finished and original, as far as perpetual classic imitations and allusions will allow; his versification is nervous and correct, his reading extensive, and his knowledge of real nature acquired from an actual survey of her works. It seems as if the most considerable of his poems had been cast in the mould of some gifted predecessor; but, according to those critics, who ascribe the invention of every species of poetry to the Greeks, even Horace himself has his archetypes." *Zu seinen vorzüglichsten Gedichten gehören, außer den in diese Sammlung aufgenommenen, folgende:* the Pleasures of Imagination, *im Geschmack* Milton's *gedichtet, voll kühner Metaphern und glänzender Bilder;* Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley Hall, *eine einfach schöne Dichtung;* On the Death of George II *und* on the Marriage of the King; the Hamlet, *ein Gedicht, welches ein reizendes Gemälde des Landlebens liefert, und so wie die* Ode sent to a friend on his leaving a fovourite Village in Hampshire *von den Talenten unsers Dichters für die beschreibende Poesie zeugt. Unter seinen humoristischen Gedichten zeichnen sich viele aus, unter andern* the Progress of Discontent, the Castle Barber's Soliloquy, the Oxford Newsman's Verses, the Prologue on the Old Winchester Play-House, *u. a. m. Unter seinen Sonnetten verdienen die* to the River Lodon *und* written at Winslade *bemerkt zu werden. Diese und ähnliche Werke sichern unserm Dichter einen ehrenvollen Platz auf dem Brittischen Parnaß, auch ohne die* ex officio *angefertigten Oden in Anschlag zu bringen, denen es indessen an mancherlei Schönheiten auch nicht fehlt. Seine Lateinischen Gedichte verrathen eine in unsern Tagen seltene Gewandheit in dieser Sprache.*

1) Ode to Sleep.

On this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:

Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm! —
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight, and the blaze of noon, alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

2) The Suicide, an Ode.

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave,
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself *) holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

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*) The slayer of himself, is used by Dryden for a Suicide.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

„Is this," mistaken scorn will cry,
„Is this the youth, whose genius high
„Could build the genuine rhyme?
„Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
„Had stor'd with all her ample views,
„Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthly *) tomb
The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:

*) *Anderson liest* earthy.

Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Her viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took:

„Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
„Not thus for guilt in specious lays
„The wreath of glory twine:
„In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
„Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
„Unless truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

„Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
„Permits through life at large to rove
„The tribes of hell-born woe:
„Yet the same power that wisely sends
„Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
„Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

„Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
„Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
„And stay'd the rising storm:
„Had bade the sun of hope appear
„To gild the darken'd hemisphere,
„And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

„Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
„To take, what first it deign'd to give,
„Thy tributary breath:
„In awful expectation plac'd,
„Await thy doom, nor impious haste
„To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

3) The Grave of King Arthur.

Advertisement.

King Henry the Second having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick King of Connaught, commonly called O Connor Dun, or *the Brown Monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury *) abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot described by the bard to be opened: when digging near 20 feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following ode: but for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The Castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi, in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

Stately the feast, and high the cheer;
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,

*) *Das Kloster zu Glastonbury nahm zur Zeit seines Flors einen Strich von 60 Meilen ein. Jetzt ist nichts mehr übrig als ein kleiner Theil der Kirche, Trümmer von der Josephs-Kapelle, die Küche des Abts und etliche morsche Mauern. — Die Brittischen Barden, unter welchen sich die Überlieferung von dem Tode und dem Begräbnisse des grofsen Königs Arthur erhalten hatte, waren in die Wallisischen Berge geflüchtet, als ihr Land von den Sachsen erobert wurde. Allg. geographische Ephemeriden. Dezember 1800.*

Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:
„O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
„High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
„On Tintaggel's *) topmost tower
„Darksome fell the sleety shower;
„Round the rough castle shrilly sung
„The whirling blast, and wildly flung
„On each tall rampart's thundering side
„The surges of the tumbling tide:
„When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
„On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:

*) Tintaggel, or Tintadged castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the southern coasts of Cornwall.

„By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
„Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
„Yet in vain a paynim foe
„Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
„For when he fell, an elfin queen,
„All in secret, and unseen,
„O'er the fainting hero threw
„Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
„And bade her spirits bear him far
„In Merlin's agate-axled car,
„To her green isle's enamel'd steep,
„Far in the navel of the deep.
„O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
„From flowers that in Arabia grew:
„On a rich enchanted bed
„She pillow'd his majestic head;
„O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
„Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
„And to soft music's airy sound,
„Her magic curtains clos'd around.
„There, renew'd the vital spring,
„Again he reigns a mighty king;
„And many a fair and fragrant clime,
„Blooming in immortal prime,
„By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
„Owns the monarch's high command;
„Thence to Britain shall return,
„(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
„Borne on victory's spreading plume,
„His ancient sceptre to resume;
„Once more, in old heroic pride,
„His barbed courser to bestride;
„His knightly table to restore,
„And the brave tournaments of yore."

They ceas'd: when on the tuneful stage
Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With time's faint rose his features glow'd;

His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire:
„Liften, Henry, to my reed!
„Not from fairy realms I lead
„Bright-rob'd tradition, to relate
„In forged colours Arthur's fate;
„Though much of old romantic lore
„On the high theme I keep in store:
„But boastful fiction should be dumb,
„Where truth the strain might best become.
„If thine ear may still be won
„With songs of Uther's glorious son;
„Henry, I a tale unfold,
„Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
„Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
„Which in my youth's full early flower,
„A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
„Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
„Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
„Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
„What time the glistening vapours fled
„From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's *) head;
„And on its sides the torrents gray
„Shone to the morning's orient ray.
„When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
„No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
„Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
„In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
„Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
„Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
„But when he fell, with winged speed,
„His champions, on a milk-white steed,
„From the battle's hurricane,
„Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
„In the fair vale of Avalon **):
„There, with chanted orison,
„And the long blaze of tapers clear,
„The stoled fathers met the bier;

*) Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.
**) Glastonbury abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island or valley of Avalonia.

„Through the dim aisles, in order dread
„Of martial woe, the chief they led,
„And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
„Before the altar's solemn bound.
„Around no dusky banners wave,
„No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
„Away the ruthless Dane has torn
„Each trace that time's slow touch had worn;
„And long, o'er the neglected stone,
„Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
„The faded tomb, with honour due,
„'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
„Thither, when conquest has restor'd
„Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
„When peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
„Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
„There, observant of my lore,
„The pavement's hallow'd depth explore:
„And thrice a fathom underneath
„Dive into the vaults of death.
„There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
„On his gigantic stature gaze;
„There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
„All in warrior-weeds array'd;
„Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
„And weapons huge of old renown.
„Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
„From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
„So may thy ships securely stem
„The western frith: thy diadem
„Shine victorious in the van,
„Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
„Thy Norman pike-men win their way
„Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay *);
„And from the steeps of rough Kildare
„Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare;

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*) The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Har-Sager, the *Fairhaired* King of Norway, is said, in the life of Gryffudh ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

„So may thy bow's unerring yew
„Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew *)."
Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns a while his bold emprise;
Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace;
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wonderous tomb:
Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy-wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;
And drag to-day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

MACPHERSON.

James Macpherson Esq. *wurde um das Jahr 1737 in Schottland geboren. Bekanntlich ist er es, der zwischen den Jahren 1761 - 64 die Gesänge eines Königlichen Barden Ossian, welcher in der letzten Hälfte des dritten bis in den Anfang des vierten Jahrhunderts nach Christi Geburt in dem von Celten bewohnten Schottischen Hochlande lebte, anfänglich einzeln, hernach aber 1765 zusammen unter dem Titel:* Works of Ossian the son of Fingal translated 2 *Vol,* 4. *her-*

*) Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long-bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted.

ausgab. Da der Verfasser der schätzbaren Englischen Miszellen (Band 2, Stück 1, S. 34) mehrere interessante Nachrichten sowohl von Macpherson's Jugendgeschichte, als von den Umständen ertheilt, welche zur Auffindung der Werke Ossian's Veranlassung gaben, so glauben wir die hieher gehörige Stelle hier einrücken zu müssen. „Die Schotten, heifst es daselbst, hatten schon früh, gleich andern rohen Völkern, die Harfe und Sackpfeife. Der Dichter und der Spielmann vereinigten sich in derselben Person. Man wufste die Lieder anfangs nicht besser, als im Gedächtnisse aufzubewahren. Aber im 6ten und 7ten Jahrhundert nach Einführung des Christenthums, zeichneten theils die Barden, theils die Mönche einige von diesen Gedichten auf. Die Häuptlinge der Schottischen Hochländer hielten in den folgenden Jahrhunderten immer noch ihre Barden; aber niemand kümmerte sich um die, meistens gedächtnifsweise überlieferten Gesänge. Um die Mitte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts wollte man die Bibel und andere Erbauungsbücher in das Ersische oder Gälische — so heifst bekanntlich die Sprache von Bergschottland — übertragen. Man brauchte Worte und Redensarten. Diese waren nirgends zu finden, als in den alten Ersischen Liedern. Man fand aber mehr als man suchte: die Bardengesänge schienen an und für sich der Aufsammlung werth. Ein Bergschottischer Student der Theologie, Namens Jacob Macpherson, übersetzte etliche Gälische Bruchstücke und theilte sie dem Dichter John Home *) mit. Dieser las sie mit Staunen und Entzücken. David Hume, der Dichter Gray und andere, sowohl Schottische, als Englische Gelehrte, bekamen sie zu sehen, und urtheilten eben so günstig davon. Man unterzeichnete deswegen eine gewisse Summe, mit welcher Macpherson eine Reise durch die Hochländer bestreiten konnte. Er sollte die Überreste der Gälischen Dichter sammeln und übersetzen, damit sie zur Ehre der Schotten, im Englischen ans Licht treten könnten. Dies geschah. Dr. Blair's Vorlesung, in welcher er den Werth von Ossian's Gedichten erwog, erschien fast zu gleicher Zeit mit der Originaldolmetschung." Gleich bei der Erscheinung dieser Gedichte entstand ein gewaltiger Kampf über die Äch-

*) John Home verfertigte 1756 das vortreffliche und beliebte Trauerspiel Douglas, welches zu den dramatischen Meisterwerken der Engländer gehört.

heit derselben; und da sich Macpherson, zwar anfänglich, in der Folge aber, als er Staatsämter bekleidete, minder lebhaft gegen die Beschuldigung, daſs er der Verfasser sey, vertheidigte: so erhielt allmählig die Meinung die Oberhand, Macpherson habe einen gelehrten Betrug gespielt, und das, was er als Werke Ossian's ausgegeben, sey entweder ganz oder doch gröſstentheils sein Werk. Dabei blieb denn immer das Räthsel unaufgelöst, wie ein sonst vernünftiger Mann mit einer so beispiellosen Selbstverläugnung Werke von sich ablehnen könne, die in Hinsicht auf erhabene Simplicität, Neuheit und Mannigfaltigkeit von Bildern und Empfindungen, mit allen Werken ähnlicher Art in ältern und neuern Zeiten sich messen können. Der Schriften, welche bei dieser Gelegenheit gewechselt wurden, waren unzählige. Blankenburg giebt in seinen Zusätzen zu Sulzers Theorie im Artikel Ossian ein Verzeichniſs derselben. Eine der wichtigsten ist: Hugh Blair's Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, 1763. 4. *Gegenwärtig ist nun durch folgendes, von der Schottischen Hochländischen Gesellschaft herausgegebene und das Gälische Original der Gedichte Ossian's enthaltende Werk, betitelt:* The Poems of Ossian in the original Gaelic, with a literal translation into Latin, by the late Robert Macfarlan, A. M. together with a dissertation on the authenticity of the poems by Sir John Sinclair, Bart. (Baronet) and a translation from the Italian of the Abbé Cesarotti's dissertation on the controversy respecting the authenticity of Ossian, with notes and a supplemental Essay by John M'Arthur, LL. D. Published under the sanction of the Highland Society of London. *London* 1807, 3 *Vol.* 8., *der Streit und zwar, wie wir, in Ermangelung des angezeigten Originals, aus Ahlwardts Probe einer neuen Übersetzung der Gedichte Ossians aus dem Gälischen Original, Oldenburg* 1807, *entlehnen, dahin entschieden: „daſs die Gedichte Ossian's alte ächte Poesie seyen, daſs Macpherson bei weitem nicht hinlängliche Kenntniſs des Gälischen besaſs, daſs seine Englische Übersetzung nichts weniger als wörtlich getreu, daſs er durch Schwulst und nicht selten durch geliehene Gedanken und durch Unsinn sein Original entstellt, und den hohen Geist, der darin athmet, verwischt habe." Wenn nun auch gleich ein Theil dieses Urtheils durch die von Ahlwardt gelieferte Probe gerechtfertigt wird, so würde es doch von Undank zeugen, wenn*

man die bleibenden Verdienste Macpherson's um die Ossianschen Gedichte verkennen wollte. Er machte die Welt zuerst mit diesen Schätzen bekannt und gab die erste Veranlassung zu einer genauern Nachforschung und zum Studio der Gälischen Sprache, und gewiſs wird auch seine, wenn gleich ungetreue, Übersetzung länger gelesen werden, als jede getreuere, die der Macphersonschen nicht in der unverkennbaren Schönheit der Diction gleichkommen sollte. Übrigens enthält der erste Band jenes Werks eine Abhandlung von J. Sinclair über die Ächtheit der Gedichte Ossian's und es wird darin bewiesen, daſs Macpherson nicht Verfasser dieser Gedichte seyn könne, weil er, obgleich in einer Gegend geboren, wo das Gälische gesprochen wird, zu wenig Kenntnisse vom Gälischen gehabt; weil sich unter seinen hinterlassenen Papieren auch nicht eine Spur vorgefunden, daſs er Gälische Verse je zu machen versucht hätte, und weil er alle Ossianschen Werke in einem Zeitraum von 2 bis 3 Jahren herausgegeben, und es die Kräfte Eines Menschen übersteige, in einer so kurzen Zeit gegen 15000 Verse zu dichten. Dieser Abhandlung folgen mehrere Briefe, Nachrichten und gerichtliche Aussagen über die Gedichte Ossian's; denn die Hochländische Gesellschaft lieſs alle diejenigen Männer, von welchen Macpherson die Ossianschen Gedichte theils handschriftlich, theils durch mündliche Überlieferung erhielt, gerichtlich abhören und ihre Aussagen beschwören. Auſserdem enthält jener erste Band acht kleinere Ossiansche Gesänge; mit Macfarlan's wörtlicher Lateinischer Übersetzung, nämlich: 1) Cath Lodwin (bei Macpherson Cath-Loda), 3 Gesänge; 2) Caomh-mhala (Comala); 3) Carraig-thura (Carric-Thura); 4) Carthonn; 5) Oigh-nam-mor-shul (Oina-Morul); 6) Gaolnan-daoine (Colna-Dona); 7) Croma; 8) Calthon is Caolmhal (Calthon und Colmal), und 9) Anmerkungen zu diesen Gesängen. Der zweite Band enthält 1) Fionnghal (Fingal), 6 Gesänge; 2) Tighmora (Temora), erster und zweiter Gesang, und 3) Anmerkungen zu diesen Gesängen, verschiedene Abhandlungen, als eine Topographie der merkwürdigsten Gegenden, deren in den Gedichten Ossian's erwähnt wird u. s. w. Zu bedauern ist es, daſs von den eilf kleinern Gedichten, welche Macpherson's Übersetzung enthält, nämlich 1) von der Schlacht von Lora, 2) dem Kriege von Inis-Thona, 3) dem Kriege mit Caros, 4) von Olthona, 5) von den Liedern von Selma, 6) von Ber-

rathon, 7) *von Darthula,* 8) *von Cuchullin's Tod,* 9) *von Lathmon,* 10) *von Cathlin von Clutha, und* 11) *von Sulmalla von Lumon, die Gälischen Originale, durch Macpherson's Schuld, wahrscheinlich während dessen dreijährigen Aufenthalts in West-Florida verloren gegangen sind; dasselbe Schicksal hat auch die letzte Hälfte des Carthona betroffen. — Übrigens hat man von Macpherson eine schöne prosaische Übersetzung der Iliade unter dem Titel:* Translation of the Iliad of Homer, 2 *Vol.* 1773, 4., *und verschiedene andere Werke, als:* a History of Great-Britain from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hannover, *London* 1775, 2 *Vol.* 4., *nebst* 2 *Quartbänden* Original-Papers containing the secret history of Great-Britain, *enthaltend höchst wichtige Urkunden zur Geschichte eben dieses Zeitraums.* 1775 *erschien sein Werk:* the Rights of the English colonies established in America stated, 8, *worin er sich als einen Vertheidiger der gewaltsamen, von den Ministern ergriffenen, Maſsregeln bewies, und sich den Vorwurf der Bestechbarkeit zuzog, ein Verdacht, welcher durch die ihm von Lord North für seine treuen Dienste ertheilte und* 700 l. *eintragende Pension noch vermehrt wurde. Seit* 1780 *war Macpherson beständig im Parliament, und erhielt gegen das Ende seines Lebens die einträgliche Sinecure eines Agenten des Nabobs von Arcot in London. Er starb den* 17*ten Februar* 1796 *zu Bolville, Badenoch in Nordschottland, im* 59*sten Jahre seines Alters, und wurde den* 18*ten März mit vielem Pomp in der Westminsterabtei in dem sogenannten* Poet's Corner, *unfern der von ihm seinem Freunde Goldsmith errichteten Büste und Gedächtniſstafel beigesetzt. — Wir begnügen uns, diesen (zum Theil aus dem Intelligenzblatt der Literaturzeitung vom Jahre* 1796, *No.* 97 *entlehnten) biographisch-literarischen Nachrichten, noch einige Notizen über Ossian's Werke hinzuzufügen, und verweisen den Leser, welcher hierüber ausführlichere Auskunft zu haben wünscht, auf die bereits angeführten Zusätze zu Sulzer's Theorie von Blankenburg, imgleichen auf die beiden schätzbaren Abhandlungen über Ossian von Gurlitt, von denen die eine zu Magdeburg, die andere zu Hamburg* 1802 *erschienen ist, und auf die vorhin erwähnte Probe einer Übersetzung der Gedichte Ossian's von Ahlwardt. Eine gute Ausgabe der Werke Ossian's, nach Macpherson's Übersetzung, ist die, welche zu Glasgow* 1799 *in* 2 *Bän-*

den in kl. 8vo unter dem Titel erschienen ist: Janus Imray's pocket edition of Ossian's Poems, translated by James M'Pherson, Esq., with the principal dissertations on the Era and Poems of the Author; *eine andere erschien zu Frankfurt und Leipzig im Jahr* 1777 *unter dem Titel:* the Works of Ossian *in* 4 *Vol. Übersetzt sind sie von Denis, Wien* 1768 *in* 3 *Bänden, und mit seinen eigenen Werken, verb.* 1784, 4 5 *Bände, ebend.* 1791, 4 6 *Bände, größtentheils in Hexametern; ferner von Edm. von Harold, Düsseldorf* 1775, 8 3 *Bände; von Rhode, Berlin bei Fröhlich, in* 3 *Bänden in* 12, 1800. — *Mit einer schönen Französischen Übersetzung, welche unter dem Titel:* Essai d'une traduction etc. à Berlin 1789 8. *erschien, hat J. Lombard die Französische Literatur bereichert; in das Italienische ist Ossian meisterhaft von Cesarotti übersetzt, Padua* 1772, 4 *Bände* 8, *und Nizza* 1780, 3 *Bände* 12. — *Einzelne Gesänge aus Ossian findet man in verschiedenen Werken, unter andern sind einige der* Songs of Selma *meisterhaft in Göthe's Schriften (*1ster *Band S.* 169, *in den Balladen und Liedern etc. von Ursinus, S.* 136 *und* 290, *übersetzt.*

1) Morna *).

Cathbat fell by the sword of Duchomar, at the oak of the noisy streams. Duchomar came to Tura's cave and spoke to the lovely Morna.

Morna, fairest among women, lovely daughter of Cormaccairbar. Why in the circle of stones, in the cave of the rock alone? The stream murmurs hoarsely. The old trees groan in the wind. The lake is troubled before thee, and dark are the clouds of the sky. But thou art like snow on the heath; and thy hair like the mist of Cromla; when it curls on the rocks, and shines to the beam of the west. Thy breasts are like two smooth rocks seen from Brano of the streams. Thy arms like two white pillars in the halls of the mighty Fingal.

From whence, the white-armed maid replied, from whence, Duchomar, the most gloomy of men? Dark are thy

*) Fingal, Book I. — Fingal *ist der Titel eines der größern epischen Gedichte in Ossian's Werken; das andere heißt* Temora. *Jenes besteht aus* 6, *dieses aus* 8 *Gesängen.*

brows and terrible. Red are thy rolling eyes. Does Swaran appear on the sea? What of the foe, Duchomar?

From the hill I return, O Morna, from the hill of the dark-brown hinds. Three have I slain with my bended yew. Three with my long bounding dogs of the chace. — Lovely daughter of Cormac, I love thee as my soul. — I have slain one stately deer for thee. High was his branchy head, and fleet his feet of wind.

Duchomar! calm the maid replied, I love thee not, thou gloomy man. — Hard is thy heart of rock, and dark thy terrible brow. But Cathbat, thou son of Torman, thou art the love of Morna. Thou art like a sun-beam on the hill in the day of gloomy storm. Sawest thou the son of Torman, lovely on the hill of his hinds? Here the daughter of Cormac waits the coming of Cathbat.

And long shall Morna wait, Duchomar said, his blood is on my sword. Long shall Morna wait for him. He fell at Brano's stream. High on Cromla I will raise his tomb, daughter of Cormac-cairbar; but fix thy love on Duchomar, his arm is strong as a storm. —

And is the son of Torman fallen? said the maid of the tearful eye. Is he fallen on his ecchoing heath; the youth with the breast of snow? he that was first in the chase of the hill; the foe of the strangers of the ocean! — Duchomar thou art dark *) indeed, and cruel is thy arm to Morna. But give me that sword, my foe: I love the blood of Cathbat.

He gave the sword to her tears; but she pierced his manly breast. He fell, like the bank of the mountain-stream; stretched out his arm and said:

Daughter of Cormac-cairbar, thou hast slain Duchomar. The sword is cold in my breast; Morna, I feel it cold. Give me to Moina the maid; Duchomar was the dream of her night. She will raise my tomb; and the hunter shall see it and praise me. But draw the sword from my breast; Morna, the steel is cold.

She came in all her tears; she came, and drew it from his breast. He pierced her white side with steel, and spread her fair locks on the ground. Her bursting blood sounds from her side: and her white arm is stained with red. Rolling in death she lay, and Tura's cave answered to her groans. —

*) She alludes to his name — *the dark man.*

2) Comal and Galvina *).

Comal was a son of Albion; the chief of an hundred hills. His deer drunk of a thousand streams. A thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs. His face was the mildness of youth. His hand the death of heroes. One was his love, and fair was she! the daughter of mighty Conloch. She appeared like a sun-beam among women. And her hair was like the wing of the raven. Her dogs were taught to the chase. Her bow-string sounded on the winds of the forest. Her soul was fixed on Comal. Often met their eyes of love. Their course in the chase was one, and happy were their words in secret. — But Gormal loved the maid, the dark chief of the gloomy Ardven. He watched her lone steps in the heath; the foe of unhappy Comal.

One day, tired of the chase, when the mist had concealed their friends, Comal and the daughter of Conloch met in the cave of Ronan. It was the wonted haunt of Comal. Its sides were hung with his arms. A hundred shields of thongs were there; a hundred helms of sounding steel.

Rest here, he said, my love Galvina: thou light of the cave of Ronan. A deer appears on Mora's brow. I go; but I will soon return. I fear, she said. dark Grumal my foe; he haunts the cave of Ronan. I will rest among the arms; but soon return, my love.

He went to the deer of Mora. The daughter of Conloch would try his love. She clothed her white sides with his armour, and strode from the cave of Ronan. He thought it was his foe. His heart beat high. His colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes. He drew the bow. The arrow flew. Galvina fell in blood. He run with wildness in his steps and called the daughter of Conloch. No answer in the lonely rock. „Where art thou, O my love!" He saw, at length, her heaving heart beating around the feathered dart. „O Conloch's daughter, is it thou?". He sunk upon her breast.

The hunters found the hapless pair; he afterwards walked the hill. But many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love. The fleet of the ocean came. He fought; the strangers fled. He searched for his death over the field.

*) Fingal, Book II.

But who could kill the mighty Comal! He threw away the dark-brown shield. An arrow found his manly breast. He sleeps with his loved Galvina at the noise of the sounding surge. Their green tombs are seen by the warrior, when he bounds on the waves of the north.

3) The Songs of Selma *).

Star of the descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, and the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair. Farewel, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise.

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days that are past. Fingal comes like a watry column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of the song, gray-haired Ullin; stately Ryno; Alpin **), with the tuneful voice, and the

*) This poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feast, provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems, and such of them as were thought, by him, worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity. — It was one of those occasions that afforded the subject of the present poem to Ossian. — It is called in the original: The Songs of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the translation. — The poem is entirely lyric, and has great variety of versification. The address to the evening star, with which it opens, has, in the original, all the harmony that numbers could give it; flowing down with all that tranquillity and softness, which the scene described naturally inspires.

**) Alpin is from the same root with Albion, or rather Albin, the ancient name of Britain; *Alp*, high, *in*, land, or country. The present name of our island has its origin in the Celtic tongue; so that those who derived it from any other, betrayed their ignorance of the ancient language of our country. — Britain comes from *Breac't in, variegated island*, so called from the face of the country, from the natives painting themselves, or from their party-coloured clothes.

soft complaint of Minona! — How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like the gales of the spring, that, flying over the hill, by turns bend the feebly-whistling grass.

Minona then came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and tearful eye; her hair flew slowly on the blast that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice; for often had they seen the grave of Salgar *), and the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma **). Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of music! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended round. — Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

Colma.

„It is night; — I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent shrieks down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds.

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds; stars of the night appear! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase! his bow near him, unstrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar; nor can I hear the voice of my love.

Why delays my Salgar, why the son of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and the tree; and here the roaring stream. Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly my father; with thee, my brother of pride: Our race have long been foes; but we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while, let my voice be heard over the heath; let my wanderer hear me. Salgar! it is I who call. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming!

Lo! the moon appeareth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I see him not on the brow; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I must sit alone.

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*) Sealg-'er, a hunter. **) Cul-math, a woman with fine hair.

But who are these that lie beyond me on the heath? Are they my love and my brother? — Speak to me, O my friends! they answer not. My soul is tormented with fears. — Ah! they are dead. Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands; he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice, sons of my love! But alas! they are silent; silent for ever! Cold are their breasts of clay!

Oh! from the rock of the hill; from the top of the windy mountain, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid. — Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find you? No feeble voice is on the wind: no answer half-drowned in the storms of the hill.

I sit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead; but close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock; When night comes on the hill; when the wind is on the heath; my ghost shall stand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear, but love my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my friends; for pleasant were they both to me."

Such was thy song, Minona softly-blushing maid of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad. — Ullin came with the harp, and gave the song of Alpin. — The voice of Alpin was pleasant: the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire. But they had rested in the narrow house: and their voice was not heard in Selma. — Ullin had returned one day from the chase, before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill: their song was soft but sad. They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men. His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. — But he fell, and his father mourned: his sister's eyes were full of tears. — Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she fore-sees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. — I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose.

RYNO.

The wind and the rain are over: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood? as a wave on the lonely shore?

ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice, for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar *); and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm: they were consumed in the flames of the wrath.

But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave. O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears who quakes at every step? — It is thy father **), O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame; why did he not

*) Mor-er, great man. **) Torman, the son of Carthul, lord of *I-mora*, one of the western isles.

hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?

Farewel, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin *). He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor **) was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin, he said? Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad! I am sad indeed: nor small my cause of woe! — Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant, lives; and Annira fairest maid. The boughs of thy family flourish, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! and deep thy sleep in the tomb ***). — When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

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*) *Armin*; a hero. He was chief or petty king of Gorma, i. e. the blue island, supposed to be one of the Hebrides.

**) Cear-mor, a tall dark-complexioned man.

***) *John Smith in seiner Abhandlung über die Ächtheit der Gedichte Ossian's führt an, daſs man den Ort der in dieser Episode erzählten Handlung, in Schottland, in einem fast unzugänglichen Winkel von Argyle-shire genau angeben könne; das Eiland, wohin Erath die Daura geführt, heiſse noch itzt Inis-Erath (Erath's Eiland); eine gegenüberliegende Meierei habe gleichfalls den Namen daher, und etwa eine Meile davon führe ein Strom den Namen Dura-im (Strom der Daura). In dieser Gegend giebt es mehrere Örter, die von Ossianschen Helden, als von Konnal u. a. den Namen führen. (Diese Anmerkung ist aus der Übersetzung der Gedichte Ossian's von Rhode entlehnt.)*

Arise, winds of autumn, arise; blow upon the dark heath! streams of the mountains, roar! howl, ye tempests, in the top of the oak! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show by intervals thy pale face! bring to my mind that sad night, when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed.

Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Fura *); white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong, thy spear was swift in the field: thy look was like mist on the wave; thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. Armar, renowned in war came, and sought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope of their friends.

Erath, son of Odgal, repined; for his brother was slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. „Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea, bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I came to carry his love along the rolling sea."

She went; and she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son of the rock **). „Armar, my love! my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Ardnart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee!" Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother, and her father. „Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura!"

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill: rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side, his bow was in his hand; five dark gray dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore: he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick bend the thongs ***) of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans.

Arindal ascends the wave in his boat, to bring Daura to

*) Fuar-a, cold island. **) By the son of the rock, the poet means the echoing back of the human voice from a rock. The vulgar were of opinion, that this repetition of sound was made by a spirit within the rock; and they, on that account, called it *mac-talla;* the son who dwells in the rock. ***) The poet here only means that Erath was bound with leathern thongs.

land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered shaft. It sung; it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once; he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood.

The boat is broken in twain by the waves. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill comes over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries; nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening-breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired. And left thee Armin alone. Gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride among women.

When the storms of the mountain come; when the north lifts the waves on high; I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. „Will none of you speak in pity?" They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor, nor small my cause of woe!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, and the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice *) of Cona, the first among a thousand bards. But age is now on my tongue; and my soul has failed. I hear, sometimes, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails in my mind; I hear the call of years. They say, as they pass along, „why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame."

Roll on, ye dark-brown years, for ye bring no joy on your course. Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest: my voice

*) Ossian is sometimes poetically called the voice of Cona.

remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there, and the distant mariner sees the waving trees.

BURNS.

Robert Burns, *ein Schottischer Bauer, wurde um das Jahr* 1758 *bei Mauchline in Ayrshire in Schottland geboren. Schon in seiner frühsten Jugend zeigten sich in ihm seltene Talente zur Poesie, und er hatte bereits manchen Gegenstand besungen, ehe er sich einmal des in ihm wohnenden dichterischen Geistes bewuſst war. Um seine häuslichen Angelegenheiten zu verbessern, wollte er, wie viele Schotten, sein Glück in der Fremde versuchen, und sich nach Jamaica einschiffen, und um doch einiges Geld in die Hände zu bekommen, veranstaltete er auf den Rath seiner Freunde* 1786 *zu Dumfries die erste Ausgabe seiner Gedichte. Die gebildetsten und gelehrtesten Schotten fingen nun an, sich für ihn zu interessiren, und bald kam eine neue Ausgabe seiner beliebten Dichtungen unter dem Titel heraus:* Robert Burns's, the Ayrshire ploughman's, poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, *Edinburgh* 1787, 8. *Durch Fürsprache eines seiner Gönner erhielt unser Dichter hierauf die etwa* 60 l. *eintragende Zolleinnehmerstelle zu Dumfries, wo er den* 21*sten Juli* 1796, *im* 38*sten Jahre seines Alters an der Auszehrung starb. Nach seinem Tode besorgte Dr. Currie zu Liverpool eine neue Ausgabe der Werke unsers Dichters, unter dem Titel:* the Works of Robert Burns, with an account of his Life and a criticism of his writings; to which are prefixed some observations on the character and condition of the scottish peasantry, *London, Cadell,* 1800. 4 *Vol.* 8. *(1 L. 11 Sh. 6 D.)* *). — *Zu den*

*) *Bei der letzten Feier des Gedächtniſstages des Schottischen Naturdichters Burns machte die Gesellschaft, die diese Feier jährlich zu veranstalten pflegt, der Wittwe und den Kindern des Dichters zum drittenmal ein Geschenk von 100 Pfund Sterling. Ein Sohn des Verstorbenen, der seine poetischen Talente geerbt zu haben scheint, las der Gesellschaft eine von ihm verfertigte Ode vor. Die Gedichte dieses unglücklichen Sohnes der Natur sind jetzt in einer 4ten Auflage zugleich mit Allan Ramsay's Gedichten erschienen (s. Intellig. Bl. d. Allg. Lit. Zeit, 120 von 1804).*

geschätztesten seiner Gedichte gehören the twa dogs *(worin sich zwei Hunde erzählen, wie die Menschen in der Stadt und auf dem Lande leben)*; Halloween; to a Mountain Daisey *(an ein Berg-Gänseblümchen)*; the Cotter's Saturday Night, *und verschiedene andere. — Wir fügen diesen, zum Theil aus dem 51sten Stück des Intelligenzblattes der Allgemeinen Literatur-Zeitung vom Jahre 1797 entlehnten Nachrichten, noch folgende aus den schätzbaren Englischen Miszellen (1sten Bandes 2tes Stück) hinzu: „Wer Englisch liest, heisst es daselbst, wird sich reichlich für seine Zeit belohnt finden, wenn er den Burns in die Hand nimmt. Seinen Gedichten ist klüglich ein Glossarium der Schottischen Wörter angehängt, Mehrere derselben sind ausnehmend mahlerisch, wohltönend und bedeutsam. Man sieht es, der Geist Schottlands hat diesen Dichter beseelt. Weder mit Büchern, noch mit Kultur überhaupt unbekannt, ist er dennoch mehr Beobachter und Naturdichter als irgend einer der lebenden Englischen Poeten, Bloomfield allein ausgenommen; ihm geht die Einfachheit seines Vaterlandes über alles. Wer in Schottland gewesen ist, wer den ehrlichen, geraden, gastfreundlichen Schlag Menschen, der dort wohnt, im Lande selbst lieb gewonnen hat, wer die Schotten nicht bloss aus Englischen Beschreibungen kennt: der muss den frohen, rechtschaffenen, frommen Burns mit unaussprechlichem Genusse lesen. Man urtheile nun, was erst die Schotten bei seinen Gedichten fühlen müssen! Ihr Auge leuchtet, wenn sie von Burns sprechen, und aus ihm citiren; denn man findet in ihm denjenigen Stolz auf Rechtschaffenheit und Armuth, auf allgemeine Menschenliebe, auf Gastfreiheit und wirkliche oder vermeintliche Nationalvorzüge, der die Schotten unterscheidet; er hat allen seinen Gedichten den Volksaberglauben eingeflochten, der unter den Schotten herrscht, und der einem Dichter besonders zu Statten kommen muss; kurz er hat seinen Landsleuten aus der Seele geschrieben. Und sie wissen sich so viel mit ihm, als mit dem Ossian, der ohnedies mehr das Eigenthum der Highlanders, der Bergschotten ist, die sich in vielen Stücken von den Bewohnern des übrigen Schottlands unterscheiden, und zu welchen letztern Robert Burns gehört. Und in wiefern dieser die Sitten seiner Landsleute schildert, und ihrer Mundart (die vorher bloss als* broad Scotch *d. i. Plattenglisch verrufen und verlacht war), eine Art von klassischem Ansehen gegeben hat, haben*

sie sich nicht weniger auf ihn einzubilden, als ehedem die Siciler auf ihren Theokrit, und die Niedersachsen auf Vossens Plattdeutsche Idyllen." — *Wir theilen unsern Lesern noch einige Bemerkungen über die Schottische Aussprache mit, welche sich vor dem, in der angeführten Ausgabe befindlichen,* Glossary *befinden.* The *ch* and *gh*, *heifst es daselbst*, have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*. — *Übrigens haben wir drei Stücke gewählt, von denen das erste und dritte zum Theil im Schottischen Dialekt geschrieben ist; das zweite ist in reinem Englisch abgefasset* *).

1) To a mountain Daisy.

(On turning one down with the plough in April 1786.)

Wee [1]), modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun [2]) crush amang [3]) the stoure [4])
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie [5]) gem.

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*) *Die Schotten sind an Volksgesängen ungemein reich. Vor kurzem erschien eine Sammlung einiger derselben unter dem Titel:* A selection of original Scots Songs in three parts, the harmony by Haydn, London, printed for Willm. Napier. *Jedes Gedicht hat seine Volksmelodie zur Seite, und Jos. Haydn hat einen bezifferten Bass mit einer Violinstimme dazu gesetzt. Es enthält übrigens alte und neue Gesänge (man sehe die musikalische Zeitung von 1802, No. 5. S. 53). Ein Seitenstück zu diesem Werke ist* the Bardic Museum etc., *d. i. musikalische, poetische und historische Überreste der Barden und Druiden in Wallis, mit Englischen Übersetzungen und historischen Erläuterungen.*

1) *wee*, little. 2) *maun*, must. 3) *amang*, among.
4) *stoure*, dust. 5) *bonie*, overbony, handsome, beautiful.

Alas! its no thy neebor [6] sweet
The bonie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' [7] spreckl'd [8] breast,
When upward-springing, blythe [9], to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld [10] blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted [11] forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun [12] shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield [13]
O' [14] clod or stane [15],
Adorns the histie [16] stibble-field [17],
Unseen, alane [18].

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie [19] bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' [20] the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore,

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[6]) *neebor*, neighbour. [7]) *wi'*, with. [8]) *spreckl'd*, spotted. [9]) *blithe*, fröhlich, munter. [10]) *cauld*, cold. [11]) *glint*, to peep. [12]) *maun*, most. [13]) *bield*, shelter. [14]) *O*, of. [15]) *stane*, stone. [16]) *histie*, dry, chapt, barren. [17]) *stibble*, stubble. [18]) *alane*, alone. [19]) *snawie*, snowy. [20]) *i'*, in.

Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

2) Despondency. An Ode.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom:
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

Happy! ye sons of Busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
E'en when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet, while the busy means are ply'd
They bring their own reward.
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,

Meet ev'ry sad returning night
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sit's o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasures maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others, or my own!

Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

3) John Barleycorn, a Ballad *).

There was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they had sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods, upon his head.
And they hae **) sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel ***) arm'd wi' ****) pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age,
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

*) This is partly composed on the plan of an old song, known by the same name. **) *hae*, to have. ***) *weel*, well. ****) *wi'*, with.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and oe'r.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble entreprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

'T will make a man forget his woe;
'T will heighten all his joy:
'T will make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

MASON.

William Mason wurde im Jahre 1726 zu Hull, wo sein Vater Vicar war, geboren. Er studierte zu Cambridge, wurde Kaplan des Königs, und erhielt bald darauf die sehr einträgliche Stelle zu Aston in Yorkshire; ausserdem war er einer der vier Canons residentaries zu York. Er starb den 2ten April 1797, zu Aston. In Deutschland ist er durch sein Lehrgedicht the English Garden, in vier Gesängen, welches in England zwischen den Jahren 1772 und 1781 herauskam, und dessen erste Gesänge auch ins Deutsche von Weiſse übersetzt worden sind, am bekanntesten. Man findet das Original in Benzler's poetical library, being a collection of the best modern english poems, chiefly didactic and descriptive. 2 Vol. Leipzig 1786, 8. abgedruckt. „Bei aller Anerkennung der mannigfaltigen Schönheiten dieses Gedichts (sagt Herr Hofrath Eschenburg im dritten Theil seiner Beispielsammlung), wünschten die Englischen Kunstrichter doch einstimmig, daſs der Verfasser lieber den Reim, als die reimlosen Jamben, oder blankverse, gewählt haben mögte; und seine Erklärung war ihnen nicht ganz befriedigend, daſs ihm diese freiere Versart für einen Gegenstand, der selbst so viel Freiheit und Mannigfaltigkeit fordert, und für die Schilderung zwangloser Natur, die schicklichste gedünkt habe." Doch dieses Gedicht ist auch nicht Mason's Hauptwerk. Als solches kann man seine vortrefflichen Elegien, seine beiden dramatischen Arbeiten Elfrida und Cataractus und verschiedene seiner Oden betrachten. Diese Werke haben ihm einen Rang unter den klassischen Dichtern seiner Nation erworben. Die Elegien erschienen zuerst 1762; man schätzt unter denselben am meisten die auf seine früh verstorbene Gattin und auf den Tod der Lady Coventry. Was seine dramatischen Arbeiten betrifft, so gehören zwar beide zu den glücklichsten Nachahmungen der Griechischen Tragödie, Cataractus indessen wird für die vollendetere gehalten. Von geringer Erheblichkeit ist sein Melodram Sapho and Phaon. Eine seiner Oden betitelt: Ode to Truth, steht im Speaker *); eine an-

*) Der vollständige Titel dieses Buches ist: the Speaker or miscellaneous pieces selected from the best English writers and

dere findet man im 4ten Bande der Eschenburgschen Beispielsammlung. Letztere ist überschrieben: Ode in Commemoration of the glorious revolution, 1686, *und wurde durch die sehr feierlich begangene hundertjährige Gedächtnifsfeier der grofsen Revolution veranlafst. Aufserdem führt der Verfasser seiner Biographie (im 170sten Stücke des Intelligenzblattes der Allgemeinen Literaturzeitung vom Jahre 1790, aus welchem wir die hier mitgetheilten Notizen gröfstentheils entlehnt haben) eine* Ode to the naval Officers of Great Britain, 1779, 4. *an. Mason hat sich auch durch die Herausgabe einiger Englischen Dichter Verdienste erworben. So hat man von ihm unter andern:* Whitehead's poems with his life and writings *in drei Bänden in 8, desgleichen eine schöne Ausgabe von Gray's Gedichten, deren wir bereits im ersten Theil dieses Handbuchs S. 247. erwähnt haben. Die besten Nachrichten über ihn soll das* Monthley Magazine *von 1797 (April S. 325 und Mai S. 404) enthalten, welches wir aber zu benutzen nicht Gelegenheit hatten. Eben so war es uns auch nicht möglich, eine vollständige Ausgabe seiner Werke zum Behuf unsrer Sammlung herbeizuschaffen. Die hier mitgetheilte Episode aus seinem Lehrgedicht ist nach Benzler's oben angeführtem Werke abgedruckt worden.*

1) Ode to Truth.

Say, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloath'd with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known

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disposed under proper heads, with a view to facilitate the improvement of Youth in reading and speaking, to which is prefixed an Essay on elocution, by William Enfield. *London,* 1786. — [*Enfield, geboren 1741, gestorben 1797, ist aufserdem noch durch seine* Sermons for the use of families, 2 *Vol.* 1768. 1771. 8, *und durch seine* Hymns and Prayers for the use of Families, 1770, 8, *bekannt; auch gab er eine Fortsetzung des angeführten* Speaker *unter dem Titel heraus:* Exercises in Elocution, 1780, 8, *ferner mehrere Predigten u. s. w.*]

Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne,
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of Fate?
'Tis silence all. No Son of Light
Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height:
No train of radiant Saints descend.
„Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
„If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,
„Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the center of her burning throne:
Where aye she sits with stars-wreath'd lustre crown'd,
A bright Sun clasps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

„Attend, ye Sons of Men; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's eternal year.
Know, Mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in æther hung,
I shone amid the heavenly throng;
These eyes beheld Creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught Archangels their triumphant song.

Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And Ocean heave on its extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,
„ That I alone of all the host of heav'n,
„ Should reign Protectress of the godlike Youth:"
Thus the Almighty spoke: he spoke and call'd me *Truth*.

2) Abdolonymus *).

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring! attend,
And, in the cheek of these sweet innocents
Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud
That weeps its moment from thy sapphire heav'n,
They frown with causeless sorrow; as the beam,
Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they smile,
Stay, pitying Time! prolong their vernal bliss:
Alas! ere we can note it in our song,
Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon
By cold autumnal care, till wintry age
Sinks in the frore severity of death.
Ah! who, when such life's momentary dream,
Would mix in hireling senates, strenuous there
To crush the venal Hydra, whose fell crests
Rise with recruited venom from the wound!
Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego
Thy sylvan haunts, celestial Solitude!
Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-content,
Await to bless thy votary? Nurtur'd thus
In tranquil groves, list'ning to Nature's voice,
That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling brooks,
A lesson seldom learnt in Reason's school,

*) The English Garden, Book II. v. 448 — 602.

The wise Sidonian liv'd *): and, tho' the pest
Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd;
Tho' Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors,
Yet was his soul all peace; a garden's care
His only thought, its charms his only pride.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
Had humbled Persia. Now Phoenicia's realm
Receives the Son of Ammon; at whose frown
Her tributary kings or quit their thrones,
Or at his smile retain; and Sidon, now
Freed from her tyrant, points the Victor's step
To where her rightful Sov'reign, doubly dear
By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the sun
Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
Hid his ascending splendor; yet thro' each,
Her cedar-vested sides, his slaunting beams
Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main,
Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted wealth,
With languid streamers, and with folded sails,
Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd;
And, to the beach, each slowly-lifted wave,
Creeping with silver curl, just kist the shore,
And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour
Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
The secret glade, that veil'd the man of toil.

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen,
Entwin'd with myrtle, met intangled brakes
That bar'd all entrance, save at one low gate,
Whose time-disjointed arch with ivy chain'd,
Bad stoop the warrior train. A pathway brown
Led thro' the pass, meeting a fretful brook,

*) *Abdolonymus.* The fact on which this episode is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Justin, and Q. Curtius; the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metastasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.

And wandering near its channel, while it leapt,
O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art
Had eas'd perchance, but not prescrib'd its way.
Close was the vale and shady; yet ere long
Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn
Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
Now o'er its pebbled channel nimbly tript
In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants,
Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart,
The patriarch palm his load of sugar'd dates
Shower'd plenteous; where the fig, of standard strength,
And rich pomegranate, wrapt in dulcet pulp
Their racy seeds; or where the citron's boughs
Bent with its load of golden fruit mature.
Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
Spread its serene extent; a stately file
Of circling cypress mark'd the distant bound.
Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd
With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
Spread wide their giant arms; whence, from a rock
Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
The stream fell headlong; yet still higher rose,
Ev'n in the eternal snows of Lebanon,
That hallow'd spring; thence, in the porous earth
Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here forc'd
Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd;
A bed of native marble pure receiv'd
The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
Till with o'er-flowing pride it skim'd the lawn.
Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot,
O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof
An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
The venerable Sage, now first descry'd,
The fragrant incense kindled. Age had shed
That dust of silver o'er his sable locks,

Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow
One wrinkling furrow plow'd; his eagle eye
Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb
The sinewy strength that toil demands, and gives.
The warrior saw and paus'd: his nod withheld
The crowd at awful distance, where their ears,
In mute attention, drank the Sage's prayer.
„Parent of Good! (he cried) behold the gifts
„Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
„Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
„That deals in blood, with blood thy shrines distain;
„Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks
„A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more?
„Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple pomp
„May call thy presence to a prouder fane
„Than this poor cave; but will thy presence there
„Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!
„It will not. Here then, shall the prostrate heart,
„That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray'r.
„But what has he to ask who nothing needs,
„Save, what unask'd is from thy heav'n of heav'ns
„Giv'n in diurnal good? Yet, holy Power!
„Do all that call thee Father thus exult
„In thy propitious presence? Sidon sinks
„Beneath a tyrant's scourge. Parent of Good!
„Oh free my captive country." — Sudden here
He paus'd and sigh'd. And now, the raptur'd crowd
Murmur'd applause: he heard, he turn'd, and saw
The king of Macedon with eager step
Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
Who bore its state, the conqueror's own right hand
Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
His swift attendants o'er his shoulders cast
The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd him king of Sidon. Stern he stood,
Or, if he smil'd, 'twas a contemptuous smile,
That held the pageant honours in disdain.
Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim,
And bad him be their Father. At the word,
The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd his cheek;

His brow expanded; his exalted step
March'd firmer; graciously he bow'd the head,
And was the Sire they call'd him. „Tell me, King,"
Young Ammon cried, while o'er his bright'ning form
He cast the gaze of wonder, how a soul
„Like thine could bear the toils of penury?"
„Oh grant me, Gods!" he answer'd, „so to bear
„This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd
„With blessings lost to kings; yet, righteous Powers!
„If to my country ye transfer the boon,
„I triumph in the loss. Be mine the chains
„That fetter Sov'reignty; let Sidon smile
„With your best blessings, Liberty and Peace."

WARTON.

Joseph Warton, *geboren um das Jahr 1722, Bruder des oben Seite 518 angeführten Dichters* Thomas Warton, *stand eine geraume Zeit anfänglich als Unter-, dann als Oberlehrer am Kollegium zu Winchester. Er legte diese Stelle im Jahre 1793 nieder, und wurde erst Pfarrer zu Upham, dann zu Wickham. Er hat sich durch mehrere gute prosaische Werke und verschiedene wohlgelungene Gedichte ausgezeichnet. Sein erstes Werk waren* Odes on several subjects, 1746, 8, *die er ohne Namen herausgab. Diesem folgte, mit des Verfassers Namen,* an Ode occasioned by reading West's Pindar *mit mehreren neuern kleinen Gedichten*, 1749. — *Der erste Theil des* Essay on the genius and writings of A. Pope *erschien bereits 1753 anonym; der zweite kam erst 1784 heraus. Dieses Werk bewies, dass* Warton *lange Zeit seinen Dichter studiert haben musste, und war gleichsam ein Vorläufer der Ausgabe von* Pope's *Werken; letzteres Werk führt den Titel:* The Works of Alex. Pope, Esq., complete with notes and illustrations by J. W. and others, *London*, 1797, 9 *Vol.* 8. — *Die erste Ausgabe von der Übersetzung* Virgils *erschien 1753 unter dem Titel:* the Works of Virgil in English Verse, the Eneid translated by the Rev. Mr. Christopher Pitt, the Eclogues and Georgics by Mr. Joseph Warton, with several new observations by Mr. Hodsworth, Mr.

Spence and others *in 4 Oktavbänden; eine neuere Ausgabe kam in den Jahren* 1763, 1770 *und* 1778 *in 4 Duodezbänden heraus. Diese Übersetzung soll den Sinn des Originals genauer, als die vorigen Englischen Übersetzungen ausdrucken, die Versifikation soll leicht und harmonisch, die Sprache rein und korrekt seyn; an sich aber, als dichterisches Produkt, Dryden's Werk nachstehen. — Warton lieferte mit seinem Bruder gelegentlich noch Beiträge zu Hawkesworth's* Adventurer, *und es scheinen von ihnen die Aufsätze über Shakspeare herzurühren. Warton hatte überdies Materialien zu einer Literaturgeschichte des Zeitalters Leo X gesammelt. — Seine Ausgabe von Pope entsprach zwar dem äussern, aber nicht dem innern Werthe nach den vielleicht zu hoch gespannten Erwartungen, welche man sich von derselben gemacht hatte. Man schätzte ihn übrigens eben so sehr wegen seiner Talente und Gelehrsamkeit, als wegen seiner liberalen Denkungsart und seines wohlwollenden Herzens. Er starb den 23sten Februar 1800, im 78sten Jahre seines Alters, zu Wickham in Hontshire als Pfarrer des Orts und Präbendar zu Winchester, mit dem Ruhm eines sehr achtungswürdigen Mannes.*

Ode to Fancy.

O Parent of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my heartless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey

Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landskip lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water you reside,
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor e'en one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser thro' a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound!

Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads;
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:

Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy

Can long my pensive mind employ:
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults and tombs,
Where each sad night some Virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where to avoid cold winter's show'rs,
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,
While whistling tempest round her rise,
And trembles lest the tott'ring wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage? — What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!

O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, O remove,

For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.
When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold,
At ev'ry season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy pow'rful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to ev'ry line;
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bidst me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling grave;
O Queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly strike the sounding lyre,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
And with some new unequall'd song
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t'attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk:
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning let his mighty verse
The bosoms inmost foldings pierce:
With native beauties win applause,

Beyond cold critic's studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

BEATTIE.

James Beattie, *der Sohn eines Pachters, wurde den 5. November 1735 zu Laurencekirk in der Grafschaft Kincardine in Schottland geboren. Er verlor seinen Vater sehr frühzeitig, hatte aber das Glück von seinem Bruder David, einem edlen jungen Manne, auf der gelehrten Laufbahn unterstützt zu werden. Dieser schickte ihn in das Marischal-College der Universität Aberdeen, welches damals in grossem Rufe stand, und an welchem er das Glück hatte, den Unterricht des durch sein Leben des Homer und seinen Hof des Augustus berühmten Thomas Blackwell zu geniessen, der unsern jungen Beattie wegen seines Fleisses und wegen seiner Talente schätzte. Im dritten Universitätsjahre war der nicht minder berühmte Alexander Gerard sein Lehrer. 1753 wurde er Magister. Am Ende dieses Jahres nahm er das Amt eines Schullehrers in dem benachbarten Kirchspiele Fordoun an, stand diesem Amte mit vieler Treue vor, vernachlässigte aber seine eigene Ausbildung nicht. Um diese Zeit fing er auch an, seine kleinen poetischen Versuche unter erdichteten Namen in das* Scots Magazine *einrücken zu lassen, wie er denn auch bereits in Fordoun seine Übersetzung der ländlichen Gedichte des Virgil verfertigte. Bei seiner nachmaligen Bewerbung um eine Lehrstelle an der lateinischen Schule zu Aberdeen trug zwar sein Nebenbuhler Smith bei der angestellten Prüfung den Sieg davon; Beattie hatte aber bald darauf die Ehre, bei einer andern Vakanz an dieser Schule, von den Examinatoren selbst berufen zu werden. Im Jahre 1760 im September wurde er auf Verwendung des Grafen von Erroll, Lord-High-Constable von Schottland, und einiger anderer Männer, welche seine Talente kannten und schätzten, zum Professor der Philosophie im Marischal-College zu Aberdeen ernannt. In eben dem Jahre erschienen seine* Original Poems *und* Translations. *1762 erschien sein Versuch über Dichtkunst und Musik.*

und 1764 *seine Abhandlung* on laughter and ludicrous composition. *Um das Jahr* 1765 *folgte sein* Judgment of Paris; *um diese Zeit verfertigte er auch sein berühmtes Werk, betitelt:* Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth in opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism, *welches aber erst* 1770 *im Druck erschien. Die schönste Frucht seines Geistes aber, das zur beschreibenden Gattung gehörige vortreffliche Gedicht* the Minstrel or the progress of genius, *kam* 1771 *in einem Gesang heraus; der zweite erschien* 1774. *Im Jahre* 1770 *erhielt er die Würde eines Doktors der Rechte vom King's-College in Aberdeen.* 1777 *erschien sein Versuch über das Gedächtniss und die Einbildungskraft (übersetzt unter dem Titel: B. neue philosophische Versuche,* 2 *Theile, Leipzig, Weygand,* 1779 *und* 1780), *der von Seiten des Styls ein Meisterstück ist.* 1778 *entwarf er ein Werk über den Sklavenhandel, das aber nicht vollendet wurde. Seine* Dissertations moral and critical *erschienen* 1783 *in 4to (übersetzt von Grosse, in* 3 *Theilen, Göttingen* 1789, 8.); *diesem Werke folgten* 1786 *seine* Evidences of the christian religion, 2 *Vol.* 8, *und* 1789 *seine* Elements of moral science, *Vol.* 1. 1790, 8 *(übersetzt von Moritz, Berlin* 1790, 8.). 1790 *besorgte er einen Abdruck von Addison's Aufsätzen in* 4 *Bänden, wozu er eine Vorrede schrieb. Um diese Zeit hatte er den Schmerz, seinen geliebten Sohn, einen hoffnungsvollen jungen Menschen (geboren zu Aberdeen* 1768, *gestorben daselbst* 1790 *im* 22*sten Jahre seines Alters), zu verlieren. Sein zweiter Sohn starb bald darauf. Seit dieser Zeit entzog er sich dem Umgange fast gänzlich und starb den* 18*ten August* 1803 *im* 68*sten Jahre seines Alters zu Aberdeen. — Beattie's Gedichte, von welchen es verschiedene Ausgaben giebt — die vor uns liegende ist vom Jahre* 1776 *in 8vo — sind mit dem Stempel eines ächten Dichtergeistes bezeichnet;* the Minstrel *insonderheit wird seinen Namen bei der spätesten Nachkommenschaft erhalten. Auch die kleinern Stücke, namentlich* Ode to Hope, the Battle of the Pygmies and Cranes *u. a. m., vorzüglich aber die in unsere Sammlung aufgenommenen beiden Stücke, sind vorzüglich. Die neueste, uns aber nicht näher bekannte Ausgabe seiner poetischen Werke ist mit den Arbeiten seines vorhin erwähnten Sohnes vermehrt; sie erschien* 1799 *in* 8. *und führt den Titel:* The Minstrel in two books, with some other poems by James Beattie, to which are added miscellanies by James Hay

Beattie, A. M., with an account of his Life and Character. — *Weitläufigere biographische Nachrichten von unserm Beattie findet man theils in den* Public Characters of 1801-1802, *London* 1801, *theils in folgendem weitläufigern Werke:* An account of the Life of James Beattie, L. L. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic. Aberdeen etc. by Alex. Bower, London, Baldwin, 1804, 8. (5 sh.). *Aus dem aus diesem Werke entnommenen, in den Englischen Miszellen (Band* 16, *St.* 2, *S.* 94) *befindlichen Auszuge und aus den* Public Characters *sind die Data zu gegenwärtigem kleinen biographisch-literarischen Umrisse entlehnt.*

1) The Hermit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas, then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
A Hermit his song of the night thus began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, while he felt as a Man.

„Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
„Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
„For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
„And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
„Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,
„Mourn, sweetest Complainer, Man calls thee to mourn:
„O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away —
„Full quickly they pass, — but they never return.

„Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
„The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
„But lately I mark'd, when majestick on high
„She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
„Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
„The path that conducts thee to splendor again. —
„But Man's faded glory no change shall renew.
„Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

„'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
„I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;

„For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
„Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
„Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
„Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save. —
„But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
„O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

„'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
„That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
„My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
„Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
„O pity, great Father of light," then I cry'd,
„Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
„Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
„From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

„And darkness and doubt are now flying away.
„No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
„So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
„The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
„See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
„And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
„On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
„And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb."

2) Elegy.

Still shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
Shall heedless hope the towering fabric raise?
Till at Death's touch the fairy visions fly,
And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
And from Elysium's balmy slumber torn
The startled soul awakes to think and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery vales in endless view survey
Glittering in beams of visionary day;
O, yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill

Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Lest, thus encompass'd with funeral gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, Beauteous, Good! O every grace combined,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fair as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day,
Warbling remote, along the vales decay! —
Yet, why with these compared? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be matched with thine?
Why roam abroad? Since still, to Fancy's eyes,
I see, I see thy lovely form arise.
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthroned serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, o Virtue, Age is young,
And musick warbles from the faltering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
Love, Wonder, Joy, alternately alarm,
And Beauty dazzles, with angelic charm.

Ah whither fled! — ye dear illusions stay —
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay. —
How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth display'd!
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd;

With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd. —
Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky!
Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh;
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.
All cold the hand, that sooth'd Woe's weary head.
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed!
And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole.
Infusing balm, into the rankled soul!
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower!
Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven!
Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven! —
But peace, bold thought! be still my bursting heart!
We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.
Scaped the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
Nor bless the hand that broke the galling chain?
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw?
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy seas in storm perpetual toss'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.
Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew,
Nor check the sacred drops to pity due;
Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her loved dust, the Parent, Brother, Friend!
How vain the hope of man! — But cease thy strain,
Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetick tear.

JERNINGHAM.

Von John Jerningham *können wir unsern Lesern nur folgende aus* Reuſs gelehrtem England *entlehnte Titel seiner Gedichte mittheilen:* Poems on various subjects, 1766, 8; Amabella, a poem, 1767, 4; the Deserter, a poem; 1769, 4; the funeral of Arabert, Monk of la Trappe, a poem, 1771, 4; Faldoni and Theresa, 1773, 4; the swedish Curate, a poem, 1773, 4; Poems, 1774, 8; the Fall of Mexico, a poem, 1775, 4; Fugitive poetical pieces, 1778, 8; the ancient English wake, a poem, 1779, 4; Honoria or the day of all souls, a poem, with other poetical pieces, 1782, 4; the rise and progress of Scandinavian poetry, a poem in two parts, 1784, 4; Poems, Vol. 1, 2, 1786, 8; Enthusiasm, a poem, 1789, 4. — *Uns sind von ihm nur drei Stücke näher bekannt, nämlich* Yariko to Inkle, the Deserter, *und die zuerst* 1762 *erschienene Elegie:* the Magdalens. *Zu dem ersten, hier mitgetheilten Stücke ist der Stoff aus dem im ersten Theile unsers Handbuchs S.* 86. *abgedruckten Aufsatze des* Spectator *entlehnt. Was* the Magdalens *betrifft, so sieht man sogleich, daſs unter diesem Namen gefallene Personen des andern Geschlechts verstanden werden. Übrigens ist diese Benennung gegenwärtig zur Bezeichnung solcher unglücklichen Frauenzimmer sehr häufig, seitdem das bekannte Magdalenen-Hospital (von welchem man eine schätzbare Nachricht in der Schrift: London und Paris,* 1794, *2tes Stück, S.* 110 — 116 *findet), dessen Zweck es ist, gefallene Personen des andern Geschlechts durch eine zweckmäſsige Behandlung wieder auf den Weg der Tugend zu führen, in London existirt. Eine Gesellschaft, welche sich* 1758 *bildete, gab die Kosten zur Erbauung dieses Zufluchtsorts her.*

1) Yarico to Inkle.

With falsehood lurking in thy sordid breast,
And perj'ry's seal upon thy heart imprest,
Dar'st thou, oh christian! brave the sounding waves,
The treach'rous whirlwinds, and untrophied graves?
Regardless of my woes securely go!
No curse-fraught accents from these lips shall flow:

My fondest wish shall catch thy flying sail,
Attend thy course, and urge the fav'ring gale;
May ev'ry bliss thy God confers be thine,
And all thy share of woe compris'd in mine!

One humble boon is all I now implore,
Allow these feet to print their kindred shore;
Give me, oh Albion's sons! again to roam,
For thee deserted, my delightful home:
To view the groves that deck my native scene,
The limpid stream, that graceful glides between;
Retrieve the fame I spurn'd at love's decree,
Ascend the throne which I forsook for thee:
Approach the bow'r — (why starts th' unbidden tear?)
Where once thy Yarico to thee was dear.

The scenes the hand of time has thrown behind,
Return impetuous to my busy mind:
„What hostile vessel quits the roaring tide,
„To harbour here its tempest-beaten side?
„Behold the beach receives the ship-wreck'd crew:
„Oh mark their strange attire and pallid hue!
„Are these the christians, restless sons of pride,
„By avarice nurtur'd, to deceit allied?
„Who tread with cunning step the maze of art,
„And mask with placid looks a canker'd heart?
„Yet note, superior to the numerous throng,
„(Even as the citron humbler plants among)
„That youth! — Lo! beauty on his graceful brow
„With nameless charms bids every feature glow:
„Ah! leave, fair stranger, this unsocial ground,
„Where danger broods, and fury stalks around:
„Behold thy foes advance — my steps pursue
„To where I'll screen thee from their fatal view:
„He comes, he comes! th' ambrosial feast prepare,
„The fig, the palm-juice, nor th' anana spare:
„In spacious canisters nor fail to bring
„The scented foliage of the blushing spring:
„Ye graceful handmaids, dress the roseate bow'r,
„And hail with music this auspicious hour —
„Ah no! forbear — be every lyre unstrung,
„More pleasing music warbles from his tongue;
„Yet, utter not to me the lover's vow,
„All, all is thine that friendship can bestow;

„Our laws, my station, check the guilty flame —
„Why was I born, ye powers, a Nubian dame?
„Yet see around, at love's enchanting call,
„Stern laws submit, and vain distinctions fall:
„And mortals then enjoy life's transient day,
„When smit with passion they indulge the sway:
„Yes! crown'd with bliss, we'll roam the conscious grove,
„And drink long draughts of unexhausted love:
„Nor joys alone, thy dangers too I'll share,
„With thee the menace of the waves I'll dare.
„Invain — for smiles his brow deep frowns involve,
„The sacred ties of gratitude dissolve,
„See faith distracted rends her comely hair,
„His fading vows while tainted zephyrs bear!"

Oh thou, before whose seraph-guarded throne
The christians bow, and other gods disown,
If, wrapt in darkness, thou deny'st thy ray,
And shroud'st from Nubia thy celestial day?
Indulge this fervent pray'r, to thee address'd,
Indulge, tho' uttered from a sable breast:
May gath'ring storms eclipse the chearful skies,
And mad'ning furies from thy hell arise:
With glaring torches meet his impious brow,
And drag him howling to the gulf below!
Ah no! — May heaven's bright messengers descend,
Obey his call, his every wish attend!
Still o'er his form their hovering wings display!
If he be blest, these pangs admit allay:
Me still her mark let angry fortune deem,
So thou may'st walk beneath her cloudless beam.
Yet oft to my rapt ear didst thou repeat,
That I suffic'd to frame thy bliss compleat.
Deluded soul! the dupes of man decreed,
We, splendid victims, at his altar bleed.
The grateful accents of thy candy'd tongue,
Where artful flattery too persuasive hung,
Like flow'rs adorn'd the path to my disgrace,
And bade destruction wear a smiling face.
Yet form'd by nature in her choicest mould,
While on thy cheek her blushing charms unfold,
Who could oppose to thee stern virtue's shield?
What tender virgin would not wish to yield?

But pleasure on the wings of time was born,
And I expos'd a prey to grinning scorn.
Of low-born traders — mark the hand of fate!
Is Yarico reduc'd to grace the state,
Whose impious parents, an advent'rous band,
Imbru'd with guiltless blood my native land;
Ev'n snatched my father from his regal seat,
And stretch'd him, breathless, at their hostile feet!
Ill-fated prince! the christians sought thy shore,
Unsheath'd the sword, and mercy was no more.

But thou, fair stranger, cam'st with gentler mind,
To shun the perils of the wrecking wind.
Amidst thy foes thy safety still I plan'd,
And reach'd for galling chains the myrtle band:
Nor then unconscious of the secret fire,
Each heart voluptuous throb'd with warm desire:
Ah pleasing youth, kind object of my care,
Companion, friend, and every name that's dear!
Say, from thy mind can'st thou so soon remove
The records graven by the hand of love?
How as we wanton'd on the flow'ry ground,
The loose-rob'd pleasures danc'd unblam'd around;
Till to the sight the growing burden prov'd,
How thou o'ercam'st — and how, alas! I lov'd!
Too fatal proof! since thou with av'rice fraught,
Didst basely urge (ah! shun the wounding thought!)
That tender circumstance — reveal it not,
Lest, torn with rage, I curse my fated lot:
Lest startled reason abdicate her reign,
And madness revel in this heated brain:
That tender circumstance — inhuman part —
I will not weep, tho' serpents gnaw this heart:
Frail, frail resolve! while gushing from mine eye
The pearly drops these boastful words bely.
Alas! can sorrow in this bosom sleep,
Where strikes ingratitude her talons deep?
When he whom still I love, to nature dead,
Stabs pleasure as she mounts the nuptial bed?
What time his guardian pow'r I most requir'd,
Against my fame and happiness conspir'd!
And (do I live to breathe the barb'rous tale?)
His faithful Yarico expos'd to sale!

Yes, basely urg'd (regardless of my pray'rs,
Ev'n while I bath'd his venal hand with tears)
The tend'rest circumstance — I can no more —
My future child — to swell his impious store:
All, all mankind for this will rise thy foe,
But I, alas! alone endure the woe:
Endure what healing balms can ne'er controul,
The heart-lodged stings and agony of soul.
Was it for this I left my native plain,
And dar'd the tempest brooding on the main?
For this unlock'd (seduc'd by christian art)
The chaste affections of my virgin heart?
Within this bosom fan'd the constant flame,
And fondly languish'd for a mother's name?
Lo! every hope is poison'd in its bloom,
And horrors watch around this guilty womb.

With blood illustrious circling thro' these veins,
Which ne'er was chequer'd with plebejan stains,
Thro' ancestry's long line ennobled springs,
From fame-crown'd warriors and exalted kings,
Must I the shafts of infamy sustain?
To slavery's purposes my infant train?
To catch the glances of his haughty lord?
Attend obedient at the festive board?
From hands unconquer'd take the scornful blow?
Uproot the thoughts of glory as they grow?
Let this pervade at length thy heart of steel?
Yet, yet return, nor blush, o man! to feel:
Ah! guide thy steps from yon expecting fleet:
Thine injur'd Yarico relenting meet:
Bid her recline, woe-stricken, on thy breast,
And hush her raging sorrows into rest!

If pity can't allure thy steps from vice,
Then from impending perils ask advice:
'Twas night — my solitary couch I press'd,
Till sorrow-worn I wearied into rest;
Methought — nor was it childish fancy's flight:
My country's genius stood confess'd to sight:
„Let Europe's sons (he said) enrich their shore,
„With stones of lustre, and barbaric ore:
„Adorn their country with their splendid stealth,
„Unnative foppery, and gorgeous wealth;

„Embellish still her form with foreign spoils,
„Till like a gaudy prostitute she smiles:
„The day, th' avenging day at length shall rise,
„And tears shall trickle from that harlot's eyes:
„Her own gods shall prepare the fatal doom
„Lodg'd in time's pregnant and destructive womb;
„The mischief-bearing womb these hands shall rend,
„And straight shall issue forth confusion's fiend:
„Then shall my children urge the destin'd way,
„Invade the christian coast, and dare the day:
„Sue, as they rush upon them as a flood,
„Dishonour for dishonour, blood for blood."

Say, Albion youth, flow all my words in vain,
Like seeds that strew the rude ungrateful plain?
Say, shall I ne'er regain thy wonted grace?
Ne'er stretch these arms to catch the wish'd embrace?
Enough — with new awak'd resentment fraught
Assist me, heaven! to tear him from my thought!
No longer vainly suppliant will I bow,
And give to love, what I to hatred owe;
Forgetful of the race from whence I came,
With woe acquainted, but unknown to shame.
Hence, vile dejection, with thy plaintive pray'r,
Thy bended knee, and still descending tear!
Rejoin, rejoin the pale-complexioned train —
The conflict's past — and I'm myself again.

Thou parent sun! if e'er with pious lay
I usher'd in thy world-reviving ray!
Or as thy fainter beams illum'd the west,
With grateful voice I hymn'd thee to thy rest!
Beheld, with wond'ring eye thy radiant seat,
Or sought thy sacred dome with unclad feet!
If near to thy bright altars as I drew,
My votive lamb, thy holy flamen, slew!
Forgive! that I, irrev'rent of thy name,
Dar'd for thy foe indulge th' unhallow'd flame:
Ev'n on a christian lavish'd my esteem,
And scorn'd the sable children of thy beam.
This poniard, by my daring hand imprest,
Shall drink the ruddy drops that warm my breast!
Nor I alone, by this immortal deed
From slav'ry's laws my infant shall be freed.

And thou, whose ear is deaf to pity's call,
Behold at length thy destin'd victim fall,
Behold thy once-lov'd Nubian stain'd with gore,
Unwept, extended on the crimson floor:
These temples clouded with the shades of death,
These lips unconscious of the ling'ring breath:
These eyes uprais'd (ere clos'd by fate's decree)
To catch expiring one faint glimpse of thee!
Ah! then thy Yarico forbear to dread,
My fault'ring voice no longer will upbraid,
Demand due vengeance of the pow'rs above,
Or, more offensive still, implore thy love.

d) The Magdalens.

See to yon fane the suppliant nymphs repair,
At virtue's shrine to breathe contrition's sigh:
Their youthful cheek is pal'd with early care,
And sorrow dwells in their dejected eye.

Hark! they awake a solemn plaintive lay,
Where Grief with Harmony delights to meet:
Not philomela from her lonely spray,
Trills her clear note more querulously sweet.

Are these the fair (late Pleasure's youthful quire)
Who wont the dome of Luxury to tread?
Appear in all the splendor of attire?
And vie in beauty with the high-born maid?

The smiling scenes of Pleasure they forsake,
Obey no more amusement's idle call,
Nor mingling with the sons of mirth partake,
The treat voluptuous, or the festive ball.

For sober weeds they change their flowing train,
Of the pearl bracelet strip the graceful arm,
Conceal the breast that glow'd in ev'ry vein,
And madden'd into joy at love's alarm.

No longer now the diamond's dazzling ray
Darts from the cunning tresses of the hair;
Nor do those tresses any more display
The colour'd plumes that sported in the air.

Yet Beauty lingers on their mournful brow,
As loth to leave the cheek suffus'd with tears,
Which scarcely blushing with a languid glow,
Like morn's faint beam thro' gath'ring mist appears.

No more compare them to the gaudy flow'r,
Whose painted foliage wantons in the gale:
They look the lily drooping from the show'r,
Or the pale violet sick'ning in the vale.

Ill fond of empire and of conquest vain,
They frequent vot'ries to their altars drew,
Yet blaz'd those splendid altars to their bane,
The idol they, and they the victim too!

Once destitute of counsel, aid, or food,
Some helpless orphans in this dome reside,
Who (like the wand'ring children in the wood)
Trod the rude paths of life without a guide.

Some who encircled by the great and rich
Were won by wiles and deep designing art,
By splendid bribes, and soft persuasive speech,
Of pow'r to cheat the young unguarded heart.

Some on whom Beauty breath'd her radiant bloom,
While adverse stars all other gifts remov'd;
Who hurried from the dungeon's living tomb,
To scenes their inborn virtue disapprov'd.

What tho' their youth imbib'd an early stain,
A second innocence is now their claim;
While in the precincts of this bless'd domain,
They bask beneath the rays of rising fame.

So the young myrtles in misfortune's day,
Nipt by the blast that swept their vernal bed,
In shelt'ring walls their tender leaves display,
And wak'ning into life new fragrance shed.

Tho' white-wing'd Peace protect this calm abode,
Tho' each tumultuous passion be suppress'd,
Still Recollection wears a sting to goad,
Still Conscience wakes to rob their soul of rest.

See one the tort'ring hour of mem'ry prove,
Who wrapt in pensive secrecy forlorn,

Sits musing on the pledges of her love,
Who fell the victims of paternal scorn.

Forgot, deserted in th' extremest need,
By him who shou'd have reard their tender age:
„Was this, seducer, this the promis'd meed?"
She cries — then sinks beneath affliction's rage.

Her busy mind recalls the fatal plain,
Which with slow lab'ring steps she journey'd o'er,
Half-yielding to the fierce impetuous rain,
While in her arms two helpless babes she bore.

Her mind recalls how at that awful hour
The dismal owlet scream'd her shiv'ring note,
How shriek'd the spirit from the haunted tow'r,
While other sounds of woe were heard remote.

How to the covert of a tott'ring shed,
As night advanc'd, she fearfully retir'd;
And as around the dark'ning horror spread,
Her famish'd infants on her breast expir'd.

How keenest anguish bad her bosom bleed,
As there she brooded o'er her hapless state:
„Was this, seducer, this the promis'd meed?"
She cries — then sinks beneath affliction's weight.

Another mourns her fall with grief sincere,
Whom tranquil reason tells she's shun'd, disdain'd,
Repuls'd as vile, by those who held her dear,
Who call'd her once companion, sister, friend.

That recollects the day when lost to shame,
She fondly sacrific'd her vestal charms,
Resign'd the virgin's for an harlot's name,
And left a parent's for a spoiler's arms.

Imagination pictures to her mind
The father's rage, the mother's softer woe:
Unhappy pair! to that distress consign'd,
A child can give, a parent only know.

At this deep scene, by fancy drawn, impress'd,
The filial passions in her heart revive:
Reproach vindictive rushes on her breast,
To nature's pangs too feelingly alive.

If this, or similar tormenting thought,
Cling to their soul, when pensively alone,
For youth's offence, for love's alluring fault,
Say, do they not sufficiently atone?

Oh mock not then their penitential woes,
Thou who may'st deign to mark this humble theme;
Nor seek with foul derision to expose,
And give to infamy their tainted name.

Nor deem me one of melancholy's train,
If anxious for the sorrow-wedded fair,
Tho' little skillful of that heav'nly strain,
Whose melting numbers to the heart repair.

I steal impatient from the idle throng,
The roving gay companions of my age,
To temper with their praise my artless song,
And soft-ey'd Pity in their cause engage.

'Tis Virtue's task to soothe affliction's smart,
To join in sadness with the fair distrest,
Wake to another's pain the tender heart,
And move to clemency the gen'rous breast.

CARTER.

Elisabeth Carter, *gestorben* 1806 *im* 89*sten Jahre ihres Alters, gab im Jahre* 1762 *unter dem Titel:* Poems on several occasions, *London* 8, *eine Sammlung von Gedichten heraus, die sich durch feines Gefühl und edeln geschmackvollen Vortrag auszeichnen. Die hier abgedruckte* Ode to Wisdom *wurde, ihrer Vortrefflichkeit wegen, von Richardson in seine* Clarissa *aufgenommen. Schon früher hat sich Miss Carter als Übersetzerin der Werke Epictet's, und durch eine denselben vorgesetzte Einleitung über den Geist der stoischen Philosophie rühmlich bekannt gemacht. Dies Werk führt den Titel:* Epictetus, translated from the original Greek; with an introduction and notes by the translator, 1758. 4. *Sonst sollen noch zwei Aufsätze von ihr im Rambler stehen, nämlich* No. 44 *und* No. 100. — *Wir haben diese*

wenigen Notizen in Ermangelung aller andern Quellen größtentheils aus Herrn Hofrath **Eschenburg's** *Beispielsammlung, Theil 4, S. 397 entlehnt. — Wir bemerken nur noch, daſs die dritte Ausgabe der Gedichte der Miſs* **Carter** *unter dem Titel:* Poems on several occasions, *London 1776 erschienen ist.*

Ode to Wisdom.

The solitary bird of night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray;
Here Folly drops each vain disguise
Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art,
„That glads the sense, or mends the heart,
Blest source of purer joys;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
But, taught by the unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r,
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
These glitt'ring envied toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd:
For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lye
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt it's just controul:

The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife:
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to controul!
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show:
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys
Is vanity and woe.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

Anna Laetitia Barbauld, *eine vermuthlich noch itzt zu Hampstead bei London lebende Dichterin, gab im Jahre 1770 eine Sammlung von Gedichten heraus, welche sich durch Eleganz des Ausdrucks und edles Gefühl sehr vortheilhaft auszeichnen. Eine neue Ausgabe derselben erschien 1792 unter dem Titel:* Poems by Anna Lætitia Barbauld, a new edition corrected, *in welcher man außer den schon frü-*

her bekannten Gedichten auch einige neue antrifft. Zu diesen gehört unter andern ein poetisches Sendschreiben an den eifrigen, jedoch nicht glücklichen Vertheidiger der Bill zur Abschaffung des Sklavenhandels, William Wilberforce; wir entlehnen, da uns der Originalabdruck selbst nicht zur Hand ist, den Schluſs desselben aus dem 31sten Stück der Allgemeinen Literatur-Zeitung vom Jahre 1793.

For you, whose temper'd ardour long has borne
Untired the labour, and unmoved the scorn;
In Virtue's fasti be inscribed your fame,
And uttered yours with Howard's honour'd name,
Friends of the friendless — Hail, ye generous band,
Whose efforts yet arrest Heav'ns lifted hand;
Around whose steady brows, in union bright,
The civil wreath, and christians palm unite:
Your merit stands, no greater and no less,
Without, or with the varnish of success;
But seek no more to break a Nation's fall,
For ye have sav'd yourselves — and that is all.
Succeeding times your struggles, and their fate,
With mingled shame and triumph shall relate,
While faithful History, in her various page,
Marking the features of this motley age,
To shed a glory, and to fix a stain,
Tells how you strove, and that you strove in vain.

Auſserdem soll Mrs. Barbauld Verfasserin der Original Pieces *seyn, welche als Anhang der zweiten Ausgabe des* Essay on Song-writing (1774) *ihres Bruders Aikin beigefügt sind. Darunter befindet sich die hier abgedruckte vorzüglich schöne Ballade* Edwin and Ethelinde. *Von den andern poetischen Werken der Mrs. Barbauld sind uns noch ihre* Hymns for Children, *London* 1781, 8, *bekannt; auch hat sie einige Ausgaben älterer Englischer Schriftsteller besorgt, unter andern:* the poetical Works of Mr. William Collins, with a prefat. Essay, *London* 1797; *daſs sie auch Antheil an den* Miscellaneous pieces etc. *habe, ist bereits (Theil I, S. 525) erwähnt worden. — Wir haben übrigens dieser literarischen Skizze wenig Ausführlichkeit geben können, da wir uns von Hülfsmitteln ganz entblöſst sahen, und die* Memoirs of Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld in the new London Magazine, *Nov.* 1789, S. 532, *welche diesem Mangel vielleicht abgeholfen hätten, nur dem Titel nach kennen.*

1) Ode to Spring.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd;

From the green islands of eternal youth,
(Crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever-springing shade)
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can sooth the madding winds,
And thro' the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best belov'd! the virgin train await,
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untir'd feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him the favour'd youth
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy oopious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem.

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds which thro' the whisp'ring boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph approach! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, thro' the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses wooes

The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms,
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short; the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewel;
For O, not all the Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights,
Than all their largest wealth, and thro' the heart
Each joy and new born hope
With softest influence breathes.

2) Edwin and Ethelinde.

„One parting kiss, my Ethelinde!"
Young Edwin fault'ring cried,
„I hear thy father's hasty tread,
No longer must I bide.

To-morrow eve in yonder wood
Beneath the well known tree,
Say wilt thou meet thy own true love,
Whose only joy's in thee?"

She clasp'd the dear beloved youth;
And sigh'd and dropt a tear;
„Whate'er betide, my only love
I'll surely meet thee there."

They kiss, they part; a list'ning page
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage distain'd his cheek,
„Heavens! shall a vassal shepherd dare
My daughter's love to seek!

But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt
Full sorely shalt thou rue;
Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view."

The dews of evening fast did fall,
And darkness spread apace,
When Ethelinde with beating breast
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye she looks around,
No Edwin there was seen;
„He was not wont to break his faith,
What can his absence mean!"

Her heart beat thick at every noise,
Each rustling thro' the wood;
And now she travers'd quick the ground,
And now she list'ning stood.

Enlivening hope and chilling fear
By turns her bosom share,
And now she calls upon his name,
Now weeps in sad despair.

Mean-time the day's last glimmerings fled,
And blackening all the sky
A hideous tempest dreadful rose,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde aghast, dismay'd,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat'ning sky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

„Why art thou now my Edwin dear!
Thy friendly aid I want;
Ah me! my boding heart foretels,
That aid thou canst not grant."

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with storms,
Confus'd and lost she roves;
Now looks to heaven with earnest prayer,
Now calls on him she loves.

At length a distant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her sight;

Thro' brakes she guides her fainting steps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this sequester'd wild,
Calm goodness sat upon his brow,
His words were soft and mild.

He open'd his hospitable door,
And much admiring view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form,
Dash'd by the tempest rude.

„Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
To this warm shelter'd cell;
Here rest secure thy wearied feet,
Here peace and safety dwell."

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,
And gently sought to know,
With kindest pity's soothing looks,
The story of her woe.

Scarce had she told her mournful tale,
When struck with dread they hear,
Voices confus'd with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

„Help, father! help," they loudly cry,
A wretch here bleeds to death,
Some cordial balsam quickly give
To stay his parting breath.

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gash'd with many a wound;
When, woeful sight! 'twas Edwin's self
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief poor Ethelinde
Besides his body falls;
„Lift up thine eyes, my Edwin dear,
'Tis Ethelinde that calls.

That much lov'd sound recalls his life,
He lifts his closing eyes,
Then feebly murmuring out her name
He gasps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb despair
She gaz'd on Edwin dead:
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm spirit fled.

PERCY.

THOMAS PERCY, *Bischof von Dromore in Irland, ist nach dem gelehrten England von Reuſs Verfasser folgender Werke:* the Song of Salomon translated with a commentary, 1764 8; Hawkiou Choean, a Chinese romance, Vol. 1 — 4, 17... The little Orphan of China, or the house of Chao, a tragedy *(in den* Miscellaneous pieces relating to the Chinese, 1762); On some large fossil horns; Rich. Steele's Tatler, with illustrations and notes biographical and critical, Vol. 1 — 6, 1786 8; Reliques of ancient English Poetry, Vol. 1 — 3. 1765, 8. Ed. 3. 1775, *eine Sammlung alter Gedichte, von denen zwar nicht der Stoff, aber wohl das nicht minder groſse Verdienst der Einkleidung dem Herausgeber gebührt. Er ist auch Verfasser der Ballade* the Hermit of Warkworth, *welche von Campe meisterhaft ins Deutsche übertragen worden ist, und sich nebst dem Original in Ursinus Balladen, S. 156 ff. befindet. „Die hier abgedruckte Ballade (heiſst es in der eben angeführten Schrift) ist, wie der Herausgeber der* Reliques of ancient English Poetry *sagt, eine freie Nachahmung eines, in der 1694 zu Madrid herausgekommenen* Historia de las guerras civiles de Granada, *mit eingedruckten Spanischen Gedichts. Die Englische Ballade ist, ohne Rücksicht auf das Spanische Original, schon von verschiedenen Schriftstellern immer als ein besonders interessantes Stück der romantischen Dichtkunst angeführt worden." Eine vortreffliche Deutsche Übersetzung derselben findet man in Ursinus Balladen etc. Seite* 46 — 57.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA.

(A Moorish Tale imitated from the Spanish.)

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;

Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fain lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain:

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies:

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla *) keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;

*) Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
  Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
  Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
  Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
  While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
  Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
  Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury,
  Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
  My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
  Gen'rous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
  Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
  Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
  Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
  Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
  Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
  Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
  All to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
  This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
  Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
  That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'st it, think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy gen'rous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, than cried, O Zaida,
Do not, do not break my heart!

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewel for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

HAYLEY.

William Hayley *wurde im Oktober des Jahres 1745 zu Chichester geboren. Er verlor seinen Vater in der frühsten Jugend, erhielt aber von seiner Mutter eine sorgfältige Erziehung. Diese liess ihren Sohn anfänglich eine öffentliche Schule besuchen, in welcher derselbe indessen eben nicht sehr*

an Kenntnissen zunahm, weil er durch Kränklichkeit abgehalten wurde. Eben dies veranlaſste auch seine Mutter, ihm Privatunterricht in der klassischen Literatur ertheilen zu lassen. Nachher bezog er die Schule zu Eton, wo er sich mehr durch seine sanften Sitten, als durch vorzügliche Talente auszeichnete. In seinem 16ten Jahre ging er nach Cambridge (Trinity-hall). Eine Ode, die er hier gleich anfänglich auf die Geburt des Prinzen von Wales verfertigte, verrieth einige Anlagen, wiewohl sie an und für sich nur mittelmäſsig war. Hayley selbst fühlte dies, nachdem die ersten Anwandlungen der Eigenliebe für das erste Kind seiner Muse vorbei waren, und beschloſs nun, ehe er ferner den Musen huldigte, zuvor in Minerven's Tempel Schätze des Wissens zu sammeln. Er that es, und studierte nun mit Sorgfalt die Dichter und Redner Griechenlands und Roms, las die Werke des Corneille, Racine, Rousseau, Voltaire, Dante und Tasso und die vornehmsten kritischen Schriften; zugleich machte er sich mit den Grundsätzen der Bildhauerkunst und Malerei bekannt. Im Jahre 1769 vermählte er sich mit einer gewissen Miſs Ball, wohnte hierauf fünf Jahre in der Hauptstadt, und begab sich dann nach seinem Landsitze in Sussex, mit dem Vorsatze, sein Talent zur Poesie zu kultiviren. Einige seiner dichterischen Arbeiten hatten in London Beifall erhalten; indessen Schüchternheit hatte ihn von der Bekanntmachung derselben abgehalten. Endlich gab er 1778 seinen Essay on Painting (in two Epistles to Mr. Romney), *ein didaktisches Gedicht, heraus, und eröffnete damit zugleich seine schriftstellerische Laufbahn. Es fand vielen Beifall, theils der Sachkenntnisse wegen, welche er darin zeigte, theils wegen der Anmuth und der Schönheit der Versifikation. Sein* Essay on History *erschien 1780. Dieses Lehrgedicht besteht aus drei, dem berühmten Geschichtschreiber Edw. Gibbon zugeschriebenen, Episteln, und hat noch Vorzüge vor dem erstern. Wir theilen daraus den Lesern ein Bruchstück mit. Bald darauf folgten seine* Triumphs of Temper, *von welchem sein Biograph in den* Public Characters of 1799 — 1800 *sagt:* it is a work certainly more bold and luxuriant than this former pieces; but his confidence is raised to an excess of daring, and his luxuriance, from the too frequent introduction of allegory, and the studious accumulation of pomp and splendour of diction, is, at times, unintelligible, and often dazzle but to confound. There is, notwithstanding, much to praise

and though his Pegasus flies with a loose rein, he has a grandeur in the irregularities of his flight, that shews an extensive range of fancy, of which the poet may not, perhaps, have been thought capable. *Im Jahre 1782 erschien sein* Essay on Epic Poetry, *der gleichfalls von Sachkenntnissen zeugt, indessen doch dem Verfasser wegen der ungleichen und etwas nachlässigen Diktion Vorwürfe zuzog. — Sein neustes, entweder 1800 oder 1801 erschienenes, dichterisches Produkt ist:* a poetical Essay on Sculpture, in a series of Epistles to John Flaxman, Sculptor, with historical notes, 4, *London, Cadell. Er geht in diesem Gedichte, von welchem man in der Allg. Lit.-Zeit.* 1801, *No.* 80, *S.* 633, *eine gründliche Beurtheilung findet, die grossen Vorzüge der Bildhauerei vor den andern bildenden Künsten durch, und seine Belesenheit in den ältern und neuern Schriftstellern führt ihm überall die interessantesten Beispiele zu. — Hayley's dramatische Arbeiten sind, so wie seine prosaischen Schriften, von keinem Belang. Seinem schönen Wiegenliede haben wir in unsrer Sammlung einen Platz nicht versagen können; es ist uns indessen unbekannt, ob er den Französischen Dichter Berquin nachgeahmt, oder ob letzterer in seinen* plaintes d'une femme abandonnée par son amant, auprès du berceau de son fils *den Englischen Dichter vor Augen gehabt habe. Das summarische Urtheil, welches der vorhin angeführte Biograph über ihn fällt, ist folgendes:* Mr. Hayley seems to have taken Pope for his model, not with the design of emulating, but of approaching him in a nearer degree than any of his predecessors or contemporaries. Like that great master he has been minute in his attention to cadences, pauses and the charms of modulation. But his sentiments are too much expanded, when they ought to be condensed. His amplification is not without magnificence; but he amplifies when a judicious and striking contraction is necessary. Not satisfied with presenting a combination of ideas, in one advantageous light, he goes on enlarging, until its original vigour is impaired, and the languor of the poet and that of the reader become reciprocal. Yet even here, he has the merit of displaying elegance and grace on his excursions; but he is elegant without strength, and graceful without precision. Poetry too diffused, like empire too extended

„Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour."

His imagery is judicious and sometimes lofty, but it wants

those vivifying sparks of genius that brighten into a blaze of enthusiastic admiration for a poet. He is without vehemence and impetuosity, but he is also without inequality and roughness. The creative faculty is not to be traced in his works, but he has made his muse subservient to the noblest purposes; and the name of Hayley will be remembered with honour, while polite literature, morality and taste shall continue to be cultivated, practised and admired. — *Hayley lebt übrigens noch in der Eingezogenheit auf seinen Gütern. Sein neuestes Produkt ist eine, uns nicht näher bekannte, Biographie des Dichters Cowper.*

1) A Mother abandoned by her lover to her infant.

A Song.

Enjoy, my child, the balmy sleep,
 Which o'er thy form new beauties throws,
And long thy tranquil spirit keep
 A stranger to thy mother's woes!
  Tho' in distress
  I feel it less,
 While gazing on thy sweet repose.

Condemn'd to pangs like inward fire,
 That thro' my injur'd bosom roll,
How would my heart in death desire
 Relief from fortune's hard controul,
  Did not thy arms
  And infant charms
 To earth enchain my anxious soul!

Flow fast my tears! — by you reliev'd
 I vent my anguish thus unknown;
But cease, ere ye can be perceiv'd,
 By this dear child to pity prone,
  Whose tender heart
  Would seize a part
 In grief, that should be all my own.

Our cup of woe, which angels fill,
 Perchance it is my lot to drain;
While that of joy, unmix'd with ill,

May thus my Child, for thee remain:
If thou art free
(So Heaven decree!)
I bless my doom of double pain.

2) Characters of many ancient Historians *).

O History! whose pregnant mines impart
Unfailing treasures to poetic art;
The epic gem, and those of darker hues,
Whose trembling lustre decks the tragic Muse;
If, justly conscious of thy powers, I raise
A votive tablet to record thy praise,
That ancient temple to my view unfold,
Where thy first Sons, on Glory's list enroll'd,
To Fancy's eye, in living forms, appear,
And fill with Freedom's notes the raptur'd ear! —
The dome expands! — Behold th' Historic Sire **)!
Ionic roses mark his soft attire;
Bold in his air, but graceful in his mien
As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen ***)
When her proud galley sham'd the Persian van,
And grateful Xerxes own'd her more than man!
Soft as the stream, whose dimpling waters play ****),
And wind in lucid lapse their pleasing way,
His rich, Homeric elocution flows,
For all the Muses modulate his prose:
Tho' blind Credulity his step misleads
Thro' the dark mist of her Egyptian meads,
Yet when return'd, with patriot passions warm,
He paints the progress of the Persian storm,
In Truth's illumin'd field; his labours rear
A trophy worthy of the Spartan spear:
His eager country, in th' Olympic vale,

*) On History, Epistle I, 195 — 422. **) Herodotus.
) Artemisia of Halicarnassus, who commanded in person the five vessels, which she contributed to the expedition of Xerxes. On hearing, that she had sunk a Grecian galley in the sea-fight at Salamis, he exclaimed that his men had proved women, and his women men. Herod. Lib. VIII. p. 660. Edit. Wess. *) Sine ullis salebris, quasi sedatus amnis fluit. Cicero in oratore.

Throngs with proud joy to catch the martial tale.
Behold! where Valour, resting on his lance,
Drinks the sweet sound in rapture's silent trance,
Then, with a grateful shout of fond acclaim,
Hails the just herald of his country's fame! —
But mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd *),
See the proud tear of emulation burst!
O faithful sign of a superior soul!
Thy prayer is heard: — 'tis thine to reach the goal,
See! blest Olorus! see the palm is won!
Sublimity and Wisdom crown thy Són:
His the rich prize, that caught his early gaze,
Th' eternal treasure of increasing praise!
Pure from the stain of favour, or of hate,
His nervous line unfolds the deep Debate;
Explores the seeds of War; with matchless force
Draws Discord, springing from Ambition's fource,
With all her Demagogues, who murder Peace,
In the fierce struggles of contentious Greece.
Stript by Ingratitude of just command —.
Above resentment to a thankless land,
Above all envy, rancour, pride, and spleen,
In exile patient, in disgrace serene,
And proud to celebrate, as Truth inspires,
Each Patriot Hero, that his soul admires —
The deep-ton'd trumpet of renown he blows,
In sage retirement 'mid the Thracian snows;
But to untimely silence Fate devotes
Those lips, yet trembling with imperfect notes,

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*) Thucydides, the son of Olorus, was born at Athens in the year 471 before Christ, and is said at the age of 15, to have heard Herodotus recite his history at the olympic games. The generous youth was charmed even to tears; and the Historian congratulated Olorus on these marks of genius, which he discovered in his son. Being invested with a military command, he was banished from Athens at the age of 48, by the injustice of faction, because he had unfortunately failed in the defence of Amphipolis He retired into Thrace, and is reported to have married a Thracian lady possessed of valuable Mines in that country. At the end of 20 years his sentence of banishment was revoked. Some authors affirm that he returned into Athens, and was treacherously killed in that city. But others assert that he died in Thrace, at the advanced age of 80, leaving his history unfinished.

And base Oblivion threatens to devour
Ev'n this first offspring of historic power.
A generous guardian of a rival's fame *),
Mars the dark fiend in this malignant aim:
Accomplish'd *Xenophon!* thy truth has shewn
A brother's glory sacred as thy own:
O rich in all the blended gifts, that grace
Minerva's darling sons of Attic race!
The Sage's olive, the Historian's palm,
The Victor's laurel, all thy name embalm!
Thy simple diction, free from glaring art,
With sweet allurement steals upon the heart:
Pure, as the rill, that Nature's hand refines,
A cloudless mirror of thy soul it shines.
Two passions there by soft contention please,
The love of martial Fame, and learned Ease:
These friendly colours, exquisitely join'd,
Form the enchanting picture of thy mind.
Thine was the praise, bright models to afford
To *Cæsar's* rival pen, and rival sword:
Blest, had ambition not destroy'd his claim
To the mild lustre of thy purer fame!
Thou pride of Greece! in thee her triumphs end:
And Roman chiefs in borrow'd pomp ascend.
Rome's haughty genius, who enslav'd the Greek **),

*) It is said by Diogenes Laertius, that Xenophon first brought the history of Thucydides into public reputation, though he had it in his power to assume to himself all the glory of that work. — About the 50th year of his age, according to the conjecture of his admirable translator Mr. Spelman, he engaged in the expedition of Cyrus and accomplished his immortal retreat in the space of 15 months. — The jealousy of the Athenians banished him from his native city, for engaging in the service of Sparta and of Cyrus. — On his return therefore he retired to Scillus, a town of Elis, where he built a temple to Diana, which he mentions in his Epistles, and devoted his leisure to philosophy and rural sports. — But commotions arising in that country, he removed to Corinth, where he is supposed to have written his Grecian History and to have died at the age of 90 in the year 360 before Christ. By his wife Philesia he had two sons, Diodorus and Gryllus. The latter rendered himself immortal by killing Epaminondas in the famous battle of Mantinea, but perished in that exploit, which his father lived to record. **) Some of the most illustrious Romans are known to have written Histories in Greek.

In Grecian language deigns at first to speak:
By slow degrees her ruder tongue she taught
To tell the wonders that her valour wrought;
And her historic host, with envious eye,
View in their glittering van a Greek ally.
Thou Friend of *Scipio!* vers'd in War's alarms *)!
Torn from thy wounded country's struggling arms!
And doom'd in Latian bosoms to instill
Thy moral virtue, and thy martial skill!
Pleas'd, in researches of elaborate length,
To trace the fibres of the Roman strength!
O highly perfect in each nobler part,
The Sage's wisdom, and the Soldier's art!
This richer half of Grecian praise is thine:
But o'er thy style the slighted Graces pine,
And tir'd Attention toils thro' many a maze,
To reach the purport of thy doubtful phrase:
Yet large are his rewards, whose toils engage
To clear the spirit of thy cloudy page;
Like Indian fruit, its rugged rind contains
Those milky sweets that pay the searcher's pains.
Rome's haughty genius, with exulting claim,
Points to her rivals of the Grecian name!
Sententious *Sallust* leads her lofty train;
Clear, tho' concise, elaborately plain,
Poising his scale of words with frugal care,
Nor leaving one superfluous atom there!
Yet well displaying, in a narrow space,
Truth's native strength, and Nature's easy grace;

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*) Polybius, born at Megalopolis in Arcadia, 205 years before Christ. — He was trained to arms under the celebrated Philopœmen, and is described by Plutarch carrying the urn of that great, but unfortunate General in his funeral procession. He rose to considerable honours in his own country, but was compelled to visit Rome with other principal Achæans, who were detained there as pledges for the submission of their state. — From hence he became intimate with the second Scipio Africanus, and was present at the demolition of Carthage. — He saw Corinth also plundered by Mummius, and then passing through the cities of Achaja, reconciled them to Rome. He extended his travels into Egypt, France and Spain, that he might avoid such geographical errors as he had censured in other writers of history. He lived to the age of 82.

Skill'd to detect, in tracing Action's course,
The hidden motive, and the human source.
His lucid brevity the palm has won,
By Rome's decision, from Olorus' Son.
Of mightier spirit, of majestic frame,
With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
And shadow'd with his plumes the subject world,
In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimer *Livy* claims th' Historic throne;
With that rich Eloquence, whose golden light
Brings the full scene distinctly to the sight;
That zeal for truth, which interest cannot bend,
That fire, which freedom ever gives her friend.
Immortal artist of a work supreme!
Delighted Rome beheld, with proud esteem,
Her own bright image, of Colossal size,
From thy long toils in purest marble rise.
But envious Time, with a malignant stroke,
This sacred statue into fragments broke:
In Lethe's stream its nobler portions sunk,
And left futurity the wounded trunk.
Yet, like the matchless, mutilated frame *),
To which great Angelo bequeath'd his name,
This glorious ruin, in whose strength we find
The splendid vigour of the Sculptor's mind,
In the fond eye of Admiration still
Rivals the finish'd forms of modern skill.
Next, but, O Livy! as unlike to thee,
As the pent river to th' expanding sea,
Sarcastic *Tacitus*, abrupt and dark,
In moral anger forms the keen remark;
Searching the soul with microscopic power,
To mark the latent worm that mars the flower,

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*) The trunk of a statue of Hercules by Apollonius the Athenian, universally called the *Torso of Michael Angelo*, from its having been the favourite study of that divine artist. — He is said to have made out the compleat figure in a little model of way, still preserved at Florence, and representing Hercules reposing after his labours. — The figure is sitting in a pensive posture, with an elbow resting on the knee.

His Roman voice, in base degenerate days,
Spoke to Imperial pride in freedom's praise;
And with indignant hate, severely warm,
Shew'd to gigantic Guilt his ghastly form!
There are, whose censures to his style assign
A subtle spirit, rigid and malign;
Which magnified each monster that he drew,
And gave to darkest vice a deeper hue;
Yet his strong pencil shews the gentlest heart,
In one sweet sketch of biographic art,
Whose softest tints, by filial love combin'd,
Form the pure image of his father's mind.

O blest Biography! thy charms of yore,
Historic truth to strong Affection bore,
And fost'ring Virtue gave thee as thy dower,
Of both thy Parents the attractive power;
To win the heart, the wavering thought to fix,
And fond delight with wise instruction mix.
First of thy votaries, peerless, and alone,
Thy *Plutarch* shines, by moral beauty known:
Enchanting Sage! whose living lessons teach,
What heights of Virtue human efforts reach.
Tho' oft thy pen, eccentrically wild,
Ramble, in Learnings various maze beguil'd;
Tho' in thy style no brilliant graces shine,
Nor the clear conduct of correct design,
Thy every page is uniformly bright
With mild Philanthropy's diviner light.
Of gentlest manners, as of mind elate,
Thy happy genius had the glorious fate
To regulate, with Wisdom's soft controul,
The strong ambition of a Trajan's soul.
But O! how rare benignant virtue springs,
In the blank bosom of despotic kings!

Thou bane of liberal knowledge! Nature's curse!
Parent of Misery! pamper'd Vice's nurse!
Thou who canst bind, by thy petrific breath,
The soul of Genius in the trance of death!
Unbounded Power! beneath thy baleful sway,
The voice of Hist'ry sinks in dumb decay.

Still in thy gloomy reign one martial Greek,
In Rome's corrupted language dares to speak:

Mild *Marcellinus!* free from servile awe *)!
A faithful painter of the woes he saw;
Forc'd by the meanness of his age to join
Adulterate colours with his just design!
The slighted Attic Muse no more supplies
Her pencil, dipt in Nature's purest dies;
And Roman emulation, at a stand,
Drops the blurr'd pallet from her palsy'd hand.
But while Monastic Night, with gathering shades,
The ruin'd realm of History invades;
While, pent in *Constantine's* ill-fated walls,
The mangled form of Roman grandeur falls;
And like a gladiator on the sand,
Props his faint body with a dying hand;
While savage Turks, or the fierce Sons of Thor,
Wage on the arts a wild Titanian war;
While manly knowledge hides his radiant head,
As Jove in terror from the Titans fled;
See! in the lovely charms of female youth,
A second Pallas guards the throne of Truth!
And, with *Comnena's* royal name imprest **),
The zone of Beauty binds her Attic vest!
Fair star of Wisdom! whose unrival'd light
Breaks thro' the stormy cloud of thickest night;
Tho' in the purple of proud misery nurst,
From those oppressive bands thy spirit burst;
Pleas'd in thy public labours, to forget
The keen domestic pangs of fond regret!
Pleas'd to preserve, from Time's destructive rage,
A Father's virtues in thy faithful page!

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*) Ammianus Marcellinus, a Grecian and a soldier, as he calls himself, flourished under Constantius and the succeeding emperors, as late as Theodosius. He served under Julian in the East, and wrote an History from the reign of Nerva to the death of Valens in 31 books, of which 18 only remain.

**) Anna Comnena was the eldest daughter of the emperor Alexius Comnenus, and the empress Irene, born 1083. — She wrote an History of her father, in 15 books, first published very imperfectly by Hœschelius, in 1610, and since printed in the collection of the Byzantine Historians, with a diffusive and incorrect latin version by the Jesuit Possinus, but with excellent notes by the learned Du Fresne.

Too pure of soul to violate, or hide
Th' Historian's duty in the Daughter's pride!
Tho' base Oblivion long with envious hand
Hid the fair volume which thy virtue plann'd,
It shines, redeem'd from Ruin's darkest hour,
A wond'rous monument of female power;
While conscious Hist'ry, careful of thy fame
Ranks in her Attic band thy filial name,
And sees, on Glory's stage, thy graceful mien
Close the long triumph of her ancient scene!

SHERIDAN.

Der Leser findet die Biographie dieses Schriftstellers im ersten Theil des Handbuchs, Seite 556. Wir haben die vortreffliche Komödie desselben, the School for Scandal, *ganz in unsere Sammlung aufgenommen; theils weil sie zu den vorzüglichsten in der Englischen Literatur gehört, theils weil es unserer Meinung nach ungleich räthlicher und leichter ist, ein ganzes dramatisches Stück mit dem Anfänger zu lesen, als ihm aus mehreren Bruchstücke vorzulegen. Eben diese Gründe bestimmten uns auch, die oben mitgetheilte Tragödie* Macbeth *von Shakspeare in ihrer ganzen Länge einzurücken.*

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A Comedy in five Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Men.

Sir Peter Teazle.	Sir Benjamin Backbite.
Sir Oliver Surface.	Rowley.
Joseph } Surface.	Moses.
Charles } Surface.	Careless.
Crabtree.	Trip.
Snake.	

Women.

Lady Teazle.	Lady Sneerwell.
Maria.	Mrs. Candour.

Scene London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Lady Sneerwell's House.

Lady Sneerwell and *Snake* discovered at a tea table.

L. Sneer. The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted.

Snake. They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion from whence they came.

L. Sneer. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

Snake. That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clacket's ears within twenty-four hours, and then the business, you know, is as good as done.

L. Sneer. Why yes, Mrs. Clacket has talents, and a good deal of industry.

Snake. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons disinherited; of four forced elopements, as many close confinements, nine separate maintenances, and two divorces; — nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tête-à-tête* in the Town and Country Magazine *), when the parties never saw one another before in their lives.

L. Sneer. Why yes, she has genius, but her manner is too gross.

Snake. True, madam; she has a fine tongue, and a bold invention, but then, her colouring is too dark, and the outlines rather too extravagant; she wants that delicacy of hint,

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*) *Um das Beiſsende in dieser Stelle zu verstehen, muſs man wissen, daſs sich vor jedem Stück des genannten Magazine ein Frontispiz beſindet, auf welchem die sehr ähnlichen Bildnisse irgend eines bekannten Mannes und seiner Mätresse beſindlich sind. Das Frontispiz ist hier unter* tête-à-tête *gemeint. Mrs. Clacket nun war oft, wie es im Texte heiſst, Veranlassung gewesen, daſs zwei Personen, die einander gar nicht kannten, also abgebildet wurden.*

and mellowness of sneer, which distinguishes your ladyship's scandal.

L. Sneer. You are partial, Snake.

Snake. Not in the least; every body will allow that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or look, than many others with the most laboured detail, even though they accidentally happen to have little truth on their side to support it.

L. Sneer. Yes, my dear Snake, and I'll not deny the pleasure I feel at the success of my schemes. [both rise] Wounded myself, in the early part of my life, by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess nothing can give me greater satisfaction, than reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

Snake. True, madam; but there is one affair, in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

L. Sneer. I presume you mean with regard to my friend Sir Peter Teazle, and his family.

Snake. I do; here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of; the youngest the most dissipated, wild, extravagant young fellow in the world; the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship, and apparently your favourite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly admired by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a large fortune, should not immediately close with the passion of a man of such character and expectation as Mr. Surface; and more so, why you are so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

L. Sneer. Then at once, to unravel this mystery, I must inform you that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

Snake. No! —

L. Sneer. No: his real views are to Maria, or her fortune, while in his brother he finds a favoured rival; he is therefore obliged to mask his real intentions, and profit by my assistance.

Snake. Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself for his success.

L. Sneer. Heavens! how dull you are! Can't you surmise a weakness I have hitherto, through shame, concealed even from you? Must I confess it, that Charles, that profligate, that libertine, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I am thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing.

Snake. Now, indeed your conduct appears consistent; but pray, how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

L. Sneer. For our mutual interest; he pretends to, and recommends, sentiment and liberality; but I know him to be artful, close and malicious: In short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with most of his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of virtue, good sense, and benevolence.

Snake. Yes, I know Sir Peter vows he has not his fellow in England, and has praised him as a man of character and sentiment.

L. Sneer. Yes; and with the appearance of being sentimental, he has brought Sir Peter to favour his addresses to Maria, while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though I fear he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

Enter *Servant.*

Serv. Mr. Surface, madam.

L. Sneer. Shew him up; [exit servant] he generally calls about this hour — I don't wonder at people's giving him to me for a lover.

Enter *Joseph Surface.*

Jos. Lady Sneerwell, good morning to you — Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

L. Sneer. Snake has just been rallying me upon our attachment, but I have told him our real views; I need not tell you how useful he has been to us, and believe me, our confidence has not been ill placed.

Jos. Oh, madam, 'tis impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's merit and accomplishments.

L. Sneer. Oh, no compliments; but tell me when you saw Maria, or, what's more material to us, your brother.

Jos. I have not seen either since I left you, but I can tell you they never met; some of your stories have had a good effect in that quarter.

L. Sneer. The merit of this, my dear Snake, belongs to you; but do your brother's distresses increase?

Jos. Every hour. I am told he had another execution in his house yesterday. — In short, his dissipation and extravagance *) exceed any thing I ever heard.

L. Sneer. Poor Charles!

Jos. Ay, poor Charles indeed, notwithstanding his extravagance one cannot help pitying him. I wish it was in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not feel for the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves to be —

L. Sneer. Now you are going to be moral, and forget you are among friends.

Jos. 'Gad **), so I was, ha! ha! — I'll keep that sentiment 'till I see Sir Peter, ha! ha! however, it would certainly be a generous act in you to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed at all, can only be so by a person of your superior accomplishments and understanding.

Snake. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming; I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to your ladyship. Mr. Surface your most obedient. [Exit.]

Jos. Mr. Snake, your most obedient. I wonder, Lady Sneerwell, you would put any confidence in that fellow.

L. Sneer. Why so?

Jos. I have discovered he has of late had several conferences with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward; he has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

L. Sneer. And do you think he would betray us?

Jos. Not unlikely; and take my word for it, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow has not virtue enough to be faithful to his own villanies.

Enter *Maria*.

L. Sneer. Ah, Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

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*) Extravagance *bezeichnet eigentlich einen grössern Aufwand, als sich zu den Einkünften oder zu unserm Stande schickt; desgleichen: Luxus.* Dissipation *(in dieser Verbindung wol gleichbedeutend mit* waste*) ist, wenn man den Überfluss muthwillig durchbringt.*

**) Gad, *oder* egad, *oder* 'gad, *sind gemeine Betheurungswörter, die aus* before god *entstanden sind.*

Mar. Nothing, madam; only this odious lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and his uncle Crabtree, just called in at my guardian's; but I took the first opportunity to slip out, and run away to your ladyship.

L. Sneer. Is that all?

Jos. Had my brother Charles been of the party, you would not have been so much alarmed.

L. Sneer. Nay, now you are too severe; for I dare say the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you was here, and therefore came; but pray, Maria, what particular objection have you to Sir Benjamin, that you avoid him so?

Mar. Oh, madam, he has done nothing; but his whole conversation is a perpetual libel upon all his acquaintance.

Jos. Yes, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him, for he would abuse a stranger as soon as his best friend, and his uncle is as bad.

Mar. For my part, I own wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice, — what think you, Mr. Surface?

Jos. To be sure, madam, — to smile at a jest, that plants a thorn in the breast of another, is to become a principal in the mischief.

L. Sneer. Pshaw *) — there is no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature; the malice in a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. — What is your real opinion, M. Surface?

Jos. Why, my opinion is, that were the spirit of raillery suppressed, the conversation must be naturally insipid.

Mar. Well, I will not argue how far slander may be allowed; but in a man, I am sure it is despicable. — We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter *Servant.*

Serv. Mrs. Candour, madam, if you are at leisure, will leave her carriage.

L. Sneer. Desire her to walk up. [Exit Serv.] Now, Maria, here's a character to your taste; though Mrs. Candour

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*) Psha *oder* pshaw, *drückt eine Mißbilligung, doch ohne Unwillen aus.*

is a little talkative, yet every body allows she is the best natured sort of woman in the world.

Mar. Yes — with the very gross affectation of good nature, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Jos. Faith 'tis very true; and whenever I hear the current of abuse running hard against the characters of my best friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

L. Sneer. Hush! hush! here she is.

Enter *Mrs. Candour.*

Mrs. Cand. Oh! my dear Lady Sneerwell; well, how do you do? Mr. Surface, your most obedient. — Is there any news abroad? No! nothing good I suppose — No! nothing but scandal! — nothing but scandal!

Jos. Just so indeed, madam.

Mrs. Cand. Nothing but scandal! — Ah, Maria, how do you do child; what, is every thing at an end between you and Charles? What, is he too extravagant? — Ay! the town talks of nothing else.

Mar. I am sorry, madam, the town is so ill employed.

Mrs. Cand. Ay, so am I child — but what can one do? we can't stop people's tongues. — They hint too, that your guardian and his lady don't live so agreeably together as they did.

Mar. I am sure such reports are without foundation.

Mrs. Cand. Ay, so these things generally are: — 'Tis like Mrs. Fashion's affair with Colonel Coterie; though, indeed, that affair was never rightly cleared up; and it was but yesterday Miss Prim assured me, that Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon are now become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted, that a certain widow in the next street had got rid of her dropsy, and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner.

Jos. The licence of invention, some people give themselves, is astonishing.

Mrs. Cand. 'Tis so — but how will you stop people's tongues? 'Twas but yesterday Mrs. Clacket informed me, that our old friend, Miss Prudely, was going to elope, and that her guardian caught her just stepping into the York Diligence with her dancing master. I was informed too, that Lord Flimsy caught his wife at a house of no extraordinary fame and that Tom Saunter and Sir Harry Idle were to measur

words on a similar occasion.. — But I dare say there is no truth in the story, and I would not circulate such a report for the world.

Jos. You report *)! No, no, no.

Mrs. Cand. No, no, — tale-bearers are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Enter *Servant.*

Serv. Sir Benjamin Backbite and Mr. Crabtree.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter *Sir Benjamin* and *Crabtree.*

Crab. Lady Sneerwell, your most obedient humble servant. Mrs. Candour, I believe you don't know my nephew Sir Benjamin Backbite; he has a very pretty taste for poetry, and shall make a rebus **) or a charade with any one.

Sir Benj. Oh fie! uncle.

Crab. In faith he will: did you ever hear the lines he made at Lady's Ponto's route ***), on Mrs. Frizzle's feathers catching fire; and the rebuses — his first is the name of a fish: the next a great naval commander, and —

Sir Benj. Uncle, now prythee.

L. Sneer. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish any thing.

Sir Benj. Why, to say the truth, 'tis very vulgar to print — and as my little productions are chiefly satires, and lampoons on particular persons, I find they circulate better by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties; — however, I have some love-elegies, which, when favoured by this lady's smiles [to Maria], I mean to give to the public.

Crab. 'Foregad, madam, they'll immortalize you, [to Maria] you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura ****), or Waller's Sacharissa †).

Sir Benj. Yes, madam, I think you'll like them [to Maria], when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto type, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin, — 'foregad they'll be the most elegant things of their kind.

Crab. But, odso! Ladies, did you hear the news?

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*) *Ironisch zu verstehen.* **) Rebus *bedeutet das was Charade sagt.* ***) *Siehe eine Anmerkung im ersten Theil zu Seite* 93. ****) *Laura, geboren zu Avignon* 1308, *die Geliebte des Dichters Petrarca, auf die er* 318 *Sonnette und* 88 *Canzonen verfertigte.* †) *S. Theil II, Seite* 190.

Mrs. Cand. What — do you mean the report of —

Crab. No, madam, that's not it — Miss Nicely going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. Cand. Impossible!

Sir. Benj. 'Tis very true indeed, madam; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes, and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Mrs. Cand. I heard something of this before.

L. Sneer. Oh! it cannot be; and I wonder they'd report such a thing of so prudent a lady.

Sir Benj. Oh! but, madam, that is the very reason that it was believed at once; for she has been so very cautious and reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. Cand. It is true, there is a sort of puny, sickly reputation, that would outlive the robuster character of an hundred prudes.

Sir Benj. True, madam; there are Valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution, who being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. Cand. I believe this may be some mistake: you know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances have often given rise to the most ingenious tales.

Crab. Very true; — but odso! ladies, did you hear of Miss Letitia Piper's losing her lover and her character at Scarborough *)? — Sir Benjamin you remember it.

Sir Benj. Oh, to be sure, the most whimsical circumstance!

L. Sneer. Pray let us hear it.

Crab. Why, one evening, at Lady Spadille's assembly, the conversation happened to turn upon the difficulty of breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country; no, says a lady present, I have seen an instance of it, for a cousin of mine, Miss Letitia Piper, had one that produced twins. What, what, says old lady Dundizzy, (whom we all know is as deaf as a post) has Miss Letitia Piper had twins — This, you may easily imagine, set the company in a loud laugh; and the next morning it was every where reported, and believed, that Miss Letitia

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*) *S. Theil I, S. 196.*

Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Crab. 'Tis true, upon my honour. — Oh, Mr. Surface, how do yo do: I hear your uncle, Sir Oliver, is expected in town; sad news upon his arrival, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Jos. I hope no busy people have already prejudiced his uncle against him. — he may reform.

Sir Benj. True, he may; for my part, I never thought him so utterly void of principle as people say — and tho' he has lost all his friends, I am told no body is better spoken of amongst the Jews.

Crab. 'Foregad, if the Old Jewry was a ward, Charles would be an Alderman, for he pays as many annuities as the Irish Tontine; and when he is sick, they have prayers for his recovery in all the Synagogues *).

Sir Benj. Yet no man lives in greater splendor. — They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he can sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities **), have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antichamber, and an officer ***) behind every guest's chair.

Jos. This may be entertaining to you, gentlemen; — but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Mar. Their malice is intolerable. [Aside.] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning; I'm not very well.

[Exit Maria.]

Mrs. Cand. She changes colour.

L. Sneer. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her.

Mrs. Cand. To be sure I will; — poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be. [Mrs. Candour follows her.]

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*) Old Jewry, *ein Theil von London, der, wenigstens sonst, stark von Juden bewohnt war;* ward *ist der Name, mit welchem die Quartiere oder Viertel der Stadt London bezeichnet werden.* Alderman *ist die Würde eines Vorstehers dieser Viertel.* Annuity, *eigentlich: eine Leibrente; an dieser Stelle bezeichnet es die Summe, welche man jährlich für ein geliehenes Kapital zu geben sich anheischig macht. Da nun* Charles *vielen Juden auf diese Art jährlich Summen auszahlen muſs, so wird von ihm scherzhaft gesagt, er müsse jährlich so viele* annuities *bezahlen, als die Leibrentengesellschaft in Irland.* **) Securities *sind hier Leute die für ihn gut gesagt haben.* ***) *Nach unserer Art zu reden: einen Landreuter (in Bedienten-Livree) hinter jedem Gast.*

L. Sneer. 'Twas nothing, but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir. Benj. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

Crab. Come, don't let this dishearten you — follow her, and repeat some of your odes to her, and I'll assist you.

Sir Benj. Mr. Surface, I did not come to hurt you, but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

Crab. Oh! undone as ever man was — can't raise a guinea.

Sir Benj. Every thing is sold, I am told, that was moveable.

Crab. Not a moveable left, except some old bottles, and some pictures, and they seem to be framed in the wainscot, 'egad.

Sir. Benj. I am sorry to hear also some bad stories of him.

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir. Benj. But, however, he's your brother.

Crab. Ay! as he is your brother — we'll tell you more another opportunity. [Exeunt Crab. and Sir Benj.]

L. Sneer. 'Tis very hard for them, indeed, to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

Jos. And I fancy their abuse was no more acceptable to your Ladyship than to Maria.

L. Sneer. I doubt her affections are further engaged than we imagine; — but the family are to be here this afternoon, so you may as well dine where you are; we shall have an opportunity of observing her further; — in the mean time, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Sir Peter Teazle's House.

Enter *Sir Peter Teazle*.

Sir. Pet. When an old batchelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? — 'Tis now above six months since my lady Teazle made me the happiest of men — and I have been the most miserable dog *) ever since. — We tiffed a little

*) Dog, *ein Wort, das ungemein viele Bedeutungen hat, welche theils von der Miene des Redenden, theils von den dabei befindlichen Adjektiven abhängen. Herr* Hüttner *(in se-*

going to church *), and fairly quarrelled before the bells were done ringing **). I was more than once nearly choaked with gall during the honey-moon, and had lost every satisfaction in life, before my friends had done wishing me joy. — And yet, I chose with caution a girl bred wholly in the country, who had never known luxury, beyond one silk gown, or dissipation beyond the annual gala of a race-ball ***). — Yet now, she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the town; with as good a grace as if she had never seen a bush, or a grass plot out of Grosvenor-Square ****). — I am sneered at by all my acquaintance — paragraphed in the news-papers — she dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours. — And yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this — but I am determined never to be weak enough to let her know it — No! no! no!

Enter *Rowley*.

Rowl. Sir Peter, your servant; how do you find yourself to day?

Sir Pet. Very bad, Mr. Rowley; very bad indeed.

Rowl. I'm sorry to hear that — what has happened to make you uneasy since yesterday?

Sir Peter. A pretty question truly to a married man.

Rowl. Sure my lady is not the cause!

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nen Erläuterungen der Townleyschen Farce high Life below stairs) *hat aus der* Encyclopædia of Wit p. 86 *viele dergleichen angeführt, als:* a saucy dog, - proud dog, - pimping dog, - gallows dog, - snivelling dog, - careless dog, - odd dog, - hungry dog, - shabby dog, - pitiful dog, - honest dog, - forgetful dog, - dirty dog, - whoring dog, - lazy dog, - cheating dog, - drunken dog, - sneering dog, *etc. etc. etc.*

*) *Die Trauungen werden in England in der Regel in der Kirche vollzogen; um ausserhalb derselben diese religiöse Handlung vollziehen zu lassen, ist eine* special licence *erforderlich.*
) *Bei vielen Veranlassungen, unter andern bei Trauungen, werden die Glocken, indess auf eine harmonischere und kunstvollere Art, als bei uns gezogen.* *) *Bei Gelegenheit der in vielen Englischen Provinzialstädten Statt findenden Pferderennen, zu welcher Feierlichkeit auch viele Bewohner des platten Landes strömen, werden, so wie bei Gelegenheit der* assizes, *auch Bälle gegeben; diese sind hier unter* race-ball *gemeint.*
****) Grosvenor-Square, *einer der schönsten* Squares *in London, in dessen Mitte sich ein, mit Gebüsch verzierter, grüner Platz befindet. Das Ganze umgiebt ein Gitter, zu dessen Eröffnung die Anwohner die Schlüssel haben.*

Sir Pet. Why! has any one told you she was dead?

Rowl. Come, come, Sir Peter, notwithstanding you sometimes dispute and disagree, I am sure you love her.

Sir Pet. Ay, master Rowley; but the worst of it is, that in all our disputes and quarrels, she is ever in the wrong, and continues to thwart and vex me; — I am myself the sweetest tempered man in the world, and so I tell her an hundred times a-day.

Rowl. Indeed, Sir Peter!

Sir Pet. Yes — and then there's lady Sneerwell, and the set *) she meets at her house, encourage her to disobedience; and Maria, my ward, she too presumes to have a will of her own, and refuses the man I propose for her; designing, I suppose, to bestow herself and fortune upon that profligate, his brother.

Rowl. You know, Sir Peter, I have often taken the liberty to differ in opinion with you, in regard to these two young men; for Charles, my life on't, will retrieve all one day or other. — Their worthy father, my once honoured master, at his years, was full as wild and extravagant as Charles now is; but at his death he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir. Pet. You are wrong, master Rowley, you are very wrong; — by their father's will, you know, I became guardian to these young men, which gave me an opportunity of knowing their different dispositions; but their uncle's Eastern liberality soon took them out of my power, by giving them an early independence. — But for Charles, whatever good qualities he might have inherited, they are long since squandered away with the rest of his fortune. — Joseph, indeed, is a pattern for the young men of the age — a youth of the noblest sentiments, and acts up to the sentiments he professes.

Rowl. Well, well, Sir Peter, I shan't oppose your opinion at present, though I am sorry you are prejudiced against Charles, as this may probably be the most critical period of his life, for his uncle, Sir Oliver, is arrived, and now in town.

Sir. Pet. What! my old friend, Sir Oliver, is he arrived? I thought you had not expected him this month.

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*) Set, *im verächtlichen Sinne: Brut, Race. So sagt man aus Verachtung von Leuten:* they are a very bad set.

Rowl. No more we did, Sir, but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Pet. I shall be heartily glad to see him — 'Tis sixteen years since old Nol *) and I met — But does he still enjoin us to keep his arrival a secret from his nephews?

Rowl. He does, Sir; and is determined, under a feigned character, to make trial of their different dispositions.

Sir Pet. Ah! there is no need of it, for Joseph, I am sure, is the man — But hark'ye, Rowley, does Sir Oliver know that I am married?

Rowl. He does, Sir, and intends shortly to wish you joy.

Sir Pet. What, as we wish health to a friend in a consumption. — But I must have him at my house — do you conduct him, Rowley, and I'll go and give orders for his reception. [going] We used to rail at matrimony together — he has stood firm to his text. — But Rowley, don't give him the least hint that my wife and I disagree, for I would have him think (Heaven forgive me) that we are a happy couple.

Rowl. Then you must be careful not to quarrel whilst he is here.

Sir Pet. And so we must — but that will be impossible! — Zounds, Rowley, when an old Batchelor marries a young wife, he deserves — ay, he deserves — no — the crime carries the punishment along with it.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Sir Peter Teazle's House.

Enter *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*.

Sir Pet. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I won't bear it.

L. Teaz. Very well, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, just as you please; but I know I ought to have my own way in every thing, and what's more, I will.

Sir Pet. What, madam! is there no respect due to the authority of a husband?

L. Teaz. Why, don't I know that no woman of fashion

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*) *Nol, abgekürzt für Oliver.*

does as she is bid after her marriage. — Though I was bred in the country, I'm no stranger to that: if you wanted me to be obedient, you should have adopted me, and not married me — I'm sure you were old enough.

Sir Pet. Ay, there it is. — Oons! madam, what right have you to run into all this extravagance?

L. Teaz. I'm sure I am not more extravagant than a woman of quality ought to be.

Sir Pet. 'Slife! madam, I'll have no more sums squandered away upon such unmeaning luxuries; you have as many flowers in your dressing-rooms, as would turn the Pantheon into a green-house; or make a Fête Champètre at a mas —

L. Teaz. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame that flowers don't blow in cold weather; you must blame the climate, and not me — I'm sure, for my part, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir Pet. Zounds, madam, I should not wonder at your extravagance if you had been bred to it — Had you any of these things before you married me?

L. Teaz. Lord, Sir Peter, how can you be angry at those little elegant expences?

Sir Pet. Had you any of those little elegant expences when you married me?

L. Teaz. For my part, I think you ought to be pleased your wife should be thought a woman of taste.

Sir. Pet. Zounds, madam, you had no taste when you married me.

L. Teaz. Very true, indeed, and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again.

Sir Pet. Very well, very well, madam, you have entirely forgot what your situation was when first I saw you.

L. Teaz. No, no, I have not; a very disagreeable situation it was, or I'm sure I never should have married you.

Sir Pet. You forget the humble state I took you from — the daughter of a poor country 'Squire — When I came to your father's, I found you sitting at your tambour, in a linen gown, a bunch of keys to your side, and your hair combed smoothly over a roll.

L. Teaz. Yes, I remember very well; — my daily occupations were to overlook the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir Pet. Oh! I am glad to find you have so good a recollection.

L. Teaz. My evening employments were to draw the patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up *), play at Pope Joan **) with the curate; read a sermon to my aunt Deborah, or perhaps be stuck up at an old spinnet to thrum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Pet. Then you was glad to take a ride out behind the butler, upon the bold dock'd coach-horse.

L. Teaz. No, no, I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Pet. I say you did. This was your situation — Now, madam, you must have your coach, vis à vis ***), and three powdered footmen to walk before your chair; and in summer, two white cats to draw you to Kensington gardens ****): and instead of your living in that hole in the country, I have brought you home here, made a woman of fortune of you, a woman of quality — In short, madam, I have made you my wife.

L. Teaz. Well, and there is but one thing more you can now do to add to the obligation, and that is —

Sir Pet. To make you my widow, I suppose.

L. Teaz. Hem! —

Sir Pet. Very well, madam, very well; I am much obliged to you for the hint.

L. Teaz. Why then will you force me to say shocking things to you. But now we have finished our morning conversation, I presume I may go to my engagements at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Pet. Lady Sneerwell! — a precious acquaintance you have made with her too, and the set that frequent her house — Such a set, mercy on us! Many a wretch who has been drawn upon a hurdle †), has done less mischief than those

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*) *Sie schnitt bloss die Muster zu den Manschetten; es fehlte ihr an Zeug, dieselben wirklich zu verfertigen.* **) Pope Joan *(Päbstin J o h a n n a), ein Kartenspiel.* ***) *Eine Kutsche zu zwei Personen, die einander gegenüber sitzen.* ****) *Kensington, bekannter Flecken an der Themse, unweit London, mit einem schönen Königlichen Garten.* †) *Einige Arten von Verbrechern, unter andern falsche Münzer, die des Hochverraths Schuldigen, werden auf einer Art Hürde — die mit einer Schleife Ähnlichkeit hat — zum Gerichtplatz geschleppt.*

barterers of forged lies, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

L. Teaz. How can you be so severe; I'm sure they are all people of fashion, and very tenacious of reputation.

Sir Pet. Yes, so tenacious of it, they'll not allow it to any but themselves.

L. Teaz. I vow, Sir Petet, when I say an ill-natured thing I mean no harm by it, for I take it for granted they'd do the same by me.

Sir Pet. They've made you as bad as any of them.

L. Teaz. Yes — I think I bear my part with a tolerable grace —

Sir Pet. Grace indeed!

L. Teaz. Well, but Sir Peter, you know you promised to come.

Sir Pet. Well, I shall just call in to look after my own character.

L. Teaz. Then, upon my word, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. [Exit Lady Teazle.]

Sir Pet. I have got much by my intended expostulation — What a charming air she has! — what a neck, and how pleasingly she shews her contempt of my authority! — Well, though I can't make her love me, 'tis some pleasure to teize her a little, and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing every thing to vex and plague me.

SCENE II.

Lady Sneerwell's House.

Enter *Lady Sneerwell, Crabtree, Sir Benjamin, Joseph, Mrs. Candour*, and *Maria.*

L. Sneer. Nay, positively we'll have it.

Jos. Ay, ay, the epigram by all means.

Sir Benj. Oh! plague on it, it's mere nonsense.

Crab. Faith, ladies, 'twas excellent for an extempore.

Sir Benj. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstances — You must know that one day last week, as Lady Bab Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde-Park *), in a

*) *Wegen des unerträglichen Staubes, der an schönen Sommertagen im Hydepark herrscht, sagt Sir Benjamin aus Spott:*

sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in a moment produced the following: —

„Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies,
„Other horses are clowns, and these macaronies;
„To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
„Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long."

Crab. There, ladies, — done in the crack of a whip — and on horseback too!

Jos. Oh! a very Phœbus mounted —

Mrs. Cand. I must have a copy.

Enter *Lady Teazle.*

L. Sneer. Lady Teazle, how do you do, — I hope we shall see Sir Peter.

L. Teaz. I believe he will wait on your ladyship presently.

L. Sneer. Maria, my love, you look grave; come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Mar. I take very little pleasure in cards — but I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

L. Teaz. I wonder he would sit down to cards with Maria — I thought he would have taken an opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came. [Aside.]

Mrs. Cand. Well, now I'll forswear his society. [Aside.]

L. Teaz. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Cand. Why, they are so censorious they won't allow our friend, Miss Vermillion, to be handsome.

L. Sneer. Oh, surely she's a pretty woman.

Crab. I'm glad you think so.

Mrs. Cand. She has a charming fresh colour.

L. Teaz. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Cand. Well, I'll swear 'tis natural, for I've seen it come and go.

L. Teaz. Yes, it comes at night, and goes again in the morning.

Sir Benj. True, madam, it not only goes and comes, but what's more, egad her maid can fetch and carry it.

Mrs. Cand. Well, — and what do you think of her sister?

Crab. What, Mrs. Evergreen — 'foregad, she's six and fifty if she's a day *).

— was taking the dust, *statt* was taking the air, *wie man gewöhnlich sagt.* *) *Sinn: Sie ist so gewiſs* 56 *Jahr, als sie einen Tag alt ist.*

Mrs. Cand. Nay, I'll swear two or three and fifty is the outside — I don't think she looks more.

Sir. Benj. Oh, there's no judging by her looks, unless we could see her face.

L. Sneer. Well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, she certainly effects it with great ingenuity, and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Oaker chalks her wrinkles.

Sir Benj. Nay, now my Lady Sneerwell, you are too severe upon the widow — Come, it is not that she paints so ill, but when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk is antique.

Crab. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benj. Why she has pretty teeth.

L. Teaz. Yes, and upon that account never shuts her mouth, but keeps it always a-jar, as it were, thus [shews her teeth].

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Teaz. And yet, I vow that's better than the pains Miss Prim takes to conceal her losses in front; — she draws her mouth till it resembles the aperture of a poor-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgeways *) as it were, thus —
„*How do you do, madum? — Yes madam.*"

L. Sneer. Ha, ha, ha; very well, Lady Teazle — I vow you appear to be a little severe.

L. Teaz. In defence of a friend, you know, it is but just. — But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter *Sir Peter.*

Sir Pet. Ladies, your Servant — mercy upon me! — The whole set — a character dead at every sentence. [Aside.]

Mrs. Cand. They won't allow good qualities to any one — not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursey.

Crab. What! the old fat dowager that was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night.

Mrs. Cand. Her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

L. Sneer. That's very true, indeed.

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*) *Sie spricht aus der Seite des Mundes.*

L. Teaz. Yes — I'm told she absolutely lives upon acids and small whey *), laces herself with pullies **); — often in the hottest day in Summer, you shall see her on a little squat ***) pony, with her hair platted and turned up like a drummer ****), and away she goes puffing round the ring †) in a full trot.

Sir Pet. Mercy on me! this is her own relation; a person they dine with twice a-week. [Aside.]

Mrs. Cand. I vow you shan't be so severe upon the dowager; for let me tell you, great allowances are to be made for a woman who strives to pass for a flirt at six and thirty.

L. Sneer. Though, surely she's handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, 'tis not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Cand. Very true; and for her manner, I think it very graceful, considering she never had any education; for her mother, you know, was a Welch ††) milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Benj. Ay, you are both of ye too good natured.

Mrs. Cand. Well, I never will join in the ridicule of a friend; so I tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to beauty.

Crab. She has the oddest countenance — a collection of features from all corners of the globe.

Sir Benj. She has indeed an Irish front †††).

Crab. Caledonian locks ††††).

Sir Benj. Dutch nose †††††).

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*) Whey, *der dünne, wässrige Theil der Milch; Molken.* **) *Man trug damals Schnürleiber, und um sie recht genau an den Leib zu pressen, bediente man sich einer Art kleiner Winden.* ***) squat, *kurz und dick.* ****) *Die Englischen Trommelschläger tragen ihr Haar auf eine eigene Weise; es wird nämlich hinten aufgeschlagen und dicht und flach an den Kopf geklebt. Man sehe die Abbildung eines solchen Trommelschlägers in Hogarth's Ausmarsch der Truppen nach Finchley, oder in Ermangelung des Originals die schöne Nachbildung einiger Köpfe dieses Stücks von Riepenhausen, im Göttingischen Taschenkalender für 1789 bei Seite 180.*

†) *Sie tummelt, aufser Athem oder keichend ihr Pferd um den Zirkel* (ring) *in Hyde-Park umher.* ††) *Aus Wallis.* †††) Irish front, *bedeutet oft so viel als unverschämte Mine.* ††††) *Viele Schottländer haben röthliches Haar.* †††††) *Vermuthlich eine kleine, dicke Nase.*

Crab. Austrian lips *).

Sir Benj. The complexion of a Spaniard **).

Crab. And teeth *à lá Chinoise* ***).

Sir Benj. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation.

Crab. Or a Congress at the close of a general war, where every member seems to have a different interest, and the nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Sir Benj. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Sneer. Ha, ha! — Well, I vow you are a couple of provoking toads ****).

Mrs. Cand. Well, I vow you shan't carry the laugh so, — let me tell you that Mrs. Ogle.

Sir Pet. Madam, madam, 'tis impossible to stop these good gentlemen's tongues; but when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are speaking of is a particular friend of mine, I hope you will be so good as not to undertake her defence.

L. Sneer. Well said, Sir Peter; but you are a cruel creature, too phlegmatic yourself for a wit, and too peevish to allow it to others.

Sir Pet. True wit, madam, is more nearly allied to good nature than you are aware of.

L. Teaz. True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benj. Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, one so seldom sees them together.

L. Teaz. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

Sir Pet. 'Foregad, madam, if they considered the sporting with reputations of as much consequence as poaching on manors †), and passed an act for the preserva-

*) Austrian lips, *wahrscheinlich aufgeworfene Lippen.* **) *Gelblich braune Haut*, bazané. ***) *Schwarze Zähne.* ****) Toad. *ein allgemeines Scheltwort, das aber nicht denselben Begriff von Tücke und Bösartigkeit hat, der dem gleichbedeutenden Deutschen Worte im niedrigen Leben untergelegt wird. Nichts ist gewöhnlicher, als dass eine Mutter ihre Kinder* you dirty little toads *nennt. Oft ist es ein scherzhaftes Scheltwort, wie in unserer Stelle, wo es übersetzt werden kann: ihr seyd doch wahrlich ärgerliche Lästermäuler. (S. Hüttner's Erläuterung der Townleyschen Farce* high life below stairs.) †) *Es ist vorzüglich von Wilddieberei die Rede.*

tion of fame, they would find many would thank them for the bill.

L. Sneer. O lud *)! — Sir Peter would deprive us of our *privileges*.

Sir Pet. Yes, madam; and none should then have the liberty to kill characters, and run down reputations, but *privileged* old maids, and *disappointed* widows.

L. Sneer. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Cand. But surely you would not be so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Pet. Yes, madam, I would have law for them too; and wherever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured party should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crab. Well, I verily believe there never was a scandalous story without some foundation.

Sir Pet. Nine out of ten are formed on some malicious invention, or idle representation.

L. Sneer. Come, ladies; shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter a *Servant*, who whispers *Sir Peter*.

Sir Pet. I'll come directly — I'll steal away unperceived. [Aside.]

L. Sneer. Sir Peter, you're not leaving us.

Sir Pet. I beg pardon, ladies, 'tis particular business, and I must — But I leave my character behind me. [Exit.]

Sir Benj. Well, certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of your's is a strange being; I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily, if he was not your husband.

L. Teaz. Oh! never mind that. — This way.

[They walk up and exeunt.]

Jos. You take no pleasure in this society.

Mar. How can I? If to raise a malicious smile at the misfortunes and infirmities of those who are unhappy, be a proof of wit and humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness.

Jos. And yet, they have no malice in their hearts.

Mar. Then it is the more inexcusable, since nothing but an ungovernable depravity of heart could tempt them to such a practice.

*) Lud, *eigentlich eine pöbelhafte Aussprache für* lord.

Jos. And is it possible, Maria, that you can thus feel for others, and yet be cruel to me alone? — Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

Mar. Why will you persist to persecute me on a subject on which you have long since known my sentiments.

Jos. Oh, Maria, you would not be thus deaf to me, but that Charles, that libertine, is still a favoured rival.

Mar. Ungenerously urged! but whatever my sentiments are with regard to that unfortunate young man, be assured, I shall not consider myself more bound to give him up, because his misfortunes have lost him the regard — even of a brother — [Going out.]

Jos. Nay, Maria, you shall not leave me with a frown; by all that's honest I swear — [Kneels, and sees Lady Teazle entering behind] Ah! Lady Teazle, ah! you shall not stir — [To Maria] I have the greatest regard in the world for Lady Teazle, but if Sir Peter, was once to suspect —

Mar. Lady Teasle! —

L. Teaz. What is all this, child? You are wanting in the next room. [Exit Maria.] — What is the meaning of all this? — What! did you take her for me?

Jos. Why; you must know — Maria — by some means suspecting — the — great regard I entertain for your ladyship — was — was — threatening — if I did not desist, to acquaint Sir Peter — and I — I — was just reasoning with her —

L. Teaz. You seem to have adopted a very tender method of reasoning — pray, do you usually argue on your knees?

Jos. Why, you know, she's but a child, and I thought a little bombast might be useful to keep her silent. — But, my dear Lady Teazle, when will you come and give me your opinion of my library *)

L. Teaz. Why, I really begin to think it not so proper; and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion dictates.

Jos. Oh, no more; — a mere Platonic Cicisbeo, that every lady is entitled to.

L. Teaz. No further — and though Sir Peter's treatment may make me uneasy, it shall never provoke me —

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*) *Nur andere Worte für eine unsittliche Anmaſsung, welche darunter verborgen liegt.*

Jos. To the only revenge in your power.

L. Teaz. Go, you insinuating wretch — but we shall be missed, let us join the company.

Jos. I'll follow your ladyship.

L. Teaz. Don't stay long, for I promise you Maria shan't come any more to hear any of your reasoning. [Exit.]

Jos. A pretty situation I am in — by gaining the wife I shall lose the heiress. — I at first intended to make her ladyship only the instrument in my designs on Maria, but — I don't know how it is — I am become her serious admirer. I begin now to wish I had not made a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has brought me into so many confounded rogueries, that I fear I shall be exposed at last.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Sir Peter Teazle's House.

Enter *Sir Oliver* and *Rowley.*

Sir Oliv. Ha, ha, and so my old friend is married at last, eh Rowley, — and to a young wife out of the country, ha, ha, ha. That he should buff to the old batchelors so long, and sink into a husband at last.

Rowl. But let me beg of you, Sir, not to rally him upon the subject, for he cannot bear it, though he has been married these seven months.

Sir Oliv. Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance. Poor Sir Peter! — But you say he has entirely given up Charles — never sees him, eh?

Rowl. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I believe is greatly aggravated by a suspicion of a connection between Charles and Lady Teazle, and such a report I know has been circulated and kept up, by means of Lady Sneerwell, and a scandalous party who associate at her house; where, I am convinced, if there is any partiality in the case, Joseph is the favourite.

Sir Oliv. Ay, ay, — I know there are a set of mischievous prating gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time, and rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has sense enough to know the value of it: — But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by any

such, I promise you — No, no, if Charles has done nothing false or mean I shall compound for his extravagance.

Rowl. I rejoice, Sir, to hear you say so; and am happy to find the son of my old master has one friend left however.

Sir Oliv. What! shall I forget, master Rowley, when I was at his years myself; — egad, neither my brother nor I were very prudent youths, and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better than your old master was.

Rowl. 'Tis that reflection I build my hopes on — and my life on't! Charles will prove deserving of your kindness. — But here comes Sir Peter.

Enter *Sir Peter.*

Sir Pet. Where is he? Where is Sir Oliver? — Ah, my dear friend, I rejoice to see you! — You are welcome — indeed you are welcome to England a thousand — and a thousand times! —

Sir Oliv. Thank you, thank you, Sir Peter — and I am glad to find you so well, believe me.

Sir Pet. Ah, Sir Oliver! — It's sixteen years since we saw each other — many a bout we have had together in our time!

Sir Oliv. Ay! I have had my share. — But what, I find you are married — hey, old boy! — Well, well, it can't be helped, and so I wish you joy with all my heart.

Sir Pet. Thank you, thank you — Yes, Sir Oliver, I have entered into that happy state — but we won't talk of that now.

Sir Oliv. That's true, Sir Peter, old friends should not begin upon grievances at their first meeting, no, no, no.

Rowl. [Aside to Sir Oliver] Have a care, Sir; — don't touch upon that subject.

Sir Oliv. Well, — so one of my nephews, I find, is a wild young rogue.

Sir Pet. Oh, my dear friend, I grieve at your disappointment there — Charles is, indeed, a sad libertine — but no matter, Joseph will make you ample amends — every body speaks well of him.

Sir Oliv. I am very sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. — Every body speaks well of him — pshaw — then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools, as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Pet. What the plague! are you angry with Joseph for not making enemies?

Sir Oliv. Why not, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir Pet. Well, we'll see him, and you'll be convinced how worthy he is. — He's a pattern for all young men of his age. — He's a man of the noblest sentiments.

Sir Oliv. Oh! plague of his sentiments — If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth I shall be sick directly. — But don't however mistake me, Sir Peter, I don't mean to defend Charles's errors; but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts, and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for that purpose.

Sir Pet. My life on Joseph's honour.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink your lady's health, and tell you all our schemes.

Sir Pet. Allons donc.

Sir. Oliv. And don't, Sir Peter, be too severe against your old friend's son — Odds my life, I am not sorry he has run a little out of the course — for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round the saplin, and spoils the growth of the tree.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Sir Peter's House.

Enter *Sir Peter*, *Sir Oliver*, and *Rowley*.

Sir. Pet. Well, well, we'll see this man first, and then have our wine afterwards. — But Rowley, I don't see the jest of your scheme.

Rowl. Why, Sir, this Mr. Stanley was a near relation of their mother's, and formerly an eminent merchant *) in Dublin — he failed in trade, and is greatly reduced; he has applied,

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*) Merchant, *ein Kaufmann, der sich nicht mit dem Einzelverkauf beschäftigt, sondern im Grofsen handelt, assekurirt, Wechselgeschäfte treibt u. s. w. Die geringern Kaufleute heifsen* tradesmen, *Ladenhändler*.

by letter to Mr. Surface and Charles for assistance — from the former of whom he has received nothing but fair promises; while Charles, in the midst of his own distresses, is at present endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which I know he intends for the use of Mr. Stanley.

Sir Oliv. Ay — he's my brother's son.

Rowl. Now, Sir, we propose, that Sir Oliver shall visit them both, in the character of Mr. Stanley; as I have informed them he has obtained leave of his creditors to wait on his friends in person — and in the younger, believe me, you'll find one, who, in the midst of dissipation and extravagance, has still, as our immortal bard *) expresses it, *A tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity.*

Sir Pet. What signifies his open hand and purse, if he has nothing to give. But where is this person you were speaking of?

Rowl. Below, Sir, waiting your commands — You must know, Sir Oliver, this is a friendly Jew; one, who, to do him justice, has done every thing in his power to assist Charles — Who waits **)? [Enter a Servant] Desire Mr. Moses to walk up. [Exit Servant.]

Sir Pet. But how are you sure he'll speak truth?

Rowl. Why, Sir, I have persuaded him, there's no prospect of his being paid several sums of money he has advanced for Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is in town; therefore you may depend on his being faithful to the interest — Oh! here comes the honest Israelite.

Enter *Moses.*

Sir Oliver, this is Mr. Moses. — Mr. Moses, this is Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew Charles.

Mos. Yes, Sir Oliver — I have done all I could for him — but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

Sir Oliv. That was unlucky truly, for you had no opportunity of shewing your talent.

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*) *Shakspeare.* **) *In der Voraussetzung gesagt, daſs einer der Bedienten im Vorzimmer sich befindet, um die Befehle der Herrschaft zu erwarten. Gewöhnlicher ruft man:* who's there? *wenn man einen Bedienten ruft und nicht klingeln will.*

Mos. None at all; I had not the pleasure of knowing his distresses, 'till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir Oliv. Unfortunate indeed! But I suppose you have done all in your power for him.

Mos. Yes, he knows that — This very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will advance him some monies.

Sir Pet. What! a person that Charles has never borrowed money of before, lend him any in his present circumstances.

Mos. Yes —

Sir Oliv. What is the gentleman's name?

Mos. Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars *), formerly a broker.

Sir Pet. Does he know Mr. Premium?

Mos. Not at all.

Sir Pet. A thought strikes me — Suppose, Sir Oliver, you was to visit him in that character; 'twill be much better than the romantic one of an old relation; you will then have an opportunity of seeing Charles in all his glory.

Sir Oliv. Egad, I like that idea better than the other, and then I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

Rowl. Gentlemen, this is taking Charles rather unawares; but Moses, you understand Sir Oliver, and, I dare say, will be faithful.

Mos. You may depend upon me. — This is very near the time I was to have gone.

Sir Oliv. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses — But hold — I had forgot one thing — how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

Mos. There is no need — the principal **) is a Christian.

Sir Oliv. Is he? I am very sorry for it — But then again, am I not too smartly ***) dressed to look like a money-lender?

Sir Pet. Not at all — it would not be out of character if you went in your own chariot; would it, Moses?

Mos. Not in the least.

Sir Oliv. Well, but how must I talk? There's certainly some cant of usury or mode of treating that I ought to know.

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*) Crutched Friars, *Name eines Viertels in der Altstadt von London.* **) The principal, *der welcher das Geld verleiht.* ***) Too smartly, *zu geputzt, zu nett gekleidet.*

Sir Pet. As I take it, Sir Oliver, the great point is to be exorbitant in your demand. — Eh Moses?

Mos. Yes, dat *) is a very great point.

Sir Oliv. I'll answer for't. I'll not be wanting in that, eight or ten *per cent*, on the loan at least.

Mos. Oh! if you ask him no more as dat you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir Oliv. Hey, what the plague — how much then?

Mos. That depends upon the circumstances — if he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty *per cent*. But if you find him in great distress, and he wants money very bad — you must ask double.

Sir Pet. Upon my word, Sir Oliver — Mr. Premium, I mean — it's a very pretty trade you're learning.

Sir Oliv. Truly I think so, and not unprofitable.

Mos. Then you know you have the money not yourself, but are forced to borrow it of a friend.

Sir Oliv. Oh! I borrow it for him of a friend — do I?

Mos. Yes, and your friend's an unconscionable dog — but you can't help dat.

Sir Oliv. Oh! my friend's an unconscionable dog — is he?

Mos. And then he himself has not the monies by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir Oliv. He's forced to sell stock at a great loss, — well, really, that's very kind of him.

Sir Pet. But hark'ye, Moses, if Sir Oliver was to rail a little at the annuity bill **), don't you think it would have a good effect.

Mos. Very much.

Rowl. And lament that a young man must now come to years of discretion, before he has it in his power to ruin himself.

Mos. Ay; a great pity.

Sir Pet. Yes, and abuse the public for allowing merit to a bill, whose only object was to preserve youth and inexperience from the rapacious gripe of usury, and to give the young

*) Dat, *absichtlich so geschrieben, statt* that, *um die unrichtige Aussprache des Juden nachzuahmen.* **) Annuity bill, *Anspielung auf die Verordnungen, welche auf Veranlassung des nachmaligen Lord Loughborough im Ansehung des Schuldenwesens, vorzüglich der Minorennen, gegeben wurden.*

heir an opportunity of enjoying his fortune, without being ruined coming into possession.

Sir Oliv. So, — so, — Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

Sir Pet. You'll scarce have time to learn your trade, for Charles lives but hard by.

Sir Oliv. Oh! never fear — my tutor appears so able, that tho' Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I have turned the corner. [Exeunt Sir Oliver and Moses.]

Sir Pet. So Rowley, you should have been partial, and given Charles notice of our plot.

Rowl. No indeed, Sir Peter.

Sir Pet. Well, I see Maria coming, I want to have some talk with her. [Exit Rowley.]

Enter *Maria*.

So Maria. What, is Mr. Surface come home with you?

Mar. No, Sir; he was engaged.

Sir Pet. Maria, I wish you were more sensible to his excellent qualities, — does not every time you are in his company convince you of the merit of that amiable young man?

Mar. You know, Sir Peter, I have often told you, that of all the men who have paid me a particular attention, there is not one I would not sooner prefer, than Mr. Surface.

Sir Pet. Ay, ay, this blindness to his merit proceeds from your attachment to that profligate brother of his.

Mar. This is unkind; you know, at your request, I have forborn to see or correspond with him, as I have long been convinced he is unworthy my regard; but while my reason condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his misfortunes.

Sir Pet. Ah! you had best resolve to think on him no more, but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

Mar. Never to his brother.

Sir Pet. Have a care, Maria, I have not yet made you know what the authority of a guardian is, don't force me to exert it.

Mar. I know, that for a short time I am to obey you as my father, — but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable. [Exit in tears.]

Sir Pet. Sure never man was plagued as I am; I had not been married above three weeks, before her father, a hale,

hearty man, died — on purpose, I believe, to plague me with the care of his daughter: but here comes my helpmate, she seems in mighty good humour; I wish I could tease her into loving me a little.

Enter *Lady Teazle.*

L. Teaz. What's the matter, Sir Peter? What have you done to Maria? It is not fair to quarrel and I not by.

Sir Pet. Ah! Lady Teazle, it is in your power to put me into a good humour at any time.

L. Teaz. Is it? I am glad of it — for I want you to be in a monstrous good humour now; come do be good humoured, and let me have two hundred pounds.

Sir Pet. What the plague! can't I be in a good humour without paying for it. — But look always thus, and you shall want for nothing. [Pulls out a pocket-book] *) There, there's two hundred pounds for you, [going to kiss] now seal me a bond for the repayment.

L. Teaz. No, my note of hand will do as well.

[Giving her hand.]

Sir Pet. Well, well, I must be satisfied with that — you shan't much longer reproach me for not having made you a proper settlement — I intend shortly to surprize you.

L. Teaz. Do you? You can't think, Sir Peter, how good humour becomes you; now you look just as you did before I married you.

Sir Pet. Do I indeed?

L. Teaz. Don't you remember when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and asked me if I could like an old fellow, who could deny me nothing?

Sir Pet. Ay, and you were so attentive and obliging to me then.

L. Teaz. Ay, to be sure I was, and used to take your part against all my acquaintance; and when my cousin Sophy used to laugh at me, for thinking of marrying a man old enough to be my father, and call you an ugly, stiff, formal old batchelor, I contradicted her, and said I did not think you so ugly by any means, and that I dar'd say, you would make a good sort of a husband.

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*) *Er giebt ihr nämlich eine Banknote von dem verlangten Werthe.*

Sir Pet. That was very kind of you — Well, and you were not mistaken, you have found it so, have not you? — But shall we always live thus happy?

L. Teaz. With all my heart; — I'm — I don't care how soon we leave of quarrelling — provided you will own you are tired first.

Sir Pet. With all my heart.

L. Teaz. Then we shall be as happy as the day is long, and never, never — never quarrel more.

Sir Pet. Never — never — never — and let our future contest be, who should be most obliging.

L. Teaz. Ay! —

Sir Pet. But, my dear Lady Teazle — my love — indeed you must keep a strict watch over your temper — for, you know, my dear, that in all our disputes and quarrels, you always begin first.

L. Teaz. No, no, Sir Peter, my dear, 'tis always you that begins.

Sir Pet. No, no — no such thing.

L. Teaz. Have a care, this is not the way to live happy, if you fly out thus.

Sir Pet. No, no — 'tis you.

L. Teaz. No — 'tis you.

Sir Pet. Zounds! I say 'tis you.

L. Teaz. Lord! I never saw such a man in my life — just what my cousin Sophy told me.

Sir Pet. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, saucy, impertinent minx.

L. Teaz. You are a very great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Pet. But I am well enough served for marrying you — a pert, forward, rural coquette; who had refused half the honest 'squires in the country.

L. Teaz. I am sure I was a great fool for marrying you — a stiff, crop, dangling *) old batchelor, who was unmarried at fifty, because nobody would have him.

Sir Pet. You was very glad to have me — you never had such an offer before.

L. Teaz. Oh, yes I had — there was Sir Tivey Terrier,

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*) Dangling, *der Frauenzimmern nachläuft.*

who every body said would be a better match; for his estate was full as good as yours, and — he has broke his neck since we were married.

Sir Pet. Very — very well, madam — you're an ungrateful woman; and may plagues light on me, if I ever try to be friends with you again. — You shall have a separate maintenance.

L. Teaz. By all means a separate maintenance.

Sir Pet. Very well, madam — Oh, very well. Ay, madam; and I believe the stories of you and Charles — of you and Charles, madam, — were not without foundation.

L. Teaz. Take care, Sir Peter; take care what you say, for I won't be suspected without a cause *), I promise you.

Sir Pet. A divorce! —

L. Teaz. Ay, a divorce.

Sir Pet. Ay, zounds! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old batchelors.

L. Teaz. Well, Sir Peter, I see you are going to be in a passion, so I'll leave you, and when you come properly to your temper, we shall be the happiest couple in the world; and never — never — quarrel more. Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.]

Sir Pet. What the devil! can't I make her angry neither. — I'll after her — Zounds — she must not presume to keep her temper. — No, no, — she may break my heart — but damn it — I'm determined she shan't keep her temper.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Charles's House.

Enter *Trip*, *Sir Oliver* and *Moses*.

Trip. This way, gentlemen, this way. — Moses, what's the gentleman's name?

Sir Oliv. Mr. Moses, what's my name? [Aside.]

Mos. Mr. Premium —

Trip. Oh, Mr. Premium, very well. [Exit.]

Sir Oliv. To judge by the servant, one would not ima-

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*) *Sehr beifsend gesagt. Sie will ihm nämlich, wenn er sich doch scheiden lassen will, zuvor eine gegründete Ursache dazu geben.*

gine the master was ruined — Sure this was my brother's house.

Mos. Yes, Sir, — Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with furniture, pictures etc., just as the old gentleman left it. — Sir Peter thought it a great piece of extravagance in him.

Sir Oliv. In my mind, the other's œconomy in selling it to him, was more reprehensible by half.

Enter *Trip*.

Trip. Gentlemen, my master is verry sorry he has company at present, and cannot see you.

Sir Oliv. If he knew who it was that wanted to see him, perhaps he would not have sent such a message.

Trip. Oh! yes, I told him who it was — I did not forget my little Premium, no, no.

Sir Oliv. Very well, Sir; and pray what may your name be?

Trip. Trip, Sir; Trip, at your service.

Sir Oliv. Very well, Mr. Trip — You have a pleasant sort of a place here, I guess.

Trip. Pretty well — There are four of us, who pass our time agreeable enough — Our wages, indeed are but small, and sometimes a little in arrear. — We have but fifty guineas a year, and find our own bags *) and bouquets.

Sir Oliv. Bags and bouquets! — Halters and bastinadoes!

Trip. Oh, Moses, hark ye — did you get that little bill discounted for me **)?

Sir Oliv. Wants to raise money too! — Mercy on me! — He has distresses, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns ***). [Aside.]

Mos. 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

[Gives the note.]

Trip. No! Why I thought when my friend Brush had set his mark on it, it was as good as cash.

Mos. No, indeed, it would not do.

Trip. Perhaps you could get it done by way of annuity ****).

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*) *Zu dem Luxus der damaligen Zeit gehörte, daſs die Bedienten Haarbeutel trugen.* **) *Auswechselung eines Wechselbriefes gegen baares Geld.* ***) Dun, *ein ungestümer Mahner.* ****) *So daſs jährlich von der geliehenen Summe gewisse Prozente bezahlt werden.*

Sir Oliv. An annuity! — A footman raise money by annuity! — Well said, luxury, egad. [Aside.]

Mos. Well, but you must insure your place.

Trip. Oh! I'll insure my life, if you please.

Sir Oliv. That's more than I would your neck. [Aside.]

Trip. Well, but I should like to have it done before this damn'd registry *) takes place; one would not wish to have one's name made public.

Mos. No certainly — But is there nothing you could deposit?

Trip. Why, there's none of my master's cloaths will fall very soon, I believe; but I can give a mortgage on some of his winter suits, with equity of redemption before Christmas — or a *post obit* on his blue and silver. Now these, with a few pair of point ruffles, by way of security, [bell rings] coming, coming **). Gentlemen, if you'll walk this way, perhaps I may introduce you now. — Moses, don't forget the annuity — I'll insure my place, my little fellow.

Sir Oliv. If the man is the shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed. [Exeunt omnes.]

Charles, Careless, Sir Toby, and *Gentlemen,* discovered drinking.

Char. Ha, ha, ha, — 'Fore ***) heaven you are in the right — the degeneracy of the age is astonishing; there are many of our acquaintance who are men of wit, genius, and spirit, but they won't drink.

Care. True, Charles; they sink into the more substantial luxuries of the table, and quite neglect the bottle.

Char. Right — besides, society suffers by it; for instead of the mirth and humour that used to mantle over a bottle of Burgundy, their conversation is become as insipid as the Spa-water they drink, which has all the tartness of Champaigne, without its spirit or flavour.

Sir Toby. But what will you say to those who prefer

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*) *Es sollten nämlich auch, nach den vorhin angeführten Verordnungen, die Schulden eines jeden einregistrirt werden, um das übermäſsige Schuldenmachen zu verhüten.* **) Coming, coming, *gewöhnliche Antwort der Bedienten und Aufwärter, wenn sie gerufen werden.* ***) 'Fore *für* before. 'Fore heaven! *beim Himmel!*

play to the bottle? — There's Harry, Dick, and Careless himself, who are under a hazard regimen *).

Char. Pshaw! no such thing — What; would you train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? — Let me throw upon a bottle of Burgundy, and I never lose; at least I never feel my loss, and that's the same thing.

1st Gent. True; besides, 'tis wine that determines if a man be really in love.

Char. So it is — fill up a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top, is the girl that has bewitched you.

Care. But come, Charles, you have not given us your real favourite.

Char. Faith I have with-held her only in compassion to you; for if I give her, you must toast a round of her peers **), which is impossible [sighs] on earth.

Care. We'll toast some heathen deity or celestial goddess, to match her.

Char. Why then bumpers — bumpers all round — Here's Maria ***) — Maria. — [sighs.]

1st Gent. Maria — 'pshaw, give us her surname.

Char. 'Pshaw — Hang her surname ****), that's too formal to be registered on love's kalender.

1st Gent. Maria then — Here's Maria.

Sir Toby. Maria — Come, here's Maria.

Char. Come, Sir Toby, have a care; you must give a beauty superlative.

Sir Toby. Then I'll give you — Here's — —

Care. Nay, never hesitate. — But Sir Toby has got a song that will excuse him.

Omnes. The song — the song.

SONG.

Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty;

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*) *Als Spieler dürfen sie nicht viel trinken, um auf ihr Spiel Achtung geben zu können.* **) *Die, welche ihr ähnlich sind.* ***) Here *wird bei Gesundheiten gebraucht, z. B.* here's to thee, *ich trinke auf deine Gesundheit;* here's to the King, *auf des Königs Gesundheit.* ****) *Hol der Henker ihren Familiennamen.*

Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean *)
And then to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll find an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, Sir;
Here's to the maid with her pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll find an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with her bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with her face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll find an excuse for the glass.

For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll find an excuse for the glass.

Trip enters and whispers *Charles*.

Char. Gentlemen, I must beg your pardon; [rising] I must leave you upon business — Careless, take the chair.

Care. What, this is some wench **) — but we won't lose you for her.

Char. No, upon my honour — It is only a Jew and a broker that are come by appointment.

Care. A Jew and a broker! we'll have 'em in.

Char. Then desire Mr. Moses to walk in.

Trip. And little Premium too, Sir.

Care. Aye, Moses and Premium. [Exit Trip.] Charles, we'll give the rascals some generous Burgundy.

Char. No, hang it — wine but draws forth the natural

*) Quean, *schmutziges, liederliches Weib.* **) Wench *wird, wie dies hier der Fall ist, oft in einem verächtlichen Sinn gebraucht, zuweilen aber entspricht es unserm: Mädchen.*

qualities of a man's heart, and to make them drink, would only be to whet their knavery.

Enter *Sir Oliver* and *Moses*.

Walk in, gentlemen, walk in; Trip, give chairs; sit down Mr. Premium, sit down Moses. Glasses .. Trip; come, Moses, I'll give you a sentiment *). — *„Here's success to usury."* Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

Moses. „Here's success to usury."

Care. True, Charles, usury is industry, and deserves to succeed.

Sir Oliv. Then here's „All the success it deserves."

Care. Oh. damme, Sir, that won't do; you demur to the toast, and shall drink it in a pint bumper at least.

Mos. Oh, pray, Sir, consider Mr. Premium is a gentleman.

Care. And therefore loves good wine, and I'll see justice done to the bottle. — Fill, Moses, a quart.

Char. Pray, consider gentlemen, Mr. Premium is a stranger.

Sir Oliv. I wish I was out of their company. [Aside.]

Care. Come along, my boys, if they won't drink with us we'll not stay with them; the dice are in the next room — You'll settle your business, Charles, and come to us.

Char. Ay, ay, — But, Careless, you must be ready, perhaps I may have occasion for you.

Care. Ay, ay, bill, bond, or annuity, 'tis all the same to me. [Exit with the rest.]

Mos. Mr. Premium is a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy, and always performs what he undertakes — Mr. Premium, this is — [formally.]

Char. 'Pshaw! hold your tongue — My friend Moses, Sir, is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression — I shall cut the matter very short; — I'm an extravagant young fellow that wants to borrow money; and you, as I take it, are a prudent old fellow who has got money to lend — I am such a fool as to give fifty per cent, rather than go without it; and you, I suppose are rogue enough to take an hundred if you can get it. And now we understand one another, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

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*) Sentiment, *vermuthlich hier so viel als* toast, *doch bezieht sich* sentiment *mehr auf die Worte, die man beim Trinken ausbringt, z. B.* Lord Nelson and success to the navy of Great-Britain.

Sir Oliv. Exceeding frank, upon my word — I see you are not a man of compliments.

Char. No, Sir.

Sir Oliv. Sir, I like you the better for it — However, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe, I could procure you some from a friend; but then he's a damn'd unconscionable dog; is he not, Moses?

Mos. Yes, but you can't help that.

Sir Oliv. And then, he has not the money by him, but must sell stock at a great loss. Must he not, Moses?

Mos. Yes, indeed — You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie.

Char. Ay, those who speak truth usually do — And Sir, I must pay the difference, I suppose — Why look'ye, Mr. Premium, I know that money is not to be had without paying for it.

Sir Oliv. Well, — but what security could you give? — You have not any land, I suppose!

Char. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig but what grows in bow-pots out at the windows.

Sir Oliv. Nor any stock, I presume.

Char. None but live stock *), and they are only a few pointers and ponies. — But pray, Sir, are you acquainted with any of my connections?

Sir Oliv. To say the truth, I am.

Char. Then you must have heard that I have a rich old uncle in India, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations.

Sir Oliv. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Char. Oh yes, I'm told I'm monstrous favourite; and that he intends leaving me every thing.

Sir Oliv. Indeed! this is the first I have heard of it.

Char. Yes, yes, he intends making me his heir — Does he not, Moses?

Mos. Oh yes, I'll take my oath of that.

Sir Oliv. Egad they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. [Aside.]

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*) Live stock, *das Vieh, welches ein Gutsherr besitzt.*

Char. Now, what I propose, Mr. Premium, is to give a *post obit* on my uncle's life. Though indeed my uncle Noll has been very kind to me, and upon my soul, I shall be sincerely sorry to hear any thing has happened to him.

Sir Oliv. Not more than I should I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be the worst security you could offer me, for I might live to be an hundred, and never recover the principal.

Char. Oh, yes you would, for the moment he dies, you come upon me for the money.

Sir Oliv. Then I believe I would be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Char. What, you are afraid, my little Premium, that my uncle has too good a life.

Sir Oliv. No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he's as hale, and as hearty, as any man of his years in Christendom.

Char. Oh, there you are misinformed. No — no, poor uncle Oliver! he breaks apace. The climate, Sir, has hurt his constitution, and I'm told he's so much altered of late, that his nearest relations don't know him.

Sir Oliv. No! ha, ha; so much altered of late, that his nearest relations would not know him. Ha, ha, ha, that's droll, egad.

Char. What are you pleased to hear he is on the decline, my little Premium.

Sir Oliv. No, I am not, — no, no, no.

Char. Yes you are, for it mends your chance.

Sir Oliv. But I am told Sir Oliver is coming over — Nay, some say he is actually arrived.

Char. Oh, there you are misinformed again — No, — no such thing — he is this moment at Bengal, what I must certainly know better than you.

Sir Oliv. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I; though I have it from very good authority — Have I not, Moses?

Mos. Most undoubtedly.

Sir Oliv. But, Sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing that you would dispose of?

Char. How do you mean?

Sir Oliv. For instance, now; I have heard your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

Char. Yes; but that's gone long ago — Moses can inform you how, better than I can.

Sir Oliv. Good lack! all the family race-cups *), and corporation-bowls **) gone! [Aside.] It was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compleat.

Char. Much too large and valuable for a private gentleman: for my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, and thought it a pity to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliv. Mercy on me! knowledge that has run in the family like an heir-loom ***). [Aside.] And pray, how may they have been disposed of?

Char. O! you must ask the auctioneer that — I don't believe even Moses can direct you there.

Mos. No — I never meddle with books.

Sir Oliv. The profligate! [Aside.] And there is nothing you can dispose of?

Char. Nothing — unless you have a taste for old family pictures. I have a whole room full of ancestors above stairs.

Sir Oliv. Why sure you would not sell your relations?

Char. Every soul of them to the best bidder.

Sir Oliv. Not your great uncles and aunts.

Char. Ay, and my grandfathers and grandmothers.

Sir Oliv. I'll never forgive him this. [Aside.] Why! — what! — Do you take me for Shylock ****) in the play, to raise money from me on your own flesh and blood!

Char. Nay, don't be in a passion, my little Premium; what is it to you, if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliv. That's very true, as you say — Well, well, I believe I can dispose of the family canvass. I'll never forgive him this. [Aside.]

Enter *Careless.*

Care. Come, Charles, what the devil are you doing so long with the broker — we are waiting for you.

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*) Race-cups, *Becher, Pokale oder anderes silbernes Geschirr, das bei den Pferderennen gewonnen worden ist.* **) Corporation-bowls, *ähnliche Geschirre, welche die Familie von ganzen Gemeinden zum Geschenk erhalten hat.* ***) Heir-loom, *bewegliche Güter, welche von den Vorfahren herstammen und gleichsam als unzertrennlich von einem Gute angesehen werden.* ****) *Name des Juden aus* S h a k s p e a r e's Merchant of Venice.

Char. Oh! Careless, you are just come in time, we are to have a sale above stairs — I am going to sell all my ancestors to little Premium.

Care. Burn your ancestors!

Char. No, no, he may do that afterwards, if he will. But Careless, you shall be auctioneer.

Care. With all my heart — I handle a hammer as well as a dice box — a going, a going *).

Char. Bravo! — And Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one.

Mos. Yes, I'll be the appraiser.

Sir Oliv. Oh the profligate! [Aside.]

Char. But what's the matter, my little Premium? You don't seem to relish this business.

Sir Oliv. [Affecting to laugh] Oh yes, I do, vastly; ha, ha, ha, — Oh the prodigal!

Char. Very true; for when a man wants money, who the devil can he make free with if he can't with his own relations. [Exit.]

Sir Oliv. [Following] I'll never forgive him.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter *Charles, Sir Oliver, Careless,* and *Moses.*

Char. Walk in, gentlemen, walk in; here they are — the family of the Surfaces up to the Conquest **).

Sir Oliv. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Char. Ay, there they are, done in the true spirit and style of portrait painting, and not like your modern Raphaels ***), who will make your picture independent of yourself; — no, the great merit of these are, the inveterate like-

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*) A going — a going — gone, *zum ersten, zum zweiten und — zum — dritten!* **) *Die Eroberung Englands durch Herzog* ***Wilhelm*** *von der Normandie, den 14ten Oktober* 1066, *in welchem Jahre dieser den Englischen König* ***Harald*** *gänzlich besiegte. Die Schlacht fiel bei Hastings in Sussex vor. Die Regierung der Normannischen Könige dauerte* 88 *Jahr.* ***) *Stücke von* ***Raphael.***

ness they bear to the originals. All stiff and aukward as they were, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliv. Oh, we shall never see such figures of men again.

Char. I hope not — You see, Mr. Premium, what a domestic man I am; here I sit oft an evening surrounded by my ancestors — But come, let us proceed to business — To your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer — Oh, here's a great chair of my father's that seems fit for nothing else.

Care. The very thing — but what shall I do for a hammer, Charles? An auctioneer is nothing without a hammer.

Char. A hammer! [looking round] Let's see, what have we here — Sir Richard, heir to Robert — a genealogy in full, egad — Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; — here's the family-tree, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliv. What an unnatural rogue he is! — And *ex post facto* parricide. [Aside.]

Care. 'Gad, Charles, this is lucky; it will not only serve for a hammer, but a catalogue too, if we should want it.

Char. True — Come, here's my great uncle Sir Richard Ravelin, a marvellous good general in his day. — He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet *) — He is not dressed out in feathers **) like our modern captains, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. — What say you Mr. Premium?

Mos. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Char. Why, you shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's cheap enough for a staff officer.

Sir Oliv. Heaven deliver me! his great uncle Sir Richard going for ten pounds — [Aside] — Well, Sir, I take him at that price.

Char. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.

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*) *John Churchill Herzog und Graf von Marlborough, geb. zu Asche in Devonshire, gest. 1722, war ein grosser Held seiner Zeit und machte sich insonderheit durch den blutigen Sieg berühmt, den er 1709 bei dem Dorfe Malplaquet im ehemaligen Französischen Hennegau, in Vereinigung mit dem Prinzen Eugen, über die vom Marschall von Villars kommandirten Franzosen erfocht.* **) Feathers, *Federbüsche an den Hüthen.*

Care. Going, going — a-going — gone.

Char. This is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller *), thought to be one of his best pictures, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she sits, as a shepherdess feeding her flock. — You shall have her for five pounds ten **). I'm sure the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliv. Ah, poor aunt Deborah! a woman that set such a value on herself, going for five pounds ten — [*Aside*] — Well, Sir, she's mine.

Char. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless.

Care. Gone.

Char. Here are two cousins of theirs — Moses, these pictures were done when beaux wore perriwigs, and ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliv. Yes, truly — head dresses seem to have been somewhat lower in those days.

Char. Here's a grandfather of my mother's, a judge well known on the western circuit ***). What will you give for him?

Mos. Four guineas.

Char. Four guineas! why you don't bid the price of his wig. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack ****); do let me knock him down at fifteen.

Sir Oliv. By all means.

Care. Gone.

Char. Here are two brothers, William and Walter Blunt, Esqrs., both members of parliament, and great speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliv. That's very extraordinary indeed! — I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Char. Well said, Premium.

Care. I'll knock 'em down at forty pounds — Going — going — gone.

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*) *Gottfried Kneller, ein berühmter Porträtmaler, geb. zu Lübeck im Jahre 1648. Er begab sich nach England, wo ihn Wilhelm III zum Ritter und Baronett ernannte, und starb zu London um das Jahr 1717.* **) *Nämlich* shillings. ***) Western circuit, *s. die Anmerkungen zum ersten Theil S. 172 und S. 544.* ****) *Die zwölf Königlichen Richter sitzen im Parliament, wo sie indessen selten erscheinen, auf einem Wollsack, der die Gestalt einer Bank hat. Als Richter haben sie nicht Sitz und Stimme im Parliament.*

Char. Here's a jolly, portly fellow; I don't know what relation he is to the family; but he was formerly mayor of Norwich, let's knock him down at eight pounds.

Sir Oliv. No, I think six is enough for a mayor.

Char. Come, come, make it guineas *), and I'll throw you the two aldermen into the bargain.

Sir Oliv. They are mine.

Char. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.

Care. Gone.

Char. But hang it, we shall be all day at this rate; come, come, give me three hundred pounds, and take all on this side the room in a lump — That will be the best way.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, any thing to accommodate you; they are mine. — But there's one portrait you have always passed over.

Care. What, that little ill-looking fellow over the settee.

Sir Oliv. Yes, Sir, 'tis that I mean — but I don't think him so ill-looking a fellow by any means.

Char. That's the picture of my uncle Sir Oliver — Before he went abroad it was done, and is esteemed a very great likeness.

Care. That your uncle Sir Oliver! Then in my opinion you will never be friends, for he is one of the most stern-looking rogues I ever beheld; he has an unforgiving eye, and a damn'd disinheriting countenance. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliv. Upon my soul I do not, Sir; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive — But I suppose your uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber.

Char. No, hang it, the old gentleman has been very good to me, and I'll keep his picture as long as I have a room to put it in.

Sir Oliv. The rogue's my nephew after all — I forgive him every thing. [Aside.] But Sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Char. I am sorry for it, master Broker, for you certainly won't have it — What the devil, have you not got enough of the family?

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*) Make it guineas, *geben Sie eben so viele Guineen, als Sie Pfund geben wollten; eine Guinee beträgt nämlich* 21 *Schilling, ein Pfund nur* 20.

Sir Oliv. I forgive him every thing. [Aside.] Look'ye, Sir, I am a strange sort of a fellow, and when I take a whim in my head I don't value money: I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Char. Pr'ythee don't be troublesome — I tell you I won't part with it; and there's an end on't.

Sir Oliv. How like his father the dog is — I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw so strong a resemblance. [Aside.] Well, Sir, here's a draft for your sum.

[Giving a bill.]

Char. Why this bill is for eight hundred pounds.

Sir Oliv. You'll not let Sir Oliver go, then.

Char. No, I tell you, once for all.

Sir Oliv. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that some other time — But give me your hand [presses it]; you are a damn'd honest fellow, Charles — O lord! I beg pardon, Sir, for being so free — Come along Moses.

Char. But hark ye, Premium, you'll provide good lodgings for these gentlemen. [Going.]

Sir Oliv. I'll send for 'em in a day or two.

Char. And pray let it be a genteel conveyance, for I assure you most of 'em have been used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliv. I will for all but Oliver.

Char. For all but the honest little Nabob.

Sir Oliv. You are fixed on that.

Char. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliv. Ah the dear extravagant dog! [Aside.] Good day Sir. Come, Moses. — Now let me see who dares call him profligate. [Exit with Moses.]

Care. Why, Charles, this is the very prince of brokers.

Char. I wonder where Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. — But, Careless, step into the company; I'll wait on you presently, I see old Rowley coming.

Care. But hark'ye, Charles, don't let that fellow make you part with any of that money to discharge musty old debts. Tradesmen, you know, are the most impertinent people in the world.

Char. True, and paying them would only be encouraging them.

Care. Well, settle your business, and make what haste you can. [Exit.]

Char. Eight hundred pounds! Two thirds of this are mine by right — Five hundred and thirty odd *) pounds! — Gad, I never knew till now, that my ancestors were such valuable acquaintance. — Kind ladies and gentlemen, I am your very much obliged, and most grateful humble servant.

[Bowing to the pictures.]

Enter *Rowley*.

Ah! Rowley, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Rowl. Yes, Sir; I heard they were going. — But how can you support such spirits under all your misfortunes?

Char. That's the cause, Master Rowley; my misfortunes are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits.

Rowl. And can you really take leave of your ancestors with so much unconcern?

Charl. Unconcern! what, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at losing the company of so many worthy friends. It is very distressing to be sure; but you see they never move a muscle, then why the devil should I!

Rowl. Ah, dear Charles! —

Char. But come, I have no time for trifling; — here, take this bill and get it changed, and carry an hundred pounds to poor Stanley, or we shall have somebody call that has a better right to it.

Rowl. Ah, Sir, I wish you would remember the proverb —

Char. *Be just before you are generous.* — Why, so I would if I could, but justice is an old, lame, hobbling beldam, I can't get her to keep pace with generosity for the soul of me **).

Rowl. Do, dear Sir, reflect.

Char. That's very true, as you say — but Rowley, while I have, by heavens I'll give — so damn your morality, and away to old Stanley with the money. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Sir Oliver* and *Moses*.

Mos. Well, Sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in all his glory — 'tis a great pity he's so extravagant.

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*) Odd, *mehr als eine runde Summe ausmachend*, z. B fifty and odd pounds, *funfzig Pfund und etwas darüber*.

**) For the soul of me, *so viele Mühe ich mir auch geben mag*.

Sir Oliv. True — but he would not sell my picture. —

Mos. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir Oliv. But he would not sell my picture. —

Mos. And games so deep.

Sir Oliv. But he would not sell my picture. — Oh, here comes Rowley.

Enter *Rowley.*

Rowl. Well, Sir, I find you have made a purchase.

Sir Oliv. Yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

Rowl. And he has commissioned me to return you an hundred pounds of the purchase-money, but under your fictitious character of old Stanley. I saw a tailor and two hosiers dancing attendance *), I know, will go unpaid, and the hundred pounds would just satisfy them.

Sir Oliv. Well, well. I'll pay his debts and his benevolence too. — But now, I'm no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Enter *Trip.*

Trip. Gentlemen, I'm sorry I was not in the way to shew you out. Hark'ye, Moses. [Exit with Moses.]

Sir Oliv. There's a fellow, now — Will you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

Rowl. Indeed!

Sir Oliv. And they are now planning an annuity business — Oh, master Rowley, in my time servants were content with the follies of their masters when they were wore a little threadbare **); but now they have their vices, like their birth-day cloaths, with the gloss on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Apartments of Joseph Surface.

Enter *Joseph* and a *Servant.*

Jos. No letter from Lady Teazle.

Serv. No, Sir.

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*) Dancing attendance, *ein komischer Ausdruck für* waiting.

**) *Der Sinn ist: Sonst nahmen die Bedienten die Thorheiten ihrer Herren doch erst dann an, wenn diese gleichsam abgetragen* (threadbare) *waren; jetzt aber eignen sie sich dieselben sogleich zu.*

Jos. I wonder she did not write if she could not come — I hope Sir Peter does not suspect me — But Charles's dissipation and extravagance are great points in my favour [knocking at the door] — See if it is her.

Serv. 'Tis Lady Teazle, Sir; but she always orders her chair to the milliner's in the next street.

Jos. Then draw that screen — my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so curious a temper — You need not wait. [Exit Servant.] — My Lady Teazle, I'm afraid, begins to suspect my attachment to Maria; but she must not be acquainted with that secret till I have her more in my power.

Enter *Lady Teazle.*

L. Teaz. What, Sentiment in soliloquy *)! — Have you been very impatient now? Nay, you look so grave, — I assure you I came as soon as I could.

Jos. Oh, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy — a very unfashionable custom among ladies.

L. Teaz. Nay, now you wrong me; I'm sure you'd pity me if you knew my situation — [both sit] — Sir Peter really grows so peevish, and so ill-natured, there's no enduring him; and then, to suspect me with Charles —

Jos. I'm glad my scandalous friends keep up that report. [Aside.]

L. Teaz. For my part, I wish Sir Peter to let Maria marry him — Wou'd n't you, Mr. Surface?

Jos. Indeed I would not — [Aside.] — Oh, to be sure; and then my dear Lady Teazle would be convinced how groundless her suspicions were, of my having any thoughts of the silly girl.

L. Teaz. Then, there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has propagated malicious stories about me — and, what's very provoking, all too without the least foundation.

Jos. Ah! there's the mischief — for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there's no comfort like the consciousness of not having deserved it.

L. Teaz. And to be continually censured and suspected, when I know the integrity of my own heart — it would almost prompt me to give him some grounds for it.

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*) *Wie, ein solcher sentimentaler Mann in einem Selbstgespräch! — Oder: finde ich den sentimentalen Mann ganz allein?*

Jos. Certainly — for when a husband grows suspicious, and withdraws his confidence from his wife, it then becomes a part of her duty to endeavour to outwit him. — You owe it to the natural privilege of your sex.

L. Teas. Indeed!

Jos. Oh yes; for your husband should never be deceived in you, and you ought to be frail in compliment to his discernment *).

L. Teas. This is the newest doctrine.

Jos. Very wholesome, believe me.

L. Teas. So, the only way to prevent his suspicions, is to give him cause for them.

Jos. Certainly.

L. Teas. But then, the consciousness of my innocence —

Jos. Ah, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis that consciousness of your innocence that ruins you. What is it that makes you imprudent in your conduct, and careless of the censures of the world? The consciousness of your innocence. — What is it that makes you regardless of forms, and inattentive to your husband's peace? — Why, the consciousness of your innocence. — Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you could only be prevailed upon to make a trifling *faux-pas*, you can't imagine how circumspect you would grow.

L. Teas. Do you think so?

Jos. Depend upon it. — Your case at present, my dear Lady Teazle, resembles that of a person in a plethora — you are absolutely dying of too much health.

L. Teas. Why, indeed, if my understanding could be convinced. —

Jos. Your understanding! — Oh yes, your understanding *should* be convinced. Heaven forbid that I should persuade you to any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour for that.

L. Teas. Don't you think you may as well leave honour out of the question? [Both rise.]

Jos. Ah! I see, Lady Teazle, the effects of your country education still remain.

---

*) *Eigentlich: Sie sollten einen Fehltritt begehen, um seinem Scharfsinn ein Kompliment zu machen, d. h. wenn er einen Argwohn gegen Sie hegt, so machen sie es so, daſs Sie denselben verdienen.*

L. Teaz. They do, indeed, and I begin to find myself imprudent: and if I should be brought to act wrong, it would be sooner from Sir Peter's ill treatment of me, than from your honourable logic, I assure you.

Jos. Then, by this hand, which is unworthy of — [kneeling, a *Servant* enters] — What do you want, you scoundrel?

Serv. I beg pardon, Sir — I thought you would not chuse Sir Peter should come up.

Jos. Sir Peter!

L. Teaz. Sir Peter! Oh, I am undone! — What shall I do? Hide me some where, good Mr. Logic.

Jos. Here, here, behind this screen, [she runs behind the screen] and now reach me a book. [Sits down and reads.]

Enter *Sir Peter.*

Sir Pet. Ay, there he is, ever improving himself. — Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface.

Jos. [Affecting to gape.] Oh, Sir Peter! I rejoice to see you — I was got over a sleepy book here — I am vastly glad to see you — I thank you for this call — I believe you have not been here since I finished my library — Books, books you know, are the only thing I am a coxcomb in.

Sir Pet. Very pretty, indeed — why, even your screen is a source of knowledge — hung round with maps I see.

Jos. Yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, so you must when you want to find out any thing in a hurry.

Jos. Yes, or to hide any thing in a hurry. [Aside.]

Sir Pet. But, my dear friend, I want to have some private talk with you.

Jos. You need not wait. [Exit Servant.]

Sir Pet. Pray sit down — [both sit] — My dear friend, I want to impart to you some of my distresses — In short, Lady Teazle's behaviour of late has given me very great uneasiness. She not only dissipates and destroys my fortune, but I have strong reasons to believe she has formed an attachment elsewhere.

Jos. I am unhappy to hear it.

Sir Pet. Yes, and between you and me, I believe I have discovered the person.

Jos. You alarm me exceedingly.

Sir Pet. I knew you would sympathize with me.

Jos. Believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would affect me — just as much as it does you.

Sir Pet. What a happiness to have a friend we can trust, even with our family secrets — Can't you guess who it is?

Jos. I hav'n't the most distant idea. — It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite.

Sir Pet. No, no. — What do you think of Charles?

Jos. My brother! impossible! — I can't think he would be capable of such baseness and ingratitude.

Sir Pet. Ah, the goodness of your own mind makes you slow to believe such villainy.

Jos. Very true, Sir Peter. — The man who is conscious of the integrity of his own heart, is ever slow to credit another's baseness.

Sir Pet. And yet, that the son of my old friend should practice against the honour of my family.

Jos. Ay, there's the case, Sir Peter. — When ingratitude barbs *) the dart of injury, the wound feels doubly smart.

Sir Pet. What noble sentiments! — He never used a sentiment, ungrateful boy! that I acted as guardian to, and who was brought up under my eye; and I never in my life refused him — my advice.

Jos. I don't know, Sir Peter, — he may be such a man — if it be so, he is no longer a brother of mine; I renounce him. I disclaim him. — For the man who can break through the laws of hospitality, and seduce the wife or daughter of his friend, deserves to be branded as a pest to society.

Sir Pet. And yet, Joseph, if I was to make it public, I should only be sneered and laughed at.

Jos. Why, that's very true — No, no, you must not make it public; people would talk —

Sir Pet. Talk! — they'd say it was all my own fault; an old, doating batchelor, to marry a young giddy girl. They'd paragraph me in the news-papers, and make ballads on me.

Jos. And yet, Sir Peter, I can't think that my lady Teazle's honour —

Sir Pet. Ah, my dear friend, what's her honour opposed against the flattery of a handsome young fellow? — But Joseph, she has been upbraiding me of late, that I have not made her a settlement; and I think, in our last quarrel she

*) To barb, *einen Pfeil mit Wiederhaken versehen.*

told me she should not be very sorry if I was dead. Now, I have brought drafts of two deeds for your perusal, and she shall find, if I was to die, that I have not been inattentive to her welfare while living. By the one, she will enjoy eight hundred pounds a year during my life; and by the other, the bulk of my fortune after my death.

Jos. This conduct is truly generous — I wish it mayn't corrupt my pupil. [Aside.]

Sir Pet. But I would not have her as yet acquainted with the least mark of my affection.

Jos. Nor I — if I could help it. [Aside.]

Sir Pet. And now I have unburthened myself to you, let us talk over your affair with Maria.

Jos. Not a syllable upon the subject now. [*alarmed*] — Some other time; I am too much affected by your affairs, to think of my own. For the man, who can think of his own happiness, while his friend is in distress, deserves to be hunted as a monster to society.

Sir Pet. I am sure of your affection for her.

Jos. Let me intreat you, Sir Peter.

Sir Pet. And though you are so averse to Lady Teazle's knowing it, I assure you she is not your enemy, and I am sensibly chagrined you have made no further progress.

Jos. Sir Peter, I must not hear you — The man who —

Enter a *Servant.*

What do you want, sirrah?

Serv. Your brother, Sir, is at the door talking to a gentleman; he says he knows you are at home, that Sir Peter is with you, and he must see you.

Jos. I'm not a home.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, you shall be at home.

Jos. [After some hesitation] Very well, let him come up. [Exit Servant.]

Sir Pet. Now, Joseph, I'll hide myself, and do you tax him about the affair with my Lady Teazle, and so draw the secret from him.

Jos. O fie! Sir Peter — what, join in a plot to trepan my brother!

Sir Pet. Oh aye, to serve your friend; besides, if he is innocent, as you say he is, it would give him an opportunity to clear himself, and make me very happy. Hark, I hear him coming — Where shall I go? — Behind this screen —

What the devil! here has been one listener already, for I'll swear I saw a petticoat.

Jos. [Affecting to laugh] It's very ridiculous — Ha, ha, ha, — a ridiculous affair indeed — ha, ha, ha! Hark'ye, Sir Peter, [pulling him aside] though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet you know it does not follow, that one is to be an absolute Joseph either. Hark'ye, 'tis a little French milliner, who calls upon me sometimes, and hearing you were coming, and having some character to lose, she slipped behind the screen.

Sir Pet. A French milliner! [smiling] Cunning rogue! Joseph — Sly rogue — But zounds, she has overheard every thing that has passed about my wife.

Jos. Oh, never fear — Take my word, it will never go further for her.

Sir Pet. Won't it?

Jos. No, depend upon it.

Sir Pet. Well, well, if it will go no further — But where shall I hide myself?

Jos. Here, here, slip into this closet, and you may overhear every word.

L. Teaz. Can I steal away. [Peeping.]

Jos. Hush! hush! don't stir.

Sir. Pet. Joseph, tax him home. [Peeping.]

Jos. In, in, my dear Sir Peter.

L. Teaz. Can't you lock the closet door?

Jos. Not a word — you'll be discovered.

Sir. Pet. Joseph, don't spare him.

Jos. For heaven's sake lie close — A pretty situation I am in, to part man and wife in this manner. [Aside.]

Sir. Pet. You're sure the little French milliner won't blab.

Enter *Charles.*

Char. Why, how now, brother, your fellow denied you, they said, you were not at home. — What, have you a Jew or a wench with you?

Jos. Neither, brother, neither.

Char. But where's Sir Peter? I thought he was with you.

Jos. He was, brother; but hearing you was coming, he left the house.

Char. What, was the old fellow afraid I wanted to borrow money of him!

Jos. Borrow! no brother, but I am sorry to hear you have given that worthy man cause for great uneasiness.

Char. Yes. I am told I do that to a great many worthy men — But how do you mean, brother?

Jos. Why, he thinks you have endeavoured to alienate the affections of Lady Teazle.

Char. Who, I alienate the affections of Lady Teazle! — Upon my word he accuses me very injustly. What, has the old gentleman found out that he has got a young wife; or, what is worse, has the lady found out that she has got an old husband?

Jos. For shame, brother.

Char. 'Tis true, I did once suspect her ladyship had a partiality for me, but upon my soul I never gave her the least encouragement; for, you know my attachment was to Maria.

Jos. This will make Sir Peter extremely happy — But if she had a partiality for you, surely you would not have been base enough —

Char. Why, look'ye, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman should purposely throw herself in my way, and that pretty woman should happen to be married to a man old enough to be her father —

Jos. What then?

Char. Why then, I believe I should — have occasion to borrow a little of your morality, brother.

Jos. Oh fie, brother — The man who can jest —

Char. Oh, that's very true, as you were going to observe. — But Joseph, do you know that I am surprised at your suspecting me with Lady Teazle. I thought you was always the favourite there.

Jos. Me!

Char. Why yes; I have seen you exchange such significant glances.

Jos. Pshaw!

Char. Yes I have; and don't you remember when I came in here, and caught you and her at —

Jos. I must stop him. [Aside.] [Stops his mouth.] Sir Peter has overheard every word that you have said.

Char. Sir Peter! where is he? — What, in the closet — 'Foregad I'll have him out.

Jos. No, no. [Stopping him.]

Char. I will — Sir Peter Teazle, come into court.

Enter *Sir Peter.*

What, my old guardian turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog *).

Sir Pet. Give me your hand. — I own, my dear boy, I have suspected you wrongfully; but you must not be angry with Joseph; it was all my plot, and I shall think of you as long as I live for what I overheard.

Char. Then 'tis well you did not hear more. Is it not, Joseph?

Sir Pet. What, you would have retorted on Joseph, would you?

Char. And yet you might as well have suspected him as me. Might he not, Joseph?

Enter *Servant.*

Serv. [Whispering Joseph.] — Lady Sneerwell, Sir, is just coming up, and says she must see you.

Jos. Gentlemen, I must beg your pardon; I have company waiting for me; give me leave to conduct you down stairs.

Char. No, no, speak to them in another room; I have not seen Sir Peter a great while, and I want to talk with him.

Jos. Well, I'll send away the person and return immediately. Sir Peter, not a word of the little French milliner.

[Aside and exit.]

Sir Pet. Ah, Charles, what a pity it is you don't associate more with your brother, we might then have some hopes of your reformation; he's a young man of such sentiments — Ah, there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

Char. Oh, he's too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, that, I dare say, he would as soon let a priest **) into his house, as a wench.

Sir Pet. No, no, you accuse him wrongfully — Tho' Joseph is not a rake, he is no saint.

Char. Oh! a perfect anchorite — a young hermit.

Sir Pet. Hush, hush; don't abuse him, or he may chance to hear of it again.

Char. Why, you won't tell him, will you?

Sir Pet. No, no, but — I have a great mind to tell

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*) *Aus* incognito *entstanden.* **) A priest, *nämlich ein katholischer Geistlicher. Diese sind in England nicht sehr beliebt.*

him. [Aside.] [Seems to hesitate.] — Hark'ye, Charles, have you a mind for a laugh at Joseph?

Char. I should like it of all things — let's have it.

Sir Pet. Gad I'll tell him — I'll be even with Joseph for discovering me in the closet — [Aside.] — Hark'ye, Charles, he had a girl with him when I called.

Char. Who, Joseph! impossible!

Sir Pet. Yes, a little French milliner [takes him to the front] — and the best of the joke is, she is now in the room.

Char. The devil she is! — Where?

Sir Pet. Hush, hush — behind the screen.

Char. I'll have her out.

Sir Pet. No, no, no.

Char. Yes.

Sir Pet. No.

Char. By the Lord I will — So now for it.

Both run up to the screen. — The screen falls, at the same time *Joseph* enters.

Char. Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

Sir Pet. Lady Teazle, by all that's horrible!

Char. Sir Peter, this is the smartest little French milliner I ever saw. — But pray what is the meaning of all this? You seem to have been playing at hide and seek *) here, and for my part, I don't know who's in or who's out of the secret — Madam; will you please to explain? — Not a word! — Brother, is it your pleasure to illustrate? — Morality dumb too! — Well, though I can make nothing of it, I suppose you perfectly understand one another, good folks, and so I'll leave you. Brother, I am sorry you have given that worthy man so much cause for uneasiness — Sir Peter, there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment — Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.]

Jos. Sir Peter, notwithstanding appearances are against me — if — if you'll give me leave — I'll explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Sir Pet. If you please, Sir.

Jos. Lady Teazle knowing my — Lady Teazle — I say — knowing my pretensions — to your ward Maria — and —

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*) Hide and seek, *ein Kinderspiel: Verstecken und Suchen.*

Lady Teazle — I say — knowing the jealousy of my — of your temper — she called in here — in order that she — that I — might explain — what these pretensions were — And — hearing you were coming — and — as I said before — knowing the jealousy of your temper — she — my Lady Teazle — I say — went behind the screen — and — This is a full and clear account of the whole affair.

Sir Pet. A very clear account truly! and I dare say the lady will vouch for the truth of every word of it.

L. Teaz. [Advancing] For not one syllable, Sir Peter.

Sir Pet. What the devil! don't you think it worth your while to agree in the lie?

L. Teaz. There's not one word of truth in what that gentleman has been saying.

Jos. Zounds, madam, you won't ruin me!

L. Teaz. Stand out of the way, Mr. Hypocrite, I'll speak for myself.

Sir Pet. Ay, ay — let her alone — she'll make a better story of it than you did.

L. Teaz. I came here with no intention of listening to his addresses to Maria, and even ignorant of his pretensions; but seduced by his insidious arts, at least to listen to his addresses, if not to sacrifice his honour, as well as my own, to his unwarrantable desires.

Sir Pet. Now I believe the truth is coming indeed.

Jos. What! is the woman mad?

L. Teaz. No, Sir, she has recovered her senses. Sir Peter, I cannot expect you'll credit me; but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am certain you did not know I was within hearing, has penetrated so deep into my soul, that could I have escaped the mortification of this discovery, my future life should have convinced you of my sincere repentance. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he pretended an honourable passion for his ward, I now view him in so despicable a light, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to his addresses. [Exit.]

Jos. Sir Peter — Notwithstanding all this — Heaven is my witness —

Sir Pet. That you are a villain — and so I'll leave you to your meditations —

Jos. Nay, Sir Peter, you must not leave me — The man who shuts his ears against conviction —

Sir Pet. Oh, damn your sentiments — damn your sentiments. — [Exit Joseph following.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Joseph Surface's Apartment.

Jos. Mr. Stanley! — why should you think I would see Mr. Stanley! you know well enough he comes intreating for something.

Serv. They let him in before I knew of it; and old Rowley is with him,

Jos. 'Pshaw,' you blockhead; I am so distracted with my own misfortunes, I am not in a humour to speak to any one — but shew the fellow up. [Exit Servant.] Sure fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before — My character ruined with Sir Peter — my hopes of Maria lost — I'm in a pretty humour to listen to poor relations truly. — I shan't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on old Stanley. Oh, here he comes; I'll retire, and endeavour to put a little charity in my face however. [Exit.]

Enter *Sir Oliver* and *Rowley*.

Sir Oliv. What, does he avoid us? That was him *), was it not?

Rowl. Yes, Sir; but his nerves are too weak to bear the sight of a poor relation: I should have come first to break the matter to him.

Sir Oliv. A plague of his nerves — yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of a most benevolent way of thinking.

Rowl. Yes — he has as much speculative benevolence as any man in the kingdom, though he is not so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

Sir Oliv. Yet he has a string of sentiments, I suppose, at his fingers ends.

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*) That was him, *in der gemeinen Sprechart statt:* that was he.

Rowl. And his favourite one is, *That charity begins at home.*

Sir Oliv. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort, which never stirs abroad at all.

Rowl. Well, Sir, I'll leave you to introduce yourself as old Stanley; I must be here again to announce you in your real character.

Sir Oliv. True — and you'll afterwards meet me at Sir Peter's.

Rowl. Without losing a moment. [Exit Rowley.]

Sir Oliv. Here he comes — I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Enter *Joseph.*

Jos. Sir, your most obedient; I beg pardon for keeping you a moment — Mr. Stanley, I presume.

Sir Oliv. At your service, Sir.

Jos. Pray, be seated, Mr. Stanley, I intreat you, Sir.

Sir Oliv. Dear Sir, there's no occasion. [Aside.] Too ceremonious by half.

Jos. Though I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I am very glad to see you look so well. — I think, Mr. Stanley, you was nearly related to my mother.

Sir Oliv. I was, Sir; so nearly, that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children; else I would not presume to trouble you now.

Jos. Ah, Sir, don't mention that — For the man who is in distress has ever a right to claim kindred with the wealthy; I am sure I wish I was of that number, or that it was in my power to afford you even a small relief.

Sir Oliv. If your uncle Sir Oliver was here, I should have a friend.

Jos. I wish he was, Sir, you should not want an advocate with him, believe me.

Sir Oliv. I should not need one, my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty had enabled you to be the agent of his charities.

Jos. Ah, Sir, you are mistaken; avarice, avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age; to be sure it has been spread abroad that he has been very bountiful to me, but without the least foundation, though I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir Oliv. And has he never remitted you bullion *), rupees **), or pagodas ***)?

Jos. Oh, dear Sir, no such thing. I have indeed received some trifling presents from him, such as shawls, avadavits ****), and Indian crackers; nothing more, Sir.

Sir Oliv. There's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds! [Aside.] Shawls, avadavits, and Indian crackers!

Jos. Then there's my brother, Mr. Stanley; one would scarce believe what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir Oliv. Not I for one. [Aside.]

Jos. Oh, the sums I have lent him! — Well, 'twas an amiable weakness — I must own I can't defend it, tho' it appears more blameable at present, as it prevents me from serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart directs.

Sir Oliv. Dissembler — [Aside.] — then you cannot assist me.

Jos. I am very unhappy to say it's not in my power at present; but you may depend upon hearing from me when I can be of any service to you.

Sir Oliv. Sweet Sir, you are too good.

Jos. Not at all, Sir; to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful, than to ask and be denied. Indeed, Mr. Stanley, you have deeply affected me. Sir, your most devoted; I wish you health and spirits.

Sir Oliv. Your ever grateful and perpetual [bowing low] humble servant.

Jos. I am extremely sorry, Sir, for your misfortunes — Here, open the door — Mr. Stanley, your most devoted.

Sir Oliv. Your most obliged servant. Charles, you are my heir. [Aside, and exit.]

Jos. This is another of the evils that attend a man's having so good a character — It subjects him to the importunity of the necessitous — the pure and sterling ore of charity is a very expensive article in the catalogue of a man's virtues; whereas, the sentimental French plate I use, answers the purpose full as well, and pays no tax. [Going.]

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*) Bullion, *Klumpen unbearbeiteten Goldes oder Silbers.* **) Rupee, *eine Indianische Münze (s. Theil I S.* 467. ***) Pagod, *gleichfalls eine Indianische Goldmünze, an Werth* 2 *Rthlr.* 5 *Gr. bis* 2 *Rthlr.* 11 *Gr.* ****) Avadavits, *vermuthlich der auch unter dem Namen* Hirundo esculenta *bekannte Indianische Vogel.*

Enter *Rowley*.

Rowl. Mr. Surface, your most obedient; I wait on you from your uncle, who is just arrived. [Gives him a note.]

Jos. How! Sir Oliver arrived! — Here, Mr. — call back Mr. Stanley.

Rowl. It's too late, Sir, I met him going out of the house.

Jos. Was ever any thing so unfortunate! [Aside.] — I hope my uncle has enjoyed good health and spirits.

Rowl. Oh, very good, Sir; he bid me inform you he'll wait on you within this half hour.

Jos. Present him my kind love and duty, and assure him I'm quite impatient to see him. [Bowing.]

Rowl. I shall, Sir. [Exit Rowley.]

Jos. Pray do, Sir, [bows] — This was the most cursed piece of ill luck. [Exit Joseph.]

SCENE II.

Sir Peter Teazle's House.

Enter *Mrs. Candour* and *Maid*.

Maid. Indeed, madam, my lady will see no one at present.

Mrs. Cand. Did you tell her it was her friend, Mrs. Candour?

Maid. I did, madam, and she begs to be excused.

Mrs. Cand. Go again, for I am sure she must be greatly distressed. [Exit Maid.] How provoking to be kept waiting — I am not mistress of half the circumstances: — I shall have the whole affair in the news-papers, with the parties names at full length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

Enter *Sir Benjamin Backbite*.

Mrs. Cand. Oh, — Sir Benjamin, I am glad you are come; have you heard of Lady Teazle's affair? Well, I never was so surprised — and I am so distressed for the parties.

Sir Benj. Nay, I can't say I pity Sir Peter, he was always so partial to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Cand. Mr. Surface! Why it was Charles.

Sir Benj. Oh, no, madam, Mr. Surface was [illegible]nt.

Mrs. Cand. No, Charles was the lover; [illegible] Sur-

face, to do him justice, was the cause of the discovery: he brought Sir Peter; and —

Sir Benj. Oh, my dear madam, no such thing; for I had it from one —

Mrs. Cand. Yes, and I had it from one, that had it from one that knew. —

Sir Benj. And I had it from one —

Mrs. Cand. No such thing — But here comes my Lady Sneerwell, and perhaps she may have heard the particulars.

Enter *Lady Sneerwell.*

L. Sneer. Oh, dear Mrs. Candour, her's is a sad affair about our friend Lady Teazle!

Mrs. Cand. Why, to be sure, poor thing, I am much concerned for her.

L. Sneer. I protest so am I — though I must confess she was always too lively for me.

Mrs. Cand. But she had a great deal of good nature.

Sir Benj. And had a very ready wit.

Mrs. Cand. But do you know all the particulars? [To Lady Sneerwell.]

Sir Benj. Yet who could have suspected Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Cand. Charles, you mean.

Sir Benj. No, Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Cand. Oh, 'twas Charles.

L. Sneer. Charles!

Mrs. Cand. Yes, Charles.

Sir Benj. I'll not pretend to dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but be it as it may, I hope Sir Peter's wounds won't prove mortal.

Mrs. Cand. Sir Peter's wounds! what! did they fight! I never heard a word of that.

Sir Benj. No! —

Mrs. Cand. No! —

L. Sneer. Nor I, a syllable: do, dear Sir Benjamin, tell me.

Sir Benj. Oh, my dear madam, then you don't know half the affair — Why — why — I'll tell you — Sir Peter, you must know, had a long time suspected Lady Teazle's visits to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Cand. To Charles, you mean.

Sir Benj. No, Mr. Surface — and upon going to his house, and finding Lady Teazle there, Sir, says Sir Peter, you are a very ungrateful fellow.

Mrs. Cand. Ay, that was Charles.

Sir Benj. Mr. Surface. — And old as I am, says he, I demand immediate satisfaction: upon this, they both drew their swords, and to it they fell *).

Mrs. Cand. That must be Charles; for it is very unlikely that Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

Sir Benj. 'Sdeath, madam, not at all. Lady Teazle, upon seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and was followed by Charles, calling out for hartshorn and water. They fought, and Sir Peter received a wound in his right side by the thrust of a small sword.

Enter *Crabtree.*

Crab. Pistols! pistols! nephew.

Mrs. Cand. Oh, Mr. Crabtree, I am glad you are come; now we shall have the whole affair.

Sir Benj. No, no, it was a small sword, uncle.

Crab. Zounds, nephew, I say it was a pistol.

Sir Benj. A thrust in a second **) through the small guts.

Crab. A bullet lodged in the thorax.

Sir Benj. But give me leave, dear uncle, it was a small sword.

Crab. I tell you it was a pistol — Won't you suffer any body to know any thing but yourself. — It was a pistol, and Charles —

Mrs. Cand. Ay! I knew it was Charles.

Sir Benj. Mr. Surface, uncle.

Crab. Why zounds! I say it was Charles; must nobody speak but yourself! I'll tell you how the whole affair was.

L. Sneer. }
Mrs. Cand. } Ay do, do, pray tell us.

Sir Benj. I see my uncle knows nothing at all about the matter.

Crab. Mr. Surface you must know, ladies, came late from Salt-hill ***), where he had been the evening before with a particular friend of his, who has a son at Eaton; his pistols were left on the bureau, and unfortunately loaded, and on Sir Peter's taxing Charles —

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*) *Sie machten sich daran.* **) A thrust in a second, *vermuthlich ein aus der Fechtersprache entlehnter Ausdruck.*

***) *Salt-hill, ein Dorf bei Windsor, auf dem Wege von London nach Bath, wo einige gute Wirthshäuser sind.*

Sir Benj. Mr. Surface you mean.

Crab. Do, pray, nephew, hold your tongue, and let me speak sometimes — I say, ladies, upon his taking Charles to account, and taxing him with the basest ingratitude —

Sir Benj. Ay, ladies, I told you Sir Peter taxed him with ingratitude.

Crab. They agreed each to take a pistol — They fired at the same instant — Charles's ball took place, and lodged in the thorax. Sir Peter's missed and what is very extraordinary, the ball grazed against a little bronze Shakspeare that stood over the chimney, flew off thro' the window, at right angles; and wounded the post man, who was just come to the door with a double letter *) from Northamptonshire **).

Sir Benj. I heard nothing of all this! I must own, ladies, my uncle's account is more circumstantial, though I believe mine is the true one.

L. Sneer. I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [Aside and exit.]

Sir Benj. Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

Crab. Why, yes; they do say — but that's neither here nor there ***).

Mrs. Cand. But pray where is Sir Peter now? I hope his wound won't prove mortal.

Crab. He was carried home immediately, and has given positive orders to be denied to every body.

Sir Benj. And, I believe, Lady Teazle is attending him.

Mrs. Cand. I do believe so too.

Crab. Certainly — I met one of the faculty ****) as I came in.

Sir Benj. Gad so! and here he comes.

Crab. Yes, yes, that's the doctor.

Mrs. Cand. That certainly must be the physician — Now we shall get information.

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*) A double letter, *ein Brief der doppeltes Porto geben muss. — Die Ausführlichkeit, mit der er alles erzählt, soll seiner Aussage mehr Glaubwürdigkeit verschaffen.* **) *Northamptonshire, eine bekannte Englische Grafschaft.* ***) 'Tis neither here nor there, *es ist weder hier noch da; weder gehauen noch gestochen.* ****) *Von der medizinischen Fakultät.*

Enter *Sir Oliver Surface.*

Dear Doctor, how is your patient?

Sir Benj. I hope his wounds are not mortal?

Crab. Is he in a fair way of recovery?

Sir Benj. Pray, Doctor, was he not wounded by a thrust of a sword through the small guts?

Crab. Was it not by a bullet that lodged in the thorax?

Sir Benj. Nay, pray answer me.

Crab. Dear, dear Doctor speak. [All pulling him.]

Sir Oliv. Hey, hey, good people, are you all mad? — Why, what the devil is the matter? — a sword through the small guts, and a bullet lodged in the thorax! What would you all be at?

Sir Benj. Then perhaps, Sir, you are not a Doctor.

Sir Oliv. If I am, Sir, I am to thank you for my degree.

Crab. Only a particular friend, I suppose.

Sir Oliv. Nothing more, Sir.

Sir Benj. Then I suppose, as you are a friend, you can be better able to give us some account of his wounds!

Sir Oliv. Wounds!

Mrs. Cand. What! hav'n't you heard he was wounded — The saddest accident!

Sir Benj. A thrust with the sword through the small guts.

Crab. A bullet in the thorax.

Sir Oliv. Good people, speak one at a time, I beseech you — You both agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

Crab.
Sir Benj. } Ay, ay, we both agree in that.

Sir Oliv. Then I will be bold to say, Sir Peter is one of the most imprudent men in the world, for here he comes walking as if nothing had happened.

Enter *Sir Peter.*

My good friend, you are certainly mad to walk about in this condition; you should go to bed, you that have had a sword through your small guts, and a bullet lodged in your thorax.

Sir Pet. A sword through my small guts, and a bullet lodged in my thorax?

Sir Oliv. Yes, these worthy people would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me a Doctor, in order to make me an accomplice.

Sir Pet. What is all this?

Sir Benj. Sir Peter, we are all very glad to find the story of the duel is not true.

Crab. And exceedingly sorry for your other misfortunes.

Sir Pet. So, so, all over the town already. [Aside.]

Mrs. Cand. Though, as Sir Peter was so good a husband, I pity him sincerely.

Sir Pet. Plague of your pity.

Crab. As you continued so long a batchelor, you was certainly to blame to marry at all.

Sir Pet. Sir, I desire you'll consider this is my own house.

Sir Benj. However, you must not be offended at the jests you'll meet on this occasion.

Crab. It is no uncommon case, that's one thing.

Sir Pet. I insist upon being master here; in plain terms, I desire you'll leave my house immediately.

Mrs. Cand. Well, well, Sir, we are going, and you may depend upon it; we shall make the best of the story *). [Exit.]

Sir Benj. And tell how badly you have been treated.

Sir Pet. Leave my house directly. [Exit Sir Benjamin.]

Crab. And how patiently you bear it. [Exit Crabtree.]

Sir Pet. Leave my house, I say — Fiends, furies, there is no bearing it!

Enter *Rowley*.

Sir Oliv. Well, Sir Peter, I have seen my nephews.

Rowl. And Sir Oliver is convinced your judgment is right after all.

Sir Oliv. Ay, Joseph is the man.

Rowl. Such sentiments!

Sir Oliv. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

Rowl. Oh, 'tis edification to hear him talk.

Sir Oliv. He is a pattern for the young men of the age — But how comes it, Sir Peter, that you don't join in his praises?

Rowl. Sir Oliver, we live in a damn'd wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

Sir Oliv. Right, right, my old friend — But was you always so moderate in your judgment?

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*) To make the best or the most of any thing, *heifst eigentlich: eine Sache aufs beste benutzen. — Die Redensart scheint vom Verkauf entlehnt zu seyn, wo man bemüht ist, den höchsten Preis für eine Sache zu erhalten.*

Rowl. Do you say so, Sir Peter, you who never was mistaken in your life?

Sir Pet. Oh, the plague of your jokes — I suppose you are acquainted with the whole affair.

Rowl. I am indeed, Sir. — I met Lady Teazle returning from Mr. Surface's, so humbled, that she deigned to beg even me to become her advocate.

Sir Pet. What! does Sir Oliver know it too?

Sir Oliv. Ay, aye, every circumstance.

Sir Pet. What! about the closet and the screen.

Sir Oliv. Yes, and the little French milliner too. I never laughed more in my life.

Sir Pet. And a very pleasant jest it was.

Sir Oliv. This is your man of sentiments, Sir Peter.

Sir Pet. Oh damn his sentiments.

Sir Oliv. You must have made a pretty appearance when Charles dragged you out of the closet.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, that was very diverting.

Sir Oliv. And, egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down.

Sir Pet. My face when the screen was thrown down! Oh yes! — There's no bearing this. [Aside.]

Sir Oliv. Come, come, my old friend, don't be vexed, for I can't help laughing for the soul of me. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pet. Oh, laugh on — I am not vexed — no, no; it is the pleasantest thing in the world. To be the standing jest of all one's acquaintance, 'tis the happiest situation imaginable.

Rowl. See, Sir, yonder's my Lady Teazle coming this way, and in tears, let me beg of you to be reconciled.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, I'll leave Rowley to mediate between you, and take my leave; but you must make haste after me to Mr. Surface's, where I go, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy. [Exit.]

Sir Pet. I'll be with you at the discovery; I should like to see it, though it is a vile unlucky place for discoveries. Rowley [looking out] she's not coming this way.

Rowl. No, Sir, but she has left the room-door open, and waits your coming.

Sir Pet. Well, certainly mortification is very becoming in a wife. — Don't you think I had best let her pine a little longer?

Rowl. Oh, Sir, that's being too severe.

Sir Pet. I don't think so; the letter I found from Charles was evidently intended for her.

Rowl. Indeed, Sir Peter, you are much mistaken.

Sir Pet. If I was convinced of that — see, Master Rowley, she looks this way — what a remarkable elegant turn of the head she has — I have a good mind to go to her.

Rowl. Do, dear Sir.

Sir Pet. But when it is known that we are reconciled, I shall be laughed at more than ever.

Rowl. Let them laugh on, and retort their malice upon themselves, by shewing them you can be happy in spite of their slander.

Sir Pet. Faith and so I will, Master Rowley, and my Lady Teazle and I may still be the happiest couple in the country.

Rowl. O fie, Sir Peter, he that lays aside suspicion —

Sir Pet. My dear Rowley, if your have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment again; I have had enough of that to last me *) the remainder of my life. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Joseph's Library.

Enter *Joseph* and *Lady Sneerwell.*

L. Sneer. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter be immediately reconciled to Charles, and no longer oppose his union with Maria?

Jos. Can passion mend it?

L. Sneer. No, nor cunning neither. I was a fool to league with such a blunderer **).

Jos. Sure, my Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer in this affair, and yet, you see, I bear it with calmness.

L. Sneer. Because the disappointment does not reach your heart; your interest only was concerned. — Had you felt for Maria, what I do for that unfortunate libertine, your brother, you would not be dissuaded from taking every revenge in your power.

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*) *Um davon einen Vorrath zu haben.* **) Blunderer, *ein Mensch der sich leicht übereilt, ein Tölpel.*

Jos. Why will you rail at me for the disappointment.

L. Sneer. Are you not the cause? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavour to seduce his wife. I hate such an avarice of crimes; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

Jos. Well, I own I am to blame — I have deviated from the direct rule of wrong. Yet, I cannot think circumstances are so bad as your Ladyship apprehends.

L. Sneer. No!

Jos. You tell me you have made another trial of Snake, that he still proves steady to our interest, and that he is ready, if occasion requires, to swear to a contract having passed between Charles and your Ladyship.

L. Sneer. And what then?

Jos. Why, the letters which have been so carefully circulated, will corroborate his evidence, and prove the truth of the assertion. But I expect my uncle every moment, and must beg your Ladyship to retire into the next room.

L. Sneer. But if he should find me out.

Jos. I have no fear of that — Sir Peter won't tell for his own sake, and I shall soon find out Sir Oliver's weak side.

L. Sneer. Nay, I have no doubt of your abilities, only be constant to one villany at a time.

Jos. Well, I will, I will. — [Exit Lady Sneerwell.] — It s confounded hard though, to be baited by one's confederates in wickedness — [knocking] — Who have we got here? My uncle Oliver, I suppose — Oh; old Stanley again! How came he here? He must not stay —

Enter *Sir Oliver.*

I told you already, Mr. Stanley, that it was not in my power to relieve you.

Sir Oliv. But I hear, Sir, that Sir Oliver is arrived, and perhaps he might — —

Jos. Well, Sir; you cannot stay now, Sir, but any other time, Sir; you shall certainly be relieved.

Sir Oliv. Oh, Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

Jos. I must insist upon your going. Indeed Mr. Stanley, you can't stay.

Sir Oliv. Positively I must see Sir Oliver.

Jos. Then positively you shan't stay. [Pushing him out.]

Enter *Charles*.

Char. Hey day! what's the matter? Why, who the devil have we got here! What, my little Premium. Oh, brother, you must not hurt my little broker. But hark ye, Joseph, what, have you been borrowing money too?

Jos. Borrowing money! No, brother — We expect my uncle Oliver here every minute, and Mr. Stanley insists upon seeing him.

Char. Stanley! Why his name is Premium.

Jos. No, no! I tell you his name is Stanley.

Char. But I tell you again his name is Premium.

Jos. It don't signify what his name is.

Char. No more it don't, as you say, brother; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-houses *). But old Noll must not come and catch my little broker here neither.

Jos. Mr. Stanley, I beg —

Char. And I beg, Mr. Premium —

Jos. You must go indeed, Mr. Stanley.

Char. Ay, you must go, Mr. Premium.

[Both pushing him.]

Enter *Sir Peter*, *Lady Teazle*, *Maria* and *Rowley*.

Sir Peter. What, my old friend Sir Oliver! what's the matter? — In the name of wonder were there ever two such ungracious nephews, to assault their uncle at his first visit.

L. Teaz. On my word, Sir, it was well we came to your rescue.

Jos. Charles!

Char. Joseph!

Jos. Now our ruin is complete.

Char. Very.

Sir Pet. You find, Sir Oliver, your necessitous character of old Stanley could not protect you.

Sir Oliv. No! nor Premium neither. The necessities of the former could not extract a shilling from that benevolent gentleman there; and with the other I stood a worse chance

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*) *Es ist in England üblich, daſs sich jemand, der bei gewissen Angelegenheiten seinen eigentlichen Namen nicht bekannt werden lassen will, durch einige Buchstaben des Alphabets z. E. X. Y. kenntlich macht. Er macht diese Addresse in irgend einem Kaffeehause bekannt und kann so leicht gefunden werden.*

than my ancestors, and had like to have been knocked down without being bid for. Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley, look upon that elder nephew of mine; you both know what I have done for him, and how gladly I would have looked upon half my fortune as held only in trust for him *). Judge, then, of my surprise and disappointment, at finding him destitute of truth, charity and gratitude!

Sir Pet. Sir Oliver, I should be as much surprised as you, if I did not already know him to be artful, selfish, and hypocritical.

L. Teaz. And if he pleads not guilty to all this **), let him call on me to finish his character.

Sir Pet. Then I believe we need not add more; for if he knows himself, it will be a sufficient punishment for him that he is known by the world.

Char. If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to me by and by ***). [Aside.]

Sir Oliv. As for that profligate there —

[Pointing to Charles.]

Char. Ay, now comes my turn; the damn'd family pictures will ruin me.

Jos. Sir Oliver, will you honour me with a hearing?

Char. Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I should have time to recollect myself. [Aside.]

Sir Pet. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself entirely.

Jos. I trust I could, Sir.

Sir Oliv. 'Pshaw! [turns away from him] and I suppose you could justify yourself too. [To Charles.]

Char. Not, that I know of, Sir.

Sir Oliv. What, my little Premium was let too much into the secret!

Char. Why yes, Sir; but they were family secrets, and should go no further.

Rowl. Come, come, Sir Oliver, I am sure you cannot look upon Charles's follies with anger.

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*) *Der Sinn ist: ich würde die Hälfte meines Vermögens blofs so angesehen haben, als wenn ich dieselbe für ihn verwaltet.* **) To plead guilty or not guilty, *auf eine Klage antworten, ob man schuldig oder nicht schuldig sey.* ***) By and by, *bald, in kurzer Zeit.*

Sir Oliv. No, nor with gravity neither. — Do you know, Sir Peter, the young rogue has been selling me his ancestors; I have bought judges and staff-officers by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as old china.

[During this speech Charles laughs behind his hat.]

Char. Why, that I have made free with the family canvass is true; my ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it; but believe me when I tell you (and upon my soul I would not say it, if it was not so), if I don't appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is, because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction, at seeing you, my liberal benefactor. [Embraces him.]

Sir Oliv. Charles, I forgive you; give me your hand again; the little ill-looking fellow over the settee has made your peace for you.

Char. Then, Sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

L. Teaz. Sir Oliver, here is another, with whom, I dare say, Charles is no less anxious to be reconciled.

Sir Oliv. I have heard of that attachment before, and with the Lady's leave — if I construe right, that blush —

Sir Pet. Well, child, speak for yourself.

Mar. I have little more to say, than that I wish him happy, and for any influence I might once have had over his affections, I most willingly resign them to one who has a better claim to them.

Sir Pet. Hey! what's the matter now? While he was a rake and profligate, you would hear of nobody else; and now that he is likely to reform, you won't have him. What's the meaning of all this?

Mar. His own heart, and Lady Sneerwell, can best inform you.

Char. Lady Sneerwell!

Jos. I am verry sorry, brother, I am obliged to speak to this point, but justice demands it from me; and Lady Sneerwell's wrongs can no longer be concealed.

Enter *Lady Sneerwell.*

Sir Pet. Another French milliner! — I believe he has one in every room in the house.

L. Sneer. Ungrateful Charles! well you may seem confounded and surprised at the indelicate situation to which your perfidy has reduced me.

Char. Pray, uncle, is this another of your plots? for, as I live, this is the first I ever heard of it.

Jos. There is but one witness, I believe, necessary to the business.

Sir Pet. And that witness is Mr. Snake — you were perfectly in the right in bringing him with you. Let him appear.

Rowl. Desire Mr. Snake to walk in. — It is rather unlucky, madam, that he should be brought to confront and not support your Ladyship.

Enter *Snake.*

L. Sneer. I am surprised! what, speak villain! have you too conspired against me?

Snake. I beg your Ladyship ten thousand pardons: I must own you paid me very liberally for the lying questions, but I have unfortunately been offered double for speaking the truth.

Sir Pet. Plot and counter-plot — I give your Ladyship much joy of your negociation.

L. Sneer. May the torments of despair aud disappointment light upon you all! [Going.]

L. Teaz. Hold, Lady Sneerwell; before you go, give me leave to return you thanks, for the trouble you and this gentleman took, in writing letters in my name to Charles, and answering them yourself; — and, at the same time, I must beg, you will present my compliments to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, returns the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer *).

L. Sneer. You too, madam! Provoking, Insolent! — may your husband live these fifty years. [Exit.]

L. Teaz. O Lord — what a malicious creature it is.

Sir Pet. Not for her last wish I hope.

L. Teaz. Oh, no, no.

Sir Pet. Well, Sir — what have you to say for yourself. [To Joseph.]

Jos. Sir, I am so confounded that Lady Sneerwell should

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*) *Lady Teazle sagt im Scherz: sie wolle nicht mehr Mitglied des häſslichen Collegiums seyn, wo Lady Sneerwell den Vorsitz habe; sie gebe ihr Diplom als Licentiatin zurück, gebe die Praxis auf und wolle forthin keinen moralischen Todschlag mehr begehen. Die ganze feierliche Redensart ist, wie man leicht einsieht, von den Ärzten entlehnt und unter* licentiate *ist hier gleichfalls eine niedere akademische Würde der Ärzte zu verstehen.*

impose upon us all, by suborning Mr. Snake, that I know not what to say — but — lest her malice should prompt her to injure my brother — I had better follow her. [Exit.]

Sir Pet. Moral to the last.

Sir Oliv. Marry her, Joseph, marry her if you can — Oil and vinegar — you'll do very well together.

Rowl. Mr. Snake, I believe we have no further occasion for you.

Snake. Before I go, I must beg pardon of these good ladies and gentlemen, for whatever trouble I have been the humble instrument of causing.

Sir Pet. You have made amends by your open confession.

Snake. But I must beg it as a favour that it may never be spoke of.

Sir Pet. What! are you ashamed of having done one good action in your life?

Snake. Sir, I request you to consider that I live by the badness of my character, and if it was once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should loose every friend I have in the world. [Exit.]

Sir Oliv. Never fear, we shan't traduce you by saying any thing in your praise.

Sir Pet. There's a specious rogue for you.

L. Teaz. You see, Sir Oliver, it needed no great persuasion to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

Sir Oliv. So much the better; I'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir Pet. What, before you ask the girl's consent.

Char. I have done that a long time since — above a minute ago — and she look'd —

Mar. O fie, Charles — I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word said.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, the less the better [joining their hands] there — and may your love never know abatement.

Sir Pet. And may you live as happily together, as Lady Teazle and I — intend to do.

Char. I suspect, Rowley, I owe much to you.

Sir Oliv. You do, indeed.

Rowl. Sir, if I had failed in my endeavours to serve you, you would have been indebted to me for the attempt. But deserve to be happy, and you over-pay me.

Sir Pet. Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

Char. Look ye, Sir Peter, as to reforming, I shall make no promises, and that I take to be the strongest proof that I intend setting about it *). But here shall be my monitor, my gentle guide — can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, should'st wave thy beauty's sway,
Thou still must rule, because I will obey;
An humble fugitive from folly view,
No sanctuary near but love — and you.
You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,
For even scandal dies — if you approve.

BERESFORD.

BENJAMIN BERESFORD, *geboren im Jahre* 1750 *zu Bewdley an den Ufern der Severn, war anfänglich zum Handel bestimmt, widmete sich aber nachmals den Studien, und brachte mehrere Jahre zu Oxford zu. Hierauf wurde er* private tutor *des (den 2ten März* 1802 *im 37sten Jahre seines Alters verstorbenen) Herzogs von Bedford, und erhielt von demselben zwei Predigerstellen zu Bedford. Eine unglückliche Ehe, deren besondere Umstände in seinem Vaterlande nur zu wohl bekannt sind, veranlaſste ihn, dasselbe seit dem Jahre* 1781 *mehrere Male zu verlassen, und das Ausland zu besuchen. Auf diesen Reisen sah er Italien (Kalabrien und Sicilien nicht ausgenommen), Holland, die Schweiz und Frankreich. Sein Aufenthalt in dem letztern Lande fiel in die schreckliche Periode der Revolution, wo Robespierre herrschte und — fiel. Seit dem Jahre* 1796 *besuchte Herr Beresford sein Vaterland nicht wieder (woraus man auf die Gröſse der ihm wiederfahrnen Kränkungen schlieſsen kann), und wählte Berlin zu seinem gewöhnlichen Aufenthalt, wo er sich theils damit beschäftigte, Ihro Majestät der verewigten Königin und einigen andern Personen Unterricht in seiner Muttersprache zu ertheilen, theils seine Muſse auf Übersetzungen aus dem Deutschen zu verwenden. Zu den*

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*) And that I take — about it, *und das sehe ich als den stärksten Beweis an, daſs ich wirklich die Absicht habe, daran (an meiner Besserung) zu arbeiten.*

letztern gehört die Übersetzung der Schrift: von Kotzebue's merkwürdigstes Jahr meines Lebens, welche bei Philips in London gedruckt ist, und bereits zwei Auflagen erlebt hat; ferner die ungemein gelungene Nachbildung mehrerer Deutschen poetischen Stücke, die in verschiedenen zum Theil mehrmals gedruckten Sammlungen unter den Titeln: the German Erato, the German Songster, German Ballads and Songs etc., *mit der Musik, aber auch ohne diese unter dem Titel erschienen sind:* Translations of German Poems, extracted from the musical publications of the Author of the German Erato. To which are added some other pieces by the same hand. *Berlin, 2 Vol.,* 1801 *und* 1803. *In dieser Ausgabe ist das Deutsche Original der Englischen Nachbildung gegenüber gedruckt. Nur selten haben unsere Deutschen Dichter das Glück gehabt, den Ausländern, und am wenigsten den Engländern auf eine so vortheilhafte Art bekannt geworden zu seyn, als dies durch Herrn Beresford's Übersetzungen geschehen ist. Fänden Deutschlands Klassiker mehrere solche Übersetzer, als der Genannte ist, so würde die Deutsche Literatur sich keines bloss vorübergehenden Glücks im Auslande zu erfreuen haben, sondern ihrem wahren Werthe nach geschätzt werden. Man sagt übrigens nicht zu viel, wenn man behauptet, dass mehrere dieser übersetzten Deutschen Gedichte unter seinen Händen in der Nachbildung gewonnen haben. Um so mehr ist es zu bedauern, dass dieser talentvolle Mann sich durch Umstände genöthigt sieht, die Übersetzung unserer grössern Meisterwerke entweder gänzlich abzulehnen, oder ihnen nur dann und wann einige Stunden zu widmen. So hat der Verfasser dieser Anzeige schon vor geraumer Zeit ein Bruchstück der Übersetzung von Wieland's Musarion gelesen, welches die Vollendung des Ganzen sehr begehrenswerth macht. Während der letzten Zeit seines Aufenthalts in Berlin beschäftigte sich Herr Beresford mit der Übertragung von Siegfried's Siama und Galmory, wovon wir hier den Anfang mittheilen. Er hat auch von Kotzebue's Bayard metrisch übersetzt und das Manuskript Herrn Sheridan übersandt; ob dieses Stück indessen bereits auf einer Londoner Bühne aufgeführt worden ist oder nicht, ist uns unbekannt. Zu den uns bekannten literarischen Arbeiten des Herrn Beresford gehört endlich noch eine aus den klassischen Schriftstellern seiner Nation entlehnte Sammlung prosaischer und*

poetischer Aufsätze, welche unter dem Titel: Elegant Extracts in Prose and Verse, 2 *Vol.* 8. 1801 *erschienen ist, und eine Übersetzung der meisterhaften Biographie des Generals* *von Zieten, welche den Titel führt:* The Life of General de Zieten, by Madame de Blumenthal, translated from the German by the Rev. B. Beresford, P. D., 2 *Vol., Berlin* 1803. — *Übrigens hat dieser gelehrte Engländer vor einigen Jahren von der Universität zu Halle dadurch einen öffentlichen Beweis von Achtung erhalten, dass ihm dieselbe das Diplom eines Doktors der Philosophie übersandt hat (eine Ehre, welche Englische Universitäten auch unserm R. Forster und Herschel erwiesen haben), und dies, wie es im Diplom heifst, als einem* viro de lingua patria sua atque adeo nostra egregie merito felicissime transferendis in Anglicum sermonem lyricorum poetarum nostrorum carminibus. — *Gegenwärtig befindet sich Herr Beresford, nachdem er einige Zeit auf der Russischen Universität Dorpat, wohin er, zufolge eines an ihn ergangenen ehrenvollen Rufs (im September* 1803*), abging, die Stelle eines Lectors der Englischen Sprache versehen und sich hierauf eine Zeitlang in Petersburg aufgehalten hat, in Moskau, wo er der Englischen Gemeinde als Prediger vorsteht,*

1) To the Queen of Prussia, on her Birth-day.

(Berlin, 10 March, 1801.)

While titled suppliants throng the glitt'ring scene
To hail the day that gave the world a Queen,
Shall regal beauty deign to lend an ear,
Nor scorn a bard uncourtly and sincere? —
Who sees undazzled, scepter'd pomp display'd,
Yet bows to worth that shames all borrow'd aid;
To worth that shines untarnish'd on a throne,
In fair Louisa's bright example shown!
O, form'd alike to grace the courtly scene,
Or smile the sweetest on the village-green,
To charm alike the heart, the eye, the ear,
And claim the palm, though all around were fair; —
Amid the varied incense of the day,
Accept the tribute of an honest lay;
Nor deem the praise it bears, though warm it flows,
An elogy that Flattery's breath bestows:

For know, while such desert shall grace the theme,
That Praise for Truth is but another name.

2) Invitation to Joy *).

Say, who would mope in joyless plight,
While youth and spring bedeck the scene;
And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,
With thankless heart and frowning mien?
See Joy with becks and smiles appear,
While roses strew the devious way;
The feast of life she bids us share,
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

And still the grove is cool and green,
And clear the bubbling fountain flows;
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,
As erst in Paradise she rose:
The grapes their purple nectar pour,
To 'suage the heart that griefs oppress.
And still the lonely ev'ning-bow'r,
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

Still Philomela's melting strain,
Responsive to the dying gale,
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning vale!
Creation's scene expanded lies; —
Blest scene! how wond'rous bright and fair!
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

3) Poem to Siama and Galmory **).

Say, lonely wånd'rer, whither would'st thou stray?
The haunts of death beset thy fearful way;
Autumnal gales through moss-grown ruins sigh,

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*) *Nach Hölty's: Wer wollte sich mit Grillen plagen, u. s. w.* **) *Dieses Fragment ist im 2ten Theile der* Translations of German Poems, *Seite 34, abgedruckt.*

And day's last blushes linger in the sky.
Straight, silent night assumes her awful reign,
And brooding horror saddens all the plain.
No wretches wail, that errs at midnight's hour,
Shall wake the pity of the churlish boor; —
O stay thy step, nor tempt the guileful road
Where death and darkness hold their dread abode.
Now slacks thy pace, askance thy footsteps rove; —
Does meditation lead thee to the grove?
Or yonder fading hills, with plantains crown'd,
Allure thy step? — or does the hallow'd ground
Entomb the ashes of the plighted fair,
And from thy widow'd couch invite thee here
To pour thy wail, unmindful of relief,
And o'er her urn indulge voluptuous grief?
Or does in vain thy tearful eye survey
If here perchance her fleeting spirit stray;
If 'neath the starry night's consoling gloom
She meet and hail thee at her silent tomb? —
If such thy tender plight, O welcome here:
And though the sainted dead no more appear,
Yet shall a tale alike in hopeless woe
Teach the big tear with soften'd pang to flow.
Hark! hear'st thou not? — e'en now the breezy air
Smote my still lute and whisper'd soft despair;
To Galmor's woes the trembling strings accord,
To her soft plaints responsive sounds are heard.
Nor e'en the ruthless grave divides the fair
From the dear object of her fondest care:
Lo where yon willow rears its verdant head,
And o'er the tombstone casts a gloomy shade,
In soft repose the hapless lovers lie
And prompt the gentle tribute of a sigh.
Then hear the Muse their tender tale impart,
While kindred sorrows swell thy thrilling heart
And Fancy spreads her magic pow'r around,
And stores with gliding forms the hallow'd ground.

4) MAY-DAY IN LIVONIA.

(Dorpat, May 1st, 1805.)

Dear month, in softer climes so fair,
The poet's theme, the lover's care;
With snowy garb and ruffled mien,
Thou com'st in vain to grace the scene:
Unhail'd by smiles of rustic glee,
Unbless'd by all, and most by me
Who erst have trod on Arno's side,
And nature hail'd in vernal pride.

O bear me hence, propitious pow'rs,
Where spring shall deck the mantling bow'rs;
Where cowslips rear their golden heads,
And where the violet scents the meads;
Where linnets wake the new-clad grove;
Where all is joy, and peace, and love!
Once more, in life's declining day,
To taste the sweets of blooming May!

WOLCOTT.

JOHN WOLCOTT, *bekannter unter dem angenommenen Namen* Peter Pindar, *wurde zu Dodbrook bei Kingsbridge in Devonshire geboren, und an dem letztern Orte auch erzogen. Sein Oheim, ein Wundarzt und Apotheker zu Fowey in Cornwallis, unterrichtete ihn in seiner Kunst, und der junge* Wolcott *erwarb sich auch unter der Leitung desselben einige gute medizinische Kenntnisse, wiewohl er alle müſsigen Augenblicke auf die Lectüre der besten neuern Schriftsteller, und auf Übungen im Zeichnen wandte. Als der Gouverneur von Jamaica, Sir* William Trelawney, *im Jahre 1769 nach dieser Insel abreisen wollte, entstand in dem jungen* Wolcott *ein heftiges Verlangen, diese Reise mitzumachen. Durch inständiges Bitten brachte er seinen Oheim dahin, daſs dieser, so ungern er es auch that, sich für ihn bei dem Gouverneur verwandte.* Wolcott, *welcher um diese Zeit Doktor der Arzneigelahrtheit geworden war, sah seinen Wunsch er-*

füllt. Unterwegs legte das Schiff bei Madeira an. Die Schönheiten dieser Insel begeisterten den jungen Dichter so sehr, dafs er hier einige Sonette verfertigte, die nicht ohne poetisches Verdienst sind. In Jamaica wurde er ausübender Arzt, und bald zum Physician general *der Insel ernannt. Nach dem Tode des Gouverneurs kehrte er nach Fowey zurück, und begab sich hierauf nach Truro, wo er mehrere Jahre praktisirte. Um diese Zeit starb sein Oheim, und hinterliefs ihm etwa* 2000 l. *Die satyrischen Talente des Doktors zeigten sich in Cornwallis bei mehreren Gelegenheiten, verwickelten ihn aber auch in kostspielige Prozesse; letztere veranlafsten ihn, seine bisherige Sphäre zu verlassen, und in einen ihm angemessenern Wirkungskreis zu treten. Noch während seines Aufenthalts in dieser Grafschaft hatte er Gelegenheit, ein Genie aus der Dunkelheit zu ziehen, das sonst vielleicht unbekannt geblieben wäre, nämlich den Maler John Opie, damals, als ihn unser Doktor kennen lernte, Lehrling eines Zimmermanns in dem Dorfe St. Anne, jetzt, durch Joshua Reynolds ausgebildet, einer der vorzüglichsten Künstler Englands. Von Wolcott's poetischen Produkten während der Zeit, dafs er Arzt war, hat der Verfasser der mit W. unterzeichneten biographischen Skizze desselben in den* Public Characters for 1798-99 *nur eine Probe auffinden können, nämlich eine im Jahre* 1776 *verfertigte Übersetzung des schönen lateinischen Gedichts des Meibomius:*

Somne levis, quamquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori:
Alma quies, optata veni; nam, sic, sine vita
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori,

welches Wolcott in wenigen Minuten so übertrug:

Come, gentle sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,
And tho' death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, thus lifeless, yet with life to lie,
Thus, without dying, O how sweet to die!

Wolcott's erste bekannt gemachte dichterische Arbeit war seine Epistle to the Reviewers, 1782, 4to, *ein ungemein schalkhaftes Produkt; diesem folgten* 1785 *seine* Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, *und im folgenden Jahre noch eine Anzahl Oden über denselben Gegenstand. Um eben die Zeit erschien seine komische Epopöe* the Lousiad, *ein Gedicht, das von Witz und Humor überströmt. Diesem folgte seine* Epistle on James Boswell, *den selbstischen Begleiter Johnson's auf*

dessen Reise nach den Hebriden, dann das Gedicht Bozzi and Piozzi etc. *Doch wir wollen lieber den Inhalt seiner, im Jahr* 1797 *zu London in* 3 *Bänden in* 8, *unter dem Titel:* The Works of Peter Pindar *herausgekommenen, Werke hersetzen. Volume I enthält:* 1) a Supplicating Epistle to the Reviewers. 2) Lyric odes to the royal Academicians, for 1782. 3) Ditto for 1783. 4) Ditto for 1785. 5) Farewell odes for 1786. 6—9) The Lousiad, Canto 1—4. 10) Congratulatory Epistle to James Boswell, Esq. 11) Bozzi and Piozzi, a Town Eclogue. 12) Ode upon Ode, or a peep of St. James's. 13) An apologetic Postscript to Ode upon Ode. 14) Instruction to a celebrated Laureat. 15) Brother Peter to Brother Tom. 16) Peter's Prophecy. 17) Peter's pension a solemn Epistle. — *Volume II enthält:* 18) Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Marocco. 19) Epistle to a falling Ministre. 20) Subjects for Painters. 21) Expostulatory odes. 22) A benevolent Epistle to Master John Nichols. 23) A Rowland for an Oliver. 24) Advice to the future Laureat. 25) Epistle to James Bruce, Esq. 26) The Rights of Kings. 27) Odes to Mr. Paine. 28) The Remonstrance. 29) More Money. 30) Odes of Importance. 31) The tears of St. Margaret. 32) A pair of lyric Epistles to Lord Macartney. 33) Odes to Kien Long. — *Volume III enthält:* 34) Epistle to the Pope. 35) Pathetic Odes to the Duke of Richmond. 36) The Lousiad, Canto 5. 37) Hair Powder, a plaintive Epistle to Mr. Pitt. 38) Frogmore Fête. 39) Royal Tour and Weymouth Amusements. 40) Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio. 41) Convention Bill, an Ode. *Unter diesen Gedichten befindet sich eine große Anzahl wahrer Meisterwerke.* Never, *sagt sein Biograph*, did any satirist display such various excellence. Those who disapproved of his sentiments, and were offended of his freedom and want of his respect for authority, could not read his poems with unmoved muscles. — Though our author, *heißt es an einem andern Orte*, has shone most conspicuously as a satirist (and here indeed, his splendour has been of an extraordinary brilliancy), yet the reader of his sonnets will sometimes be disposed, to regret his having devoted so much of his time and genius to temporary and personal subjects. The admirers of poetical elegance, may laugh at our bard's pleasant tales, and whimsical descriptions, but they will feel a more exquisite sensation on perusing the tender and sentimental effusions of his pen. *Dies eben Gesagte gilt unter andern, nach unserm Gefühl,*

in einem hohen Grade von dem hier mitgetheilten Gedicht to a Fly. *George Forster in seinen kleinen Schriften Theil 3, Seite 269, sagt von Wolcott: Juvenal's Peitschenhieb, Swift's bitterer Spott, Butler's Lache, die Seufzer Tibull's und (des Franzosen) Lafontaine's Erzählungston sind mit einer dem Verfasser eigenen feinen Ironie und mit allen Schönheiten der Dichtkunst zu einem unnachahmlichen Ganzen verbunden. Bei einer so hinreifsenden Lektüre verziehen Höflinge sogar, oder vergafsen es wenigstens, dafs der satyrische Proteus zur Ungebühr des Königs spotte. — Man vergleiche aufserdem noch die Allgem. Lit.-Zeitung, Februar* 1798. *Wolcott hat übrigens auch eine neue Ausgabe von Pilkington's* Dictionary of Painting *besorgt. Gegenwärtig soll er sich wieder mit Ausübung der Arzneikunde beschäftigen, wozu die Veranlassung folgende war: Er litt an einem Asthma und wurde wieder hergestellt. Während dieser Zeit hatte er Gelegenheit, genaue Beobachtungen über diese Krankheit anzustellen, und sich zu überzeugen, dafs dieselbe, auch im schlimmsten Zustande, heilbar sey. An der Wohlthätigkeit seinen gemachten Erfahrungen will er nun mehrere Theil nehmen lassen. — Seine Satyre ruhet indessen nicht ganz. Dies mufste Pitt, als er das Staatsruder niederlegte, nebst seinen Kollegen, auf eine ziemlich heftige, unserm Dichter aber wenig Ehre bringende, Art erfahren. Der Titel seiner bei dieser Gelegenheit bekannt gemachten Satyre ist:* Out at last, or the fallen Minister, by Peter Pindar, Esq., *mit dem Motto:* procumbit humi bos, *London* 4. *Einige Proben davon findet man in dem vierten Jahrgang der Zeitschrift London und Paris, No. IV, S.* 354 *u. ff. Der Faustkampf, der vor einiger Zeit zwischen Gifford* *) *und unserm Dichter vorfiel, wird mehrern Lesern wol noch in frischem Andenken seyn. Übrigens hoffen wir, dafs die aufgenommenen Stücke den Dichter hinlänglich charakterisiren werden; von der* Lousiad

*) *William Gifford, geboren im April des Jahres* 1757 *zu Ashburton, ist Verfasser der* Baviad *und* Mæviad, *zweier sehr geschätzten satyrischen Gedichte. Vor kurzem hat er eine wohlgelungene Übersetzung des Juvenal, die zu den vorzüglichsten Übersetzungen der Alten gerechnet wird, herausgegeben. Vor derselben steht seine Biographie, die man auch in den* Public Characters of 1802-1803 *findet; Herr Hüttner liefert daraus im 2ten Stück des 9ten Bandes der Englischen Miszellen, Seite* 142 *u. ff., einen Auszug.*

konnte der Beschränktheit des Raums wegen hier nur ein kleines Fragment eingerückt werden. Eine schöne Nachbildung eines Theils dieser komischen Epopöe findet man in einem der letzten Jahrgänge des satyrischen Almanacs von Falk.

1) To a Fly taken out of a Bowl of Punch.

Ah! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl;
Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipp'd soul —
Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralize, —
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup:
Though Fate, with all his legions, be at hand,
The beasts, the draught of Circe can't withstand,
But in goes every nose — they *must*, *will* sup.

Mad are the Passions, as a colt untam'd!
When Prudence mounts their backs to ride them mild,
They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflam'd,
Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
The Fates, so kind, have not yet snipp'd thy thread;
By heav'ns, thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo! again thou mov'st another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose;
And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands;
Much as to say, „I'm glad I'm here again."
And well mayst thou rejoice — 'tis very plain,
That near wert thou to Death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt —
Now turnest — on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
Now flutt'ring nectar from thy silken wings:

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
ing now to leave me — farewell, Fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford —
There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,
That saw thee, drunk, drop senseless in the stream,
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,
And now sits groaning for thy precious life.
Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
These will delight, and feed, and work no harm —
Whilst Punch, the grinning merry imp of sin,
Invites th' unwary wand'rer to a kiss,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,
Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

2) The tender Husband.

Lo, to the cruel hand of Fate
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-soul'd mate,
Resigns her tuneful breath —
Though dropp'd her jaw, her lip though pale,
And blue each harmless finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep —
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim those eyes that lately shone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite —
To lift his dart to hit her;
For as she was so great a woman,
And car'd a single fig for no man,
I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice, of late so strong,
That many a sweet Capricio sung,
And beat in sounds the spheres.
No longer must those fingers play
„Britons, strike home" *), that many a day
Have sooth'd my ravish'd ears?

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
To think I now might speak my mind,
Nor hurt her dear repose;
Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause —
How wonderful are Nature's laws!
When lady's breath retires,
Its fate the flaming passions share,
Supported by a little air,
Like culinary fires!

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
Shall Fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
And loud instructive lungs.
O Death, in her, though only one,
Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
At least a thousand tongues.

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
And saw her gently-closing eye,
How great was my surprise!
Yet have I not, with impious breath,
Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
Nor blam'd the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an angel fair?
Ah! why my bosom smite?
Could grief my Grizzle's life restore! —
But let me give such ravings o'er —
Whatever is, is right.

---

*) *Anfang eines bekannten Englischen Liedes.*

Oh, Doctor! you are come too late;
No more of physic's virtues prate,
That could not save my lamb:
Not one more bolus shall be giv'n —
You shall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of boluses, poor heart,
And pills, she took, to load a cart,
Before she clos'd her eyes;
But now my word is here a law,
Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw,
She shall not seek the skies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure:
I thank you for your pains and skill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blest:
In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream;
I cannot bear of grief extreme —
Enough one little sigh —
Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start belief,
Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare;
Her mouth, ah! slowly close;
Her mouth, a magic tongue that held,
Whose softest tone; at times, compell'd,
To peace, my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make —
I'd not be stingy, sure:

Procure of steel the strongest screws;
For who would paltry pence refuse,
To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head;
Since Fame reports, a coffin tost
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead.

Farewell, my love, for ever lost!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
That I again will woo —
By all our past delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
P — x take me if I do!

3) Fragment of the first Canto of the Lousiad.

Argument,

Description of the Louse's fall; History of his Wife and Family. A wonderfully sublime Simile of a Cow; Discovery of the Louse by his Majesty; Description of his Majesty's heart, most naturally compared to a dumpling; His Majesty's Speek to the Queen; Her Majesty's most gracious and short answer; The short Speech of the Princesses; His Majesty's rough rejoinder; The fear that came on the Queen and her Children — beautiful Apostrophe to the Princesses; the King's Speech to the Pages; the King unable to eat, the Queen able; the King's Orders about the Louse. Description of Dixon the Cook major — his Speech. —

The Louse I sing, who, from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down — (so will'd the dread decree of Fate!)
With legs wide sprawling on the Monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender race,
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'rers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:

Far from those pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,
Like wise Ulysses, from his native home;
Yet, like that sage, though forc'd to roam and mourn,
Like him, alas! not fated to return!
Who, full of rags and glory saw his boy *)
And wife **) again, and dog ***) that dy'd for joy.
Down dropp'd the luckless Louse, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children as he sprawl'd.
Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,
The Poet's eye, with sorrow, saw a cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep;
No more to reign a queen amongst the cattle,
And urge her rival beaus, the bulls, to battle;
She fell ****), rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
The Louse, with judge-like gravity, arose;
He wanted not a motive to entreat him,
Beside the horror that the King might eat him:
The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork,
Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,
Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.
Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was the Louse, as with the Royal brood
Our hungry King amus'd himself with food;
Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)
That Kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
Kings feed on solids less refin'd than air.
Paint, heav'nly Muse, the look, the very look,
That of the Sov'reign's face possession took,
When first he saw the Louse, in solemn state,
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!
Yet, could a Louse a British King surprise,
And like a pair of saucers stretch his eyes?

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*) Telemachus. **) Penelope.
***) Argus, for whose history see the Odyssey.
****) — Moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos. Virg.

The little tenant of a mortal head,
Shake the great Ruler of three realms with dread?
Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings)
What great effects arise from little things!

— What dire emotions shook the Monarch's soul!
Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll;
Whilst anger all his Royal heart possess'd,
That, swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast;
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,
As resolutely bent on jumping out,
T'avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire disgrace,
And nobly spit in the offender's face.
Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt allusion, to my mind)
Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot;
In vain! — the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.
„What's that! what's that!" th' astonish'd Monarch cries,
(Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)
„What monster's that, that's got into the house?
„Look, look, look, Charly! is not that a louse?"
The Queen look'd down, and said, „Mine Gote! good la!"
And with a smile the grey-back'd *Stranger* saw,
Each Princess strain'd her lovely neck to see,
And, with another smile, exclaim'd, „Good me!" —
„Mine Gote! Good me! is that all you can say?"
(Our gracious Monarch cry'd, with huge dismay.)
„What! What! a silly vacant smile take place
„Upon your Majesty's and children's face,
„Whilst that vile Louse (soon; soon to be unjointed!)
„Affronts the presence of the Lord's Anointed!"
Dash'd, as if tax'd with Hell's most deadly sins,
The Queen and Princesses drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And, very prudent, „words spake never more."
Sweet Maids! the beauteous boast of Britain's Isle,
Speak — were those peerless lips forbid to smile?
Lips! that the soul of simple Nature moves —

Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the Loves!
Lips of delight! unstain'd by Satire's gall!
Lips! that I never kiss'd — and never shall.
Now, to each trembling Page, a poor mute mouse,
The pious Monarch cried, „Is this *your* Louse?"
„Ah! Sire," (reply'd each Page with pig-like whine)
„An't please your Majesty, it is not mine."
„Not thine? (the hasty Monarch cried agen)
„What? what? what? what? what? who the devil's then?"
Now at this sad event the Sovereign, sore,
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more:
His wiser Queen, her gracious stomach studying,
Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding;
For Germans are a very hearty sort,
Whether begot in Hog-styes or a Court;
Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of stone)
The ills of others better than their own.
Grim Terror seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,
Of different sizes, and of different ages;
Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd like Jacob's sons!
Now to a Page, but *which* we can't determine,
The growling Monarch gave the plate and vermin:
„Watch well that blackguard animal," he cries,
„That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies!
„Watch, like a cat, that vile marauding Louse,
„Or George shall play the devil in the house.
„Some spirit whispers, that to cooks I owe
„The precious visitor that crawls below;
„Yes, yes! the whisp'ring Spirit tells me true.
„And soon shall vengeance all their locks pursue.
„Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
„Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig."
Thus roar'd the King — not Hercules so big;
And all the Palace echo'd — „Wear a wig!" —
Fear, like an ague, struck the pale-nos'd cooks,
And dash'd the beef and mutton from their looks;
Whilst from each cheek the rose withdrew its red,
And Pity blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.
But lo! the great Cook-Major *) comes! his eyes

*) *Dixon.*

Fierce as the redd'ning flame that roasts and fries;
His cheeks like bladders, with high passion glowing,
Or like a fat Dutch trumpeter's when blowing.
A neat white apron his huge corpse embrac'd,
Ty'd by two comely strings about his waist:
An apron that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches —
An apron that, in Monmouth Street *) high hung,
Oft to the winds with sweet deportment swung.

„Ye sons of dripping, on your Major look!"
(In sounds of deep-ton'd thunder, cry'd the Cook)
„By this white apron, that no more can hope
„To join the piece in Mister Inkle's shop;
„That oft hath held the best of Palace meat,
„And from this forehead wip'd the briny sweat;
„I swear this head disdains to lose its locks;
„And those that do not, tell them they are *Blocks*;
„Whose head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures?
„Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?
„Ten thousand crawlers in that head be hatch'd,
„For ever itching, but be never scratch'd!
„Then may the charming perquisite of grease
„The mammon of your pocket ne'er increase; —
„Grease! that so frequently hath brought you coin,
„From veal, pork, mutton, and the great Sir Loin **).
„O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks:
„Lo! to no King on earth I yield these locks.
„Few are my hairs behind, by age endear'd! —
„But, few or many, they shall not be shear'd. —

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*) *Monmouth-Street, eine in dem berüchtigten St. Giles-Viertel von London belegene Strasse, wo alte Sachen, vorzüglich alte Weiberkleidung, Schuhe, Hüthe und Wäsche, verkauft werden. Eine andere Strasse dieser Stadt, wo der Haupttrödel mit alten Kleidern getrieben wird, heisst Ragfair. Man sehe London und Paris, 3ten Bandes 1s St., S.* 6.

**) *Siehe die Erklärung dieses Worts im ersten Theile des Handbuchs, Seite* 126.

BLOOMFIELD.

Robert Bloomfield *wurde den 3ten Dezember 1766 zu Honington, einem zwischen Euston und Troston belegenen Dorfe, geboren. Sein Vater war ein Schneider, seine Mutter eine Schulhalterin. Ersterer starb als* Robert *noch kein volles Jahr alt war, letztere unterrichtete ihre Kinder, nebst der übrigen Dorfjugend, selbst, schickte aber unsern* Robert *noch nach der Schule zu Ixworth, wo er schreiben lernte. Er besuchte dieselbe indessen nur zwei oder drei Monate; auch ward er nachmals nie wieder in eine andere Unterweisungsanstalt geschickt. Seine Mutter hatte unterdessen nach dem Tode ihres ersten Mannes wiederum geheirathet.* Robert *wurde nun, als er eilf Jahr alt war, zu einem Landwirth W.* Austin *nach Sapiston, einem nicht weit von Honington belegenen Dorfe gebracht. Hier mufste er die Schafe hüten, und ähnliche ländliche Geschäfte verrichten, wurde aber von seinem vernünftigen Herrn sehr gut behandelt. In diesen Zeitraum gehört sein Gedicht* Giles *(*Julius*), dessen Held der Verfasser selbst ist. Da er indessen, wegen seines schwächlichen Körpers, zu den beschwerlichen Geschäften der Landwirthschaft nicht taugte, so erbot sich sein Bruder* George *ihn das Schuhmacherhandwerk zu lehren; zu gleicher Zeit verpflichtete sich ein anderer seiner Brüder,* Nathanael, *ihn mit den nöthigen Kleidungsstücken zu versehen. Dem zu Folge brachte ihn die Mutter 1781 nach London.* Robert *mufste hier nun allerlei kleine Ämter auf sich nehmen, unter andern fiel ihm das Vorlesen der Zeitungen anheim. Da ihm bei diesem Geschäft oft unbekannte Wörter aufstiefsen, so kaufte ihm sein Bruder bei einem Antiquarius ein Wörterbuch, und setzte ihn auf die Art in den Stand, die schönen Reden von* Burke, Fox, North *und anderen zu verstehen. Dadurch wurde der Kopf des kleinen* Robert *mit neuen Ideen bereichert. Überdiefs nahm ihn sein Bruder zuweilen mit in ein Bethaus für Dissenters, dann und wann auch in eine Debattengesellschaft* (Debating Society), *und einige Male nach Covent-Garden Theater; dies und die Lektüre einiger Bücher, waren die einzige Gelegenheit, die er*

hatte, sich zu unterrichten. Sein Bruder las um diese Zeit the London Magazine; *aus dieser Schrift, welche zum Theil auch literarische Nachrichten enthielt, erfuhr* Robert, *was in der gelehrten Welt vorging. Eines Tages recitirte derselbe ein Volkslied, welches er nach einer alten Weise gedichtet hatte. Sein Bruder, der sich sehr wunderte, solche fliessende Verse zu hören, ermunterte unsern* Robert *zu versuchen, ob nicht vielleicht der Herausgeber das* London Magazine *denselben eine Stelle in dieser Schrift einräumen mögte. Es gelang. Das Gedicht hiess* the Milk-Maid, *und wurde geschrieben, als* Robert *16 oder 17 Jahr alt war. Auch ein anderes Gedicht betitelt:* the Sailor's return, *wurde in jene Schrift aufgenommen. Nach einiger Zeit bekam* Robert *einige andere Bücher zu lesen, als* Thomson's *Jahrszeiten,* Milton's *verlornes Paradies und verschiedene Romane; vor allen machten die* Jahrszeiten *einen tiefen Eindruck auf ihn. Ein Streit, welcher sich um das Jahr 1786 unter den Londoner Schuhmachern über die Frage erhob, ob diejenigen welche nicht förmlich ihre Lehrjahre bei einem Meister bestanden hätten, als Gesellen arbeiten dürften, veranlasste unsern* Robert, *der bei seinem Bruder, einem Gesellen, das Handwerk erlernt hatte, sich auf zwei Monate in der Absicht von London zu entfernen, um seinem Bruder mögliche Unannehmlichkeiten zu ersparen. Er begab sich nun zu Herrn* Austin, *der ihn gütig aufnahm, und hielt sich einige Zeit bei demselben auf. Hier war es, wo er, noch voll von den Bildern, welche* Thomson's Seasons *in ihm erweckt hatten, und bezaubert von den Naturschönheiten, in deren Genuss er seine Jugendjahre zugebracht hatte, die erste Idee zu seinem Gedicht* the Farmer's Boy *(der Pachterbursche) fasste.* Robert *begab sich nach zwei Monaten wieder nach London, und ging, da der Streit der Schuhmachergesellen noch nicht beendigt war, zu einem Meister in die Lehre. Er verheirathete sich hier 1790 mit einem wohlgebildeten Frauenzimmer aus Woolwich, und arbeitete nun als Gesell, in einer Dachstube, mit sechs bis sieben andern Schuhmachergesellen. Unter solchen Umständen verfertigte er sein vorhin angeführtes Gedicht* the Farmer's Boy. *Ein Rechtsgelehrter Namens* Capel Lofft, *ein Mann von Kenntnissen, bekam dasselbe im November 1799 zu Gesicht, und wiewohl ihn anfänglich die Idee, nach* Thomson *ein ähnliches Werk zu schreiben, zu-*

rückstiefs, so wurde er doch bald von den Vorzügen desselben so eingenommen, dafs er es, in Verbindung mit seinem Freunde Hill, *der Presse übergab. Der vollständige Titel, den es im Original führt, ist:* the Farmer's Boy; a rural poem, by Robert Bloomfield *(nachgedruckt Leipzig* 1801*). Vorn steht eine Nachricht von dem Verfasser, welche eigentlich von dem Bruder des Dichters,* George, *herrührt. Der allgemeine Charakter dieses Gedichts wird im 3ten Stück des ersten Bandes der Englischen Miscellen vom Jahre* 1800, *S.* 145, *der Quelle der hier mitgetheilten Skizze, sehr treffend, in Vergleich mit* Thomson's *Jahreszeiten, also angegeben: „sanftfliessende Verse, Empfindung, Frömmigkeit, Dichterfeuer, ein Talent im Malerischen, ein richtiges Gefühl des Natürlichen und Rührenden, Kraft der Gedanken und Lebhaftigkeit der Einbildungskraft sind beiden gemein; in* Bloomfield's *Gedicht herrscht eine höhere Einfalt, als in* Thomson. *Anmuth, angeborne Zärtlichkeit und das* molle atque facetum, *welches* Horaz *in* Virgil's *Eklogen erhebt, sind eigenthümliche Züge des* Bloomfieldschen *Bauerknaben." — Die Beschränktheit des Raums erlaubt uns hier nur einige kleine Bruchstücke dieses vortrefflichen Gedichts unsern Lesern mitzutheilen. Übrigens ist vor einiger Zeit auch unter dem Titel:* Rural tales, ballads and songs, *eine Sammlung kleinerer Gedichte von* Bloomfield, *unter denen sich einige vorzügliche befinden sollen, erschienen. Die erste Ausgabe ist bereits vergriffen.*

1) Personification of the Spring and her Attendants *).

Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad
Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stor'd;
Where'er she treads, Love gladdens every plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train;
Sweet Hope with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies;
All Nature feels her renovating sway;
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay;

*) Spring.

And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
Display the new-grown branch of lighter green;
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies. —

2) Twilight repose; midnight Storm of thunder and light *).

Still twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet art thou!
Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow:
The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light,
With fiery treasures fraught; that on the sight
Flash from its bulging sides, where, darkness lours,
In Fancy's eye, a chain of mould'ring tow'rs;
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
Midst jav'lins dire, and darts of streaming blue.
Anon tir'd labourers bless their shelt'ring home,
When midnight, and the frightful tempest come.
The Farmer wakes, and sees with silent dread
The angry shafts of Heaven gleam round his bed;
The bursting cloud reiterated roars,
Shakes his straw roof, and jars his bolted doors:
The slow-wing'd storm along the troubled skies
Spreads its dark course; the wind begins to rise;
And full-leaf'd elms, his dwelling's shade by day,
With mimic thunder give its fury way,
Sounds in his chimney top a doleful peal,
Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rattling hail;
With tenfold danger low the tempest bends,
And quick and strong the sulphurous flame descends:
The fright'ned mastiff from his kennel flies,
And cringes at the door with piteous cries.
Where now's the trifler? where the child of pride?
These are the moments when the heart is try'd!
Nor lives the man with conscience e'er so clear,
But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
Feels to a joy relieve his aching breast,

*) Summer.

When the spent storm hath howl'd itself to rest.
Still, welcome beats the long continued show'r,
And sleep protracted, comes with double pow'r;
Calms dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,
For every barn is fill'd, and harvest done!

3) Autumnal evenings; a Welcome to the snowy nights of Winter *).

In safety hous'd, throughout Night's length'ning reign,
The cock sends forth a loud and piercing strain;
More frequent, as the glooms of midnight flee,
And hours roll round, that brought him liberty.
When Summer's early dawn, mild, clear, and bright,
Chas'd quick away the transitory night: —
Hours now in darkness veil'd; yet loud the scream
Of geese impatient for the playful stream;
And all the feather'd tribe imprison'd raise
Their morning notes of inharmonious praise;
And many a clamorous hen and cockrel gay,
When daylight slowly through the fog breaks way,
Fly wantonly abroad: but ah, how soon
The shades of twilight follow hazy noon,
Short'ning the busy day! — day that slides by
Amidst th' unfinish'd toils of husbandry:
Toils still each morn resum'd with double care,
To meet the icy terrors of the year;
To meet the threats of Boreas undismay'd,
And Winter's gathering frowns and hoary head.
Then welcome, cold; welcome, ye snowy nights!
Heaven midst your rage shall mingle pure delights,
And confidence of hope the soul sustain,
While devastation sweeps along the plain:
Nor shall the child of poverty despair,
But bless the Power that rules the changing year;
Assur'd, — tho' horrors round his cottage reign, —
That Spring will come, and Nature smile again.

*) Autumn.

4) Address to the Deity *).

Eternal Power! from whom those blessings flow,
Teach me still more to wonder, more to know:
Seed-time and Harvest let me see again;
Wander the leaf-strewn wood, the frozen plain:
Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree,
Here round my home, still lift my soul to Thee;
And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise
An humble note of thankfulness and praise.

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*) Winter.



Anhang.

I.

Alphabetisches Verzeichniſs der Schriftsteller, von denen Probestücke in beiden Theilen des Handbucks geliefert worden sind.

II.

Chronologisches Verzeichniſs der in beiden Theilen des Handbuchs vorkommenden Schriftsteller.

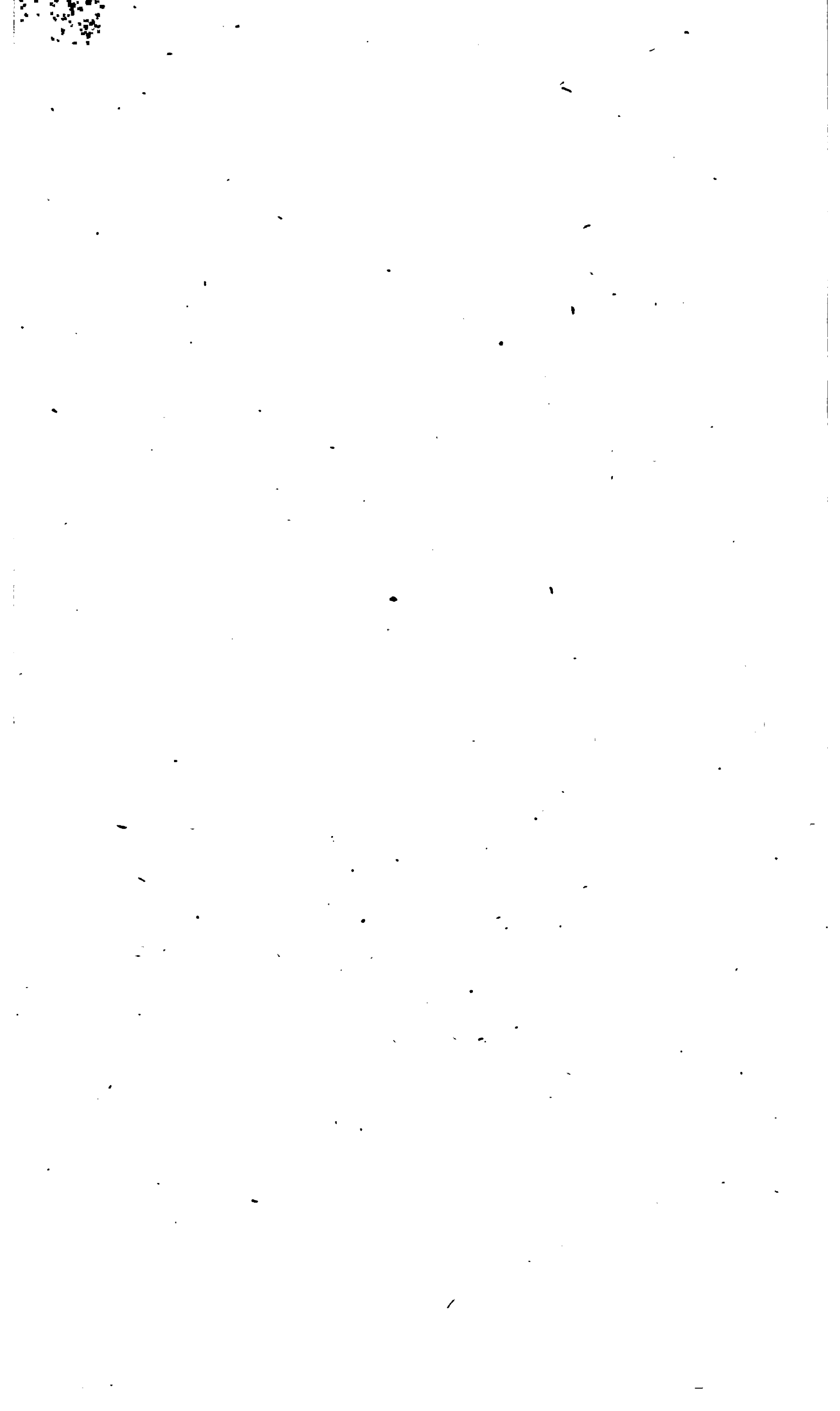
	Geb.	Gest.
Chaucer (Geoffery)	1328	1400
Spenser (Edmund)	1510?	1596 oder (1598)
Shakspeare (William)	1564	1616
Cowley (Abraham)	1618	1667
Denham (John)	1615	1668
Milton (John)	1608	1674
Butler (Samuel)	1612	1680
Rochester (John Wilmot Earl of)	1647	1680
Waller (John)	1605	1687
Roscommon (Wentworth Dillon Earl of)	1635	1684
Tillotson (John)	1630	1694
Temple (Sir William)	1628	1698
Dryden (John)	1631	1701
Pomfret (John)	1677	1703
Locke (John)	1632	1704
Philips (John)	1676	1708
Shaftesbury (Anton Ashley Cooper Earl of)	1671	1713
Burnet (Gilbert)	1643	1715
Parnell (Thomas)	1679	1717
Addison (Joseph)	1672	1719
Prior (Matthew)	1664	1721
Steele (Richard)	1676	1729
Congreve (William)	1672	1729
Gay (John)	1688	1732
Granville (George Lord Landsdowne of Biddiford)	1667	1735
Tickell (Thomas)	1686	1740
Hammond (James)	1710	1742
Argyle (John Campbell Duke of)	1678	1743
Pope (Alexander)	1688	1744
Swift (Jonathan)	1667	1745
Blair (Robert)	1700?	1746
Thomson (James)	1700	1748

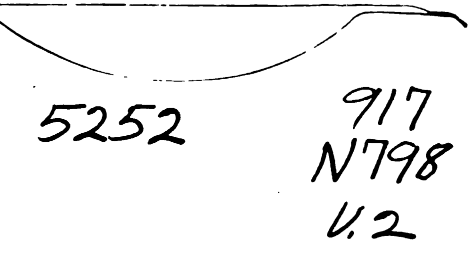
	Geb.	Gest.
Watts (Isaac)	1674	1748
Philips (Ambrose)	1671	1749
Bolingbroke (Henry St. John, Lord Viscount)	1672	1751
Middleton (Conyers)	1683	1752
Fielding (Henry)	1707	1754
Collins (William)	1721	1756
Dyer (John)	1700	1758
Richardson (Samuel)	1689	1761
Montague (Lady Mary Sommerset Worthley)	1690	1762
Shenstone (William)	1714	1763
Churchill (Charles)	1731	1764
Dodsley (Robert)	1703	1764
Mallet (David)	1700	1765
Young (Edward)	1681	1765
Grainger (James)	1724	1767
Bruce (Michael)	1746	1767
Sterne (Laurence)	1713	1768
Akenside (Mark)	1721	1770
Smart (Christopher)	1722	1771
Gray (Thomas)	1716	1771
Smollet (Tobias)	1720	1771
Chesterfield (Philip Dormer Stanhope Earl of)	1694	1773
Cunningham (John)	1729	1773
Lyttelton (George Lord)	1709	1773
Goldsmith (Oliver)	1729	1774
Hume (David)	1711	1776
Chatham (William Pitt)	1708	1778
Armstrong (John)	1709	1779
Penrose (Thomas)	1743	1779
Harris (James)	1709	1780
Jago (Richard)	1715	1781
Johnson (Samuel)	1709	1784
Glover (Richard)	1712	1785
Lowth (Robert)	1710	1787
Drysdale (John)	1718	1788
Logan (John)	1748	1788
Mickle (William Julius)	1734	1789
Franklin (Benjamin)	1706	1790
Warton (Thomas)	1728	1790
Smith (Adam)	1723	1790
Robertson (William)	1721	1793
Gibbon (Edward)	1737	1794
Campbell (George)	1719	1796
Macpherson (James)	1737	1796
Burns (Robert)	1758	1796
Burke (Edmund)	1730	1797
Mason (William)	1726	1797
Junius	?	?
Blair (Hugh)	1718	1800
Warton (Joseph)	1722	1800

	Geb.	Gest.
Beattie (James)	1735	1803
Pitt (William)	1759	1806
Carter (Elizabeth) . . .	1717	1806
Fox (Charles James) . . .	1749	1806

Annoch lebende Schriftsteller.

	Geb.
Ferguson (Adam)	1724
Jerningham	——
Aikin (John)	——
Barbauld (Anna Laetitia) . . .	——
Brydone (Patrick)	——
Percy (Thomas)	——
W*** (J.)	——
Hayley (William)	1745
Gillies (John)	——
Beresford (Benjamin) . . .	1750
Sheridan (Richard Brinsley . .	1751
Bloomfield (Robert) . . .	1766
Roscoe (William)	——
Wolcott (John)	——




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